

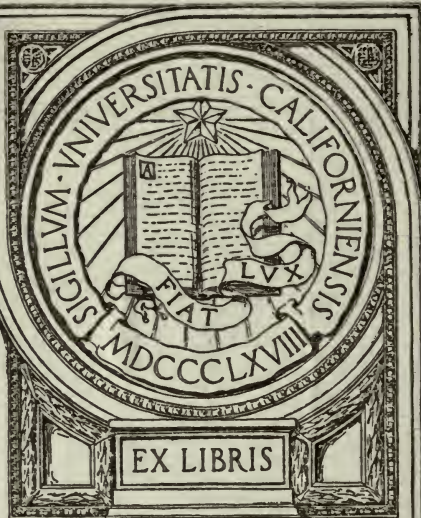
THE  
LABORATORY



WITH COURSE IN ENGLISH

JOHN W. WILEY & SONS

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THE AFTER-SCHOOL SERIES.

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PREPARATORY  
GREEK COURSE  
IN ENGLISH.

BY

WILLIAM CLEAVER WILKINSON.

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## PREFACE.

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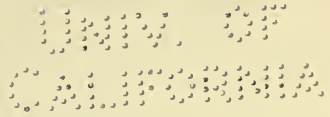
THE chapter following, entitled "Our Aim," has left very little requiring to be said in a preface.

The usage of the schools has generally given Latin chronological precedence of Greek in a course of classical training. There is some reason to doubt whether this customary order is best. At any rate, we here have reversed it, choosing to commence with the Greek. Whatever considerations may favor the traditional order, for the case of the learner who aims at mastery of the languages themselves, as well as at acquaintance with the literatures of the languages, there is, perhaps, no serious consideration looking in the same direction, for the case of the student who aims only at knowing of Latin and Greek what may be learned through English alone.

The next book of the series herewith begun, will be the counterpart of this, that is, it will seek to do for Latin what this has sought to do for Greek.

The present writer has now to acknowledge that the idea of these volumes did not originate with him. That merit, and in his opinion the merit is great, belongs to the Rev. JOHN H. VINCENT, D.D. To the same dear and honored friend of the writer should be ascribed a large share of whatever excellence may be judged to have been achieved in the execution of the design. Dr. Vincent has counseled and encouraged from the beginning, with equal sagacity, kindness, and good cheer. It is the joint and several hearty hope—the writer named on the title-page ventures thus to speak on the double behalf—of the two authors, that their work may prove good enough to lead to better.





# PREPARATORY GREEK COURSE IN ENGLISH.

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## I.

### OUR AIM.

THIS volume belongs to a series of books, four in number, now in course of preparation, and soon successively to appear. The primary design of the series is to enable persons prevented from accomplishing a course of school and college training in Latin and Greek, to enjoy an advantage as nearly as possible equivalent, through the medium of their native tongue.

It is believed that there is among us a considerable community of enterprising and inquisitive minds who will joyfully and gratefully welcome the proffer of facilities for securing the object thus proposed. Some of these minds will be found, dispersed here and there, often in quarters where it would be least suspected, throughout the country, among the young men and the young women bound by their circumstances to the active and laborious employments of farming, of the mechanic arts, of business, of housewifery, and of all the various handicrafts by which material subsistence is procured. But there must, moreover, be fathers and mothers not a few, themselves without college training, and even ignorant of the elements of Latin and Greek, who would be glad to keep, as it were, within hearing and speaking distance of their children, while these go forward in a path of

education in which it was forbidden to their own feet to tread.

Of parents belonging to this class there will, no doubt, be some to whom it will be unexpected good news to hear that, without any insufferably tedious and impossible labor on their part, it can be made practicable for them to keep up a somewhat intelligent sympathy with the young folks of their homes, at every stage of their progress, from the first lesson in Latin or Greek to the end of their college career. Two highly valuable practical benefits will result to parents whose spirit of enterprise may prompt them actually to realize this desirable possibility. One benefit will be the hold retained and strengthened thereby upon the respect of their children, with the accompanying continued and enhanced ability to influence them for their good. Another benefit will be the widening of their own mental horizon, and the addition in number and in variety to their stock of ideas. In short, parents, enjoying, as of course they will, the advantage over their children, of a maturer age and a larger experience, may in many cases not unwarrantably hope to reap, upon the whole, as rich a harvest of intellectual profit, from the comparatively imperfect course of study which they pursue in English, as do the boys and girls, in the preparatory school and in college, from their more leisurely and better guided classical education.

It may justly be added that intelligent and thoughtful parents may thus qualify themselves to supplement the school and college training of their children, in one highly important particular where that training is practically almost certain in some degree to fail. The reading of Greek and Latin authors in the class-room is necessarily done in such a slow and piecemeal fashion, that students seldom get a whole, comprehensive, proportionate view of the works which in their required course of study they translate. To many and many a college graduate, the perusal of Livy, of Xenophon,

of Virgil, of Homer, of Cicero, of Plato, in a good translation, would be not very different from forming acquaintance with authors previously unknown. Parents who familiarize themselves with the series of volumes to which this volume belongs, will have it in their power to obviate, partly at least, a result so unfortunate, in the case of their children. For, with all modesty, we cherish the ambition to make many of our readers more effectively conversant, not certainly than college graduates, any of them, might be, but than college graduates, most of them, actually are, with the books represented—that is, with the Greek and Latin books usually set down to be read *into*, but not *through*, during the two stages, preparatory and final, of full college education, as in America, at least, such education is understood.

No blame is meant thus to be imputed to college instructors, who, having in this country the double office to fulfill, of professors and of tutors, to considerable numbers at once of students assembled in classes, could not reasonably be expected to do more than they do in the way of properly introducing their pupils to the treasures of Greek and Latin letters. We shall be truly grateful if we succeed in producing a quaternion of books that teachers themselves in preparatory schools and in colleges will have confidence in recommending to the supplementary reading and use of their pupils. It would be pleasant to feel that while helping scholars we were also in some degree lightening the labors of teachers. Our books, at least, shall not be such that lax and lazy students can conveniently convert them into “ponies,” as the term of school slang is, for riding luxuriously where they should foot it laboriously.

If the writer may fairly reason from his own case to that of other college graduates, he is warranted in assuring his brethren that time spent by them in an easy and rapid review, made with the aid of some such books as these will seek to be, of their undergraduate Latin and Greek, will prove to

have been time not disagreeably and not unprofitably spent. In short, this series of volumes, if respectably well prepared, should find a wide and various audience.

Readers not college-bred that are wise enough to wish for such facilities as it is our primary purpose here to supply, will also be wise enough to know, without being told, that the attempt would be hopeless to enable them to gain quite *all* that school and college students can gain, except upon condition of their going through substantially the same long and laborious process as that which those students are expected to accomplish.

It now need hardly be added, that no one could regret such a result more than would the present writer, if an unintended and unanticipated influence of this series of books should be to make any person esteem a full course of liberal education in school and college less desirable or less important than that person esteemed it before. It is confidently hoped that, on the contrary, our undertaking will only still further spread and stimulate the zeal for culture which happily is already so vivid and so rife among us. Let everybody that can, go to college, and go through college. We labor here primarily for those who cannot. If what we do helps also others than these, so much the better. But that good, gladly welcomed, will yet be only by the way.

The specific object of the present particular volume, the initial one of the series, is to put into the hands of readers the means of accomplishing, as far as this can be done in English, the same course of study in Greek as that prescribed for those who are preparing to enter college. We may style the volume the **PREPARATORY GREEK COURSE IN ENGLISH.**



## II. THE LAND.



EXTENT of territory is not chiefly what makes the greatness of a great people. Of this England is a signal example in the modern world. But of this Greece is a still more signal example in the ancient. There is something stimulating, to the degree of exhilaration, in the contrast between the petty spread of Grecian territory and the wide and enduring diffusion of Grecian fame.

Look at the map. You there see that four degrees of latitude include the whole of Greece. Two hundred and fifty miles by one hundred and eighty gives you its utmost area. Greece was less than half the size of the State of New York. This small region was divided up into separate states, the largest of them not so large as some single counties to be found in the State of Texas, and the smallest not larger than one of our ordinary townships. Attica, with the famous city of Athens for capital, was but about twice as large as the county of Westchester, in the State of New York.

Greece is in about the same latitude as the State of Virginia.

The points chiefly to be noted about the geography of Greece are the following:

1. Greece is cut up by mountain ranges intersecting each other into numerous separate districts, among which there was at first little mutual intercourse. This physical feature of the country it was that gave rise to so many independent states in Greece. The political map was due to the geographical map.

2. Greece is bounded by a greater length of sea-coast, in proportion to its area, than any other region in Europe. This is partly because of its being in one portion almost an island, and partly because of the number and depth of the bays and inlets that elsewhere indent its shores.

3. The mountainous configuration of the surface, together with the omnipresent contiguity of the sea, gives to Greece, in its different parts and different altitudes, a singular variety of climate, from the rigor of extreme northern latitudes, to the softness of Southern Italy.

4. The atmosphere has a quality of surpassing purity, lightness, elasticity, and, at the same time, a capacity of impressing exquisite effects of color on the natural scenery, whether mountain or sea.

5. The natural scenery is "beautiful exceedingly," full of perpetual feast to the eye, and, through the eye, to the taste and the imagination.

6. The limestone foundations of the mountains afford inexhaustible quarries of the finest marble, inviting to the hand of the sculptor or the architect.

7. The valleys are, or rather were in ancient times, rich in yields of wheat, barley, oil, and wine.

8. The range of mountains forming the upper or northern boundary of Greece guards the whole peninsula below from access by land on the part of enemies—the famous pass of

Thermopylæ, on the eastern coast between the mountains and the sea, being the only practicable path of approach, and that being barely wide enough for a single wagon.

9. The everywhere contiguous sea, with its everywhere neighboring islands, was a constant temptation to the maritime adventurous spirit of the Greeks.

10. The situation of Greece as to the Mediterranean Sea, in ancient times the only ocean traversed by the commerce of the world, was highly favorable to the enrichment of its people through trade, and to their enlightenment through the exchange and diffusion of ideas.

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### III.

#### THE PEOPLE.

THE Greeks are one of the three most famous peoples in the world. The Jews, the Greeks, the Romans, are the three. It is noteworthy of them, all alike, that their seats of residence were territorially very small. Rome, in fact, was just a city.

Of the three, the Greeks were the most remarkable, by far, for the variety and versatility of their genius. No other nation has ever existed that could turn its hand to so many different things, and succeed in them all so well. There were never any better soldiers; never any better sailors; never any better colonizers and traders; never any better sculptors, painters, architects; never any better orators, poets, historians, critics, rhetoricians, philosophers, mathematicians; never any better leaders, statesmen, diplomatists; never any better gymnasts, any better gentlemen, any better wits, than you will find among the ancient Greeks; and certainly, in proportion to the number of the whole people, never so many eminent, in the various ways thus indicated. Now if we add that the boast of Voltaire for the French is, the name being

changed, yet more true for the Greeks, that when God wished an idea to make the circuit of the world, he kindled it first in the heart of a Frenchman, we assuredly, having made this just attribution of a marvelous *communicative* power to the Greek character, need say nothing more to awaken the reader's interest to know what can be told in a word or two, of the origin and history of the Greek people.

The Greeks, by the way, did not call themselves Greeks, as also Greece was not the name by which they called their country. These are names that we take from the language of the Romans. *Hel-lē'nes* was the name by which the Greeks spoke of themselves, and *Hellas* was their name for the land in which they lived. The Greeks came to be great colonizers, and wherever they went they carried with them the name of the parent country. *Hellas* was thus an elastic and movable appellation, advancing or retreating, step by step, with the advance or retreat of Hellenic emigration. The case was somewhat like that of the fiction by which we call a ship sailing under the American flag, a part of the soil of America, in whatever water of the world the ship may at the moment be floating.

Of the origin of the Greeks we have no authentic account. There is tradition in great plenty, but for sound historical guesses and conjectures on this point we mainly dismiss tradition, to rely on hints supplied in archæology, that is, study of ancient remains, and in comparative philology, that is, study of one language in comparison with others. Putting together this and that, those learned and sagacious in such matters come to the conclusion that the ancient Greeks were Ar'yan, or Indo-European, or Indo-Germanic in race, sprung from ancestors called *Pe-las'gi-ans*. The Romans, or rather the aboriginal Italians, had the same ancestry. *Pelasgian* is an ethnological rather than a geographical term, that is, it names a people rather than a region. The same is true of the terms *Aryan*, *Indo-European*, and *Indo-Germanic*, three

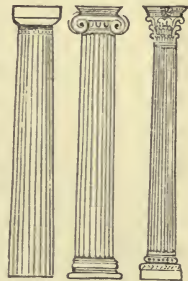
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different words of like meaning, coined to express the idea of a community of blood and language, embracing a stock of population spread from India, or at least from Asia, over a great part of Europe, especially Germany. Aryan is the latest coinage, and the most approved, perhaps as being the vaguest and most elastic.

But the Greeks were, no doubt, a composite race, and to make them up the Pelasgians, the earliest tenants of the Greek soil, were mixed with an element of population probably from Asia Minor. The Phœnicians, at least, taught the Greeks letters, and gave them their own alphabet. Whether from mere pride or not, the Athenians, in their prime, were fond of claiming that they were themselves exceptionally pure Pelasgian in blood. "The claims of long descent" are not exclusively a modern refinement.

When trustworthy history began, several tribes or families of Greeks found themselves occupying certain portions of the country, and bearing certain distinctive names. The Homeric story of Troy belongs to a date anterior to this; that is, it belongs to the period of the Pelasgians, a race whose vestiges still remain in the ruins of a gigantic architecture, notably at My-ce'næ, called from its massiveness, Cy-clo-pē'an. Schliemann, (Shlee'man)—his autobiography, prefixed to "Ilios," his last publication, reads like a romance; get a glance at it if you can—the great archæological explorer of Greek and Trojan remains, has, within a year or two, made some most interesting discoveries at Mycenæ. When trustworthy history, as we were saying, began, there were three chief divisions of the Hel-lēn'ic stock, the Dō'ri-ans, the Æ-ō'li-ans, and the I-ō'ni-ans. The Dorians were a hardy and warlike race, who, in process of time, overran nearly all the lower part of Greece, called Pel'o-pon-ne'sus. Arca-



Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian Columns.

dia, the Switzerland of Greece, always enjoyed exemption from Dorian sway. Sparta was the great representative of the Dorian family, as Athens was of the Ionian. The Æolians occupied Thessaly and Bœ-o'ti-a, with Thebes (Theebs) for their representative city. Certain colonies still kept the Æolian name after Dorian and Ionian had usurped the whole of Greece proper.

The truth is, there is no unity in the history of Greece until you reach the time when the common menace of Persian invasion and conquest taught the different Grecian states the necessity of peace and harmony among themselves. Before this, and always, one blood, one language, one religion, and a national character at bottom the same, had tended to draw the Greeks together. But these ties were never practically strong enough to resist the divisive force of local jealousies and selfish personal ambitions. The sad fact is, that the ancient Greeks, brilliant and fascinating people as they were, spent ages of time in fighting and destroying one another. The petty size of the states made patriotism in many instances a very intense passion. But, on the other hand, it is also to be acknowledged that Greek history furnishes examples as illustrious as ever existed of self-seeking, adventurous, and mercenary traitorhood.

Sparta was not a city of savages, for the Spartans cultivated poetry and music of a certain severe type. But for any thing that the Spartans did beyond this, in the way of attention to the arts of civilized life, we might call them savages. They made a pride of despising not only luxury, but refinement. Century after century, Sparta was little else than a permanent military camp. It had no art, no architecture, no letters, no *homes*. Infants not deemed sound and strong were put to death. At the age of seven the boys were taken from their parents to be brought up in public by the state. Spartan women grew to be men in spirit rather than women. These manners produced a stern sort of virtue that we can-

not but admire. But except for some examples, like the example of Leonidas, and, besides these, for a few immortal laconisms of speech, what is the world richer for ages upon ages of Spartan history?

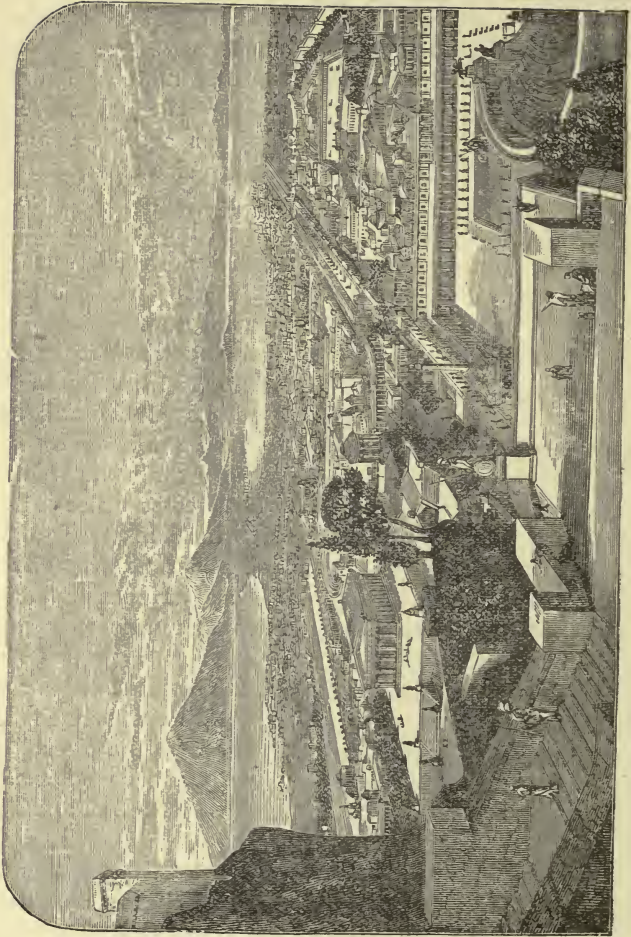
Much more variously attractive and admirable we find the genius and achievement of Athens, well called "the eye of Greece." These two states, the Athenian and the Spartan, the one or the other, in general led in Grecian affairs.

Thebes, however, took her turn at headship in Greece, if not quite alone at any time, at least in honorable alliance and partnership with Athens. Theban renown is illustrated with the resplendent names of Pin'dar in poetry, and of Epaminondas and Pelopidas in patriotism and war.

Corinth was, by the felicity of her situation, the leading commercial city of Greece. The proverbial timidity of the spirit of trade perhaps it was that prevented Corinth from ever disputing with Sparta or with Athens the honor of leadership in general Hellenic affairs. But Corinth was a splendid capital of wealth and culture; it is necessary also to add, a full and festering center of moral corruption.

Ephesus, in Asia Minor, was as much a Grecian city as was Athens, in Attica. So was Miletus. Hellas contained them all, with many more cities that we cannot stay even to mention.

It was in Asia Minor that the first hostile collision took place between Persia and Hellas. Persia subjected the Greek cities there to her empire, and some of these revolted. The Persian invasion of Greece followed, magnificently repulsed, first by the Athenians under Miltiades, at Marathon, and afterward, on renewal, stayed for a moment again by the immortal resistance of Leonidas, with his Spartan three hundred, at Thermopylae, to be finally turned back in irretrievable disaster to the invaders, at Salamis. When, at last, the Persians were decisively driven from their purpose of subjugating Greece, Athens entered upon the period of



View of Corinth.



her culmination under Pericles in splendor and power. The age of Pericles is a proverb of prosperity and glory.

But dissensions and wars succeeded. Sparta envied Athens her supremacy, though she did not emulate the generous arts and achievements by which that supremacy was won. Mutual rivalry and strife prepared divided Greece to fall, despite the patriot eloquence and statesmanship of Demosthenes, an easy prey to Macedonian Philip and Alexander.

Greece, however, had always her way of subduing her conquerors. That subtle, penetrating, and subsidizing element in Greek character, which we have already noted, enabled Greece with her ideas and her spirit to vanquish unawares the very nations that overcame her with their arms. In a true and deep sense, ancient Greece never was conquered. It was Greece in Alexander that rolled back forever from Europe the threatening inundation of Asia. And Greece triumphed even over Rome, after Rome had annexed Greece to her empire. Greece triumphs yet in a dominion still maintained of genius and taste over the realms of letters and of arts.

Such, imperfectly described, was the people over the expanse of whose literature we are here to skim lightly and swiftly, taking dips as we go, like swallows flying above the surface of a lake, broad, pellucid, and deep.

## IV.

## THEIR WRITINGS.

OF all that the Greeks did in the world, nothing remains to us, recognizably in the form given it by their cunning brain and hand, save perhaps a few coins, a few noble architectural ruins, a few inimitable, though mutilated, antique pieces of sculpture, and, last and chief, some masterpieces of literary composition. Good literature is, perhaps, on the whole, the most enduring of all the products of human activity. Dead, we call the languages of Greece and Rome, and it is the fashion now to ridicule the idea of devoting so much time in our schools and colleges to the study of dead Greek and Latin. The "new education," so called, lauds the study of science above the study of the ancient classics—the study of nature, that is to say, above the study of man. But is not man at least a part of nature? And is not language the noblest outward attribute of man? Science includes, for instance, what used to be called natural history. The devotees of this branch of scientific inquiry think it a not unworthy employment of time to spend years, or perhaps a life, in observing and discussing the habits of some single species of the lower animals. It might very well happen that an ichthyologist would reckon it a good account to render of himself if, as the result of investigations covering years of his life, he is able to present to the world at last an approximately exhaustive enumeration, description, classification, of the various fossil and extinct species of fishes that may be found, in faint traces of their prehistoric existence, among the stratified rocks of the planet.

We are far from wishing to disparage the value of such scientific explorations. By all means let us learn the most we can, of whatever there is to be known. But surely man himself also is one, and a not insignificant one, among ani-

mals, and it is science—why not?—to study man in the monuments that he has left behind him from the distant ages of his life and activity on the earth. The languages in which the ruling races of mankind did their speaking and their writing, generation after generation, the literatures which embalmed for all future time the thought, the feeling, the fancy, and the recorded actions of those myriad millions of the foremost of our fellow-men—surely, say we, these languages and these literatures are worthy of the attention from us that they have commanded, and that they command, if it be only on the score of their being a part of science itself. Is not man, even as just an interesting animal, an object of study at least equal in importance to fishes? And shall we not continue, as lovers of science, if no longer as classical linguists, to teach our children how the world's gray fathers spoke and wrote, and what they thought, felt, fancied? and this, although their languages be now dead, if languages can indeed be dead that live in literatures which are immortal.

9 The literature of Greece is remarkable equally for its matter and for its form. The Greek mind was curious, bold, enterprising, sagacious, acute, subtle; if it loved light too well to be distinctively deep, as we say, yet it loved light so well as almost always, at least, to be clear; it was extremely hospitable and penetrable to ideas; it was agile, graceful, gay, open to sensuous impression, passionately fond of beauty; as it was gifted with a sense divine of measure, proportion, and harmony, so, too, it was instinctively enamored of the perfect in whatever it attempted, and it was capable of great patience; it was exquisite in taste and judgment, while, by necessary complement and contrast, it was electrically alive to every thing grotesque or ridiculous. These qualities of the Greek mind impressed themselves, as the seal impresses itself upon the wax, upon Greek literature. There never has been, anywhere else in the world, so much writing approaching so nearly to ideal perfection in form as among the Greeks.

For the purposes of study in style there is nothing else equal to Greek literature. The French genius and literature are, perhaps, in modern civilization, likeliest at this point to those of the Greeks. The Greeks, however, enjoyed one immense advantage over the French. The Greek language far surpassed the French as an instrument of expression.

But the ancient Greeks did their work under limitations. They were pagans. They had not the light of the sun to see by. They groped for truth, and they missed it oftener than they found it. This, at least, was the case in their philosophy, mental and moral. So that you will look in vain for the substance of valuable thought, throughout the greater part, for instance, of Plato's entrancing pages. It is the form of expression, it is the ineffably light, exercised, infallible play of reason, of taste, and of fancy, not, alas, the solid gold of truth, that rewards you in reading and studying Plato.

Socrates, Plato's master, a man second, perhaps, in interest to no figure whatever in Hellenic history, never wrote a word that has survived. But he was the cause of some of the noblest writing in classical Greek literature. He was the most practical and fruitful of all the Greek philosophers. Still, even Socrates, with his unrivaled common sense, (he brought philosophy down from the clouds to walk among men on the ground,) indulged, if we may trust our best accounts of him, not seldom, in sorry futilities of barren refinement and quibble.

In the Greek poetry, too, we have to forgive at the same time that we admire. Inwoven with all the tissue of the verse there is so much idolatry and mythology, and so much sentiment born of these, which we either cannot understand at all, or, understanding, have to reject with reprobation, or what, for the matter of æsthetic enjoyment, is almost worse, with pity and contempt—in short, there is such a wide margin of allowance to be made for differences of standards between them and us, differences in which we cannot but feel

our own superiority to them, that we are compelled to force our judgment somewhat, or wait to acquire a taste not natural to us, before we can say from our hearts that we thoroughly relish the Greeks in their poetry. But what a testimony it is to the genius of this people that, though what we have now said is true, the names of Ho'mer, of He'siod, of Pindar, of Sappho, (Saf'fo,) of Æs'chylus, and Soph'ocles, and Eurip'ides, of sweet-flowing Theoc'ritus, are yet such charms to our imaginations! Alien to us as, in so many ways, these poets were, they were men, they were men of genius, and we cannot wholly escape their thrall.

In history we find less to check our admiration of the Greeks. Herod'otus fascinates us with his artfully artless, simple, fluent, wonder-loving, yet truth-telling narrative; Thucyd'ides puts us willing pupils to school to learn from him how philosophical history should be written; and Xen'o-pho-n contains and delights us with picturesque journals of march and fight, irreproachably well conceived and composed—all without our needing to lose much from our pleasure, or to abate much from our applause, for any reason of difference between the ancient and the modern, the heathen and the Christian. The heathenism of the Greeks was too humane, or the Christianity of Christians is too far from perfect, to make the contrast of tone and treatment between Thucydides and Macaulay very painfully broad and striking.

In eloquence, and in the literature of rhetoric, of taste, and of criticism, that is, the literature concerning literature, we not merely have not to make allowance for the Greeks in admiring them, but we have without reserve to acknowledge their supremacy. Demosthenes is a synonym for eloquence, and what critic or rhetorician is not a grateful learner at the feet of Aristotle, or, to make a long skip forward in time, of Longi'nus?

The golden age of Greek literature, as of Greek art and Greek arms, was the age of Pericles. But there was in

Demosthenes a fit of splendid revival from later decline, and the decline that afterward proceeded again was splendid and gradual and long. Chrys'ostom, in an early Christian age, who still wielded at will that "fierce democratic" that used to muster by thousands to hear and to applaud with tumultuary cheers their favorite preacher, in the basilicas of Antioch and Constantinople, was no unworthy successor, in a lineage of eloquence that included the names of Pericles, Isoc'rates, and Demosthenes. The newspapers of yesterday and to-day contain literary tidings from modern Greece that seem to foretoken close at hand a signal renaissance of Greek literature among the proudest monuments of its ancient glory, and on the very spot of its origin.

With thus much premised, in the way of general preparation and incentive, let us now push forward, confident that our aim is worthy, to make our start in learning what, with such necessarily swift touch and go, we may, first, of the beginnings in Greek scholarship, and then of Greek letters themselves by description and specimen.

## V.

## THE START.

WE should heartily advise every reader having it in mind to fulfill the object sought to be subserved in this book to begin boldly by mastering the Greek alphabet. This is no very difficult task. The characters have many of them a considerable resemblance to the corresponding characters in English. Half an hour's brave and serious attention devoted daily to the matter for a week would certainly, in most cases, without help from a teacher, be amply sufficient. First learn the names of the letters in their order. Amuse yourself, at odd intervals, by going over the list, until it becomes as familiar as your A, B, C. Then give your attention to the characters themselves; first the small letters, and afterward the capitals, carefully noting their shape, and calling them by their names. If you will learn to print the letters, a much easier matter than you might suppose, it will be of great advantage. Then learn the power or sound of each letter, and give yourself a little practice in pronouncing them in combination; that is, in syllables and words. You can in no other way so well overcome the sense of strangeness and outlandishness instinctive with one whose eye rests in utter ignorance on a printed page of Greek.

A word or two here on Greek pronunciation. Nobody knows with certainty exactly how the ancient Greeks pronounced their language. The modern Greeks, speaking the same language as their forefathers, with less change in it than that which differences the English of Tennyson from the English of Chaucer, are themselves not wiser on this point than are our western scholars. The general rule has been for scholars to pronounce the Greek somewhat according to the analogy of their own vernacular. The resulting pronunciation has, of course, in each case been what

Demosthenes, hearing it, would have felt to be barbarous, and, in all the cases taken together, a confusion of tongues to the ear like what happened at Babel. Recently the attempt has been made in some quarters to introduce uniformity at least, even if it should be uniformity in error, by securing the common adoption of the pronunciation prevalent in Greece at the present day. This pronunciation is called the Romā'ic or Modern Greek method. The currency of this method is as yet but partial. It differs quite sharply at many points from any one of the methods previously in vogue in this country.

It will thus be seen that Greek pronunciation is much a matter of fashion; fashion varying with the country and with the time. To parents, for example, we would say: If, in sounding some Greek diphthong, you should happen to hit upon a particular pronunciation that your children, at school or in college, think curious, do not suffer yourselves to be unduly abashed in their presence. Tell them that there are more ways than one of pronouncing Greek, and that your way, for aught you know, may be as nearly correct as theirs. For instance, the Greek word ακουω, (akouo,) meaning to hear, was in your fathers' time given, in its second syllable, the sound of ou in sound. More lately, the diphthong has been pronounced like ou in youth. Ask them how to pronounce the English word "acoustics." They will, no doubt, promptly reply "acoostics." You will then have the opportunity of correcting a mistake—a mistake very common even among those whose cultivation ought to prevent their committing it. Tell them that the true pronunciation is "acows-tics," and that this preserves a record of the sound formerly given by English scholars to the Greek word from which it is derived. If you wish still further to amuse and instruct your children, tell them that the pronunciation "cucumber" for cucumber, at which they perhaps have sometimes smiled, hearing it from the mouth of a gentleman of the olden time,



was once the well-authorized sound of that word in the use of the most cultivated English society.

All this has been said in order to give parents especially a sense of freedom and ease in a matter in which they will naturally feel a degree of modest embarrassment. Of course, the best way will be for them to examine what is said on Greek pronunciation in the elementary text-books which their children are using. In addition, they may quick-wittedly catch the pronunciation employed by their children, as these have learned it under the instruction of their teachers. And, by the way, an excellent plan it will be for parents to begin at once the practice of taking up the text-books of their children, and letting the latter from day to day rehearse to them the lessons assigned for recitation at school. They will thus at once confer upon their children the benefit of a little additional drill on the lesson of the day, and apply an auxiliary stimulus inciting them to master the task more thoroughly. Moreover, this expedient will be to parents a practical, effective, and easy method of acquiring themselves proficiency in the elements of Greek. We would earnestly exhort parents, even at some occasional sacrifice of a present convenience, to pursue this method without a single day's intermission. You will be both gratified and surprised to find what progress you make, and with what agreeable facility. Especially will it be desirable that you should thus familiarize yourselves with the various "paradigms," so-called, (and do not let your children pronounce this word "*paradimes*," as some careless teachers permit themselves, and so, of course, their pupils, to do,) which necessarily form a very important feature of every beginning-book, whatever it is, in Greek. Paradigms, literally, examples, is the technical term used in grammars to name the examples given of inflections for nouns, adjectives, and verbs, arranged in convenient tabular form for learning by heart. Hearing your children go over and over again these paradigms, will do much toward

making the sound of Greek words familiar to your ears, and introducing you insensibly to the genius and idiom of the Greek language. Your children, besides, will appreciate the really valuable service you will thus render them in checking or prompting their memories, as they assiduously undertake to make themselves masters of the paradigms. Upon our readers in general, not only parents, but others, we would urge it as a further advantage, to increase the motive for the study on their part of a little Greek grammar, where this is possible, that they will thus be acquiring a more thorough knowledge of the English language. There are thousands of English words made so directly from Greek originals that you will now be able to trace the process of derivation for yourselves. Take the word *alphabet*, for example. That, you will observe, is formed by simply joining the names of the first two letters of the Greek alphabet, (*ἄλφα, βῆτα*), the last letter of the second name being cut off, or elided. The names of various societies, secret and other, of which the parents among our readers will probably begin to hear much, in the conversation of their young academical or collegiate students, are merely initial letters joined together, generally perhaps in triplets, of some Greek words, adopted by the several fraternities as constituting what is deemed by them an appropriate and learned-sounding sentiment or motto. The sciences are nearly all of them named from Greek. If any new discovery is made, in science or in art, the discoverer is pretty certain to seek out some Greek word or words from which to coin for it an English name. *Telegraph* is so called from two Greek words, the first of which signifies *at a distance*, or *afar*, and the second *to write*. To telegraph, therefore, is simply to write at a distance. The still more recent word *telephone* is similarly compounded, the second component in this case being a Greek term signifying *sound*. If now you will form the habit whenever you consult your English dictionary, (unabridged,) which we hope you will

constantly do, of observing the etymology therein supplied of the word whose definition you require, you will in so doing be at the same time extending your knowledge of English, and in a great many cases be making up for yourselves a useful little vocabulary of Greek. Not seldom parents will in such ways as these be able to acquire available information not possessed by their children, and perhaps not communicated to them by their teachers, which may supplement their school acquisitions with additions which they will be proud to credit to their parents.

The preparation which it may now be assumed that, in accordance with these suggestions, some, at least, of our readers will have made toward fitting themselves for the prosecution of their Greek course of study in English, will be sufficient to qualify them in considerable part for consulting Greek lexicons to ascertain the meanings of words. In considerable part, we say, not wholly—for the reason that of course in general only the single principal form of any given word is set down in its order in the lexicon. Words subject to inflection, that is, to changes in form to express modified meanings, will not always be readily found in the lexicon. In fact, at this point lies one of the chief difficulties that perplex the progress of the beginner in Greek.

It would be very pleasant, if we could do so, to communicate to those of our friends who are parents some secret of method by which they might hope to qualify themselves for rendering their children occasional needed assistance in determining what is the original form of an inflected word to be sought in the lexicon. But this we cannot conscientiously pretend to be able to do. Thus much however, at least, you parents may, some of you, profitably undertake to accomplish. You may urge upon the pupil, on every occasion of such perplexity confronting him in his course, the importance of absolutely mastering his grammar in its department of etymology, and then besides that, and equally indispensable,

of applying, with thoughtful recollection and exercise of judgment, the principles of word-building that he will have learned in his grammatical study. You may ask him such questions as these: "Is the word that you want a verb?" (A verb it will probably be.) "If so, what do you suppose is the root of the verb?" He may very likely reply, "That is precisely what I cannot imagine." "Suppose, then," you will say to him in reply, "Suppose, then, instead of trying to *imagine*, you go to work and try to reason it out, according to rule and principle. What changes in form may the root of a verb undergo through inflection? Can it take on a letter or letters at the beginning as prefix? If so, what letter or letters? May some letters in the root itself be changed, one for another? What letters may be so changed, and for what?" Questions like these you may safely and wisely ask, without pretending for a moment to any knowledge except such knowledge of a merely general nature as the questions themselves necessarily imply. The result may not improbably be that you will detect some point of ignorance, or of forgetfulness, as to his grammar, on the part of the pupil. Such being the case, you will naturally send the learner to his grammar for the purpose of refreshing his memory. In three cases out of four the pupil thus catechized and thus remitted to his own resources in his text-book will be able to solve his problem for himself, greatly to his satisfaction, and to his real improvement as well. The intelligent parent may often thus become, in a certain important sense, the teacher of more than he knows himself.

A suggestion to parents, of general application, may here be made as to the proper manner of using all the text-books, of whatever sort they may be, that will come into the hands of their children. Almost always there will be found matter of an explanatory nature, in preface, in introduction, in preliminary discourse, in "excursus," (as classical editors have a way of learnedly calling the little illustrative essay or

monograph on some point which they sometimes think it worth while to insert,) in appendix, in tables of contents, in index, and in notes, perhaps in biographical, geographical, or archæological notices. Such portions of their books pupils will very naturally neglect to examine, with the important exception of the notes, by eminence so called, which immediately help them to resolve the difficulties of translation. These latter helps, by the way, they will often improperly use. Nothing is more important than that learners should steadily refuse to get their lessons in a merely extemporary, hand-to-mouth fashion. Insist with your children that the "notes" shall be used by them, if used at all, with exercise of their best intelligence and reason. This is a point at which the intervention of the parent, wisely offered, may be very useful to the pupil. In general, the incidental supplementary matter belonging to text-books, such as we have already indicated, should be subjected by parents to an intelligent, painstaking scrutiny for the collecting of hints bearing on the subjects treated, that will naturally escape the attention of pupils bent on preparing each day that day's appointed task. Sometimes the pupils themselves may usefully be encouraged to make these examinations along with you, or after you, under your guidance. At all events, by such broad, comprehensive surveys of text-books as we have thus indicated, you may count with confidence on arriving at knowledge which you will, for your own sakes, be very glad to have reached, and with which you will be enabled to direct your children to their profit. What led us here to these general considerations was the use recommended to be made by our readers of the Greek lexicon. Having learned to read Greek words, you parents will at once be able, with an advantage in some respects over younger minds, to judge how lexicons may be most fruitfully studied. Much time is lost by beginners in Latin and Greek through lack of good judgment on their part in consulting their dictionaries.

At all hazards, let *no* reader, parent or other, stand in awe of a lexicon because it happens to be a lexicon in Greek. Look at it. Handle it. Get used to it. Make a tool of it, and so become qualified, if you are a parent, to teach your children how best to employ it themselves.

We shall be chagrined, indeed, if what we have thus said by way of encouragement and cheer to our readers should have the contrary effect of depressing their spirits and damping their zeal. You may all of you do much, in fact do the most, of what is contemplated in this volume and the volume to follow, without knowing a Greek letter when you see it, still more, without meddling with Greek grammar or dictionary. Only do not be deterred from attack on the outposts of Greek scholarship by any exaggerated notion of their formidable character. They may frown and bristle to your imagination, but they are very easily mastered. Dash in on them, and make them your own. Some readers, we are sure, will do this and be glad that we have prompted them to it. Let the others, with crests not lowered a hair, go on, and still get the main advantage, if they prefer to do so, on their own easier terms.

## VI.

## FIRST BOOKS IN GREEK.

THIS is going to be a dull chapter, which those may skip who have no special reason to be interested in the subject indicated in the title. Those, however, who may wish, either for their own sake or for the sake of others, to know how best the beginning is to be made of a practical acquaintance with Greek, will find here some useful information.

For the convenience of such readers as may choose to follow the suggestion previously offered in favor of acquiring knowledge enough of Greek letters and words to be able to read aloud a phrase of the language at sight, we give, in an Appendix, a page or two which we borrow from Harkness's "First Greek Book," a text-book for beginners in Greek, of which we shall presently have something further to say.

There may be some among our friends who will wish to have the means of going a little further than the pages referred to will enable them to go, in the direction of mastering the Greek language. Parents wishing this will, of course, most naturally take for the purpose the books prescribed at school for the use of their children. But all readers, parents and others, and whatever may be their particular individual desire as to practical proficiency in the language, will find it not amiss to know something concerning the names, the authorship, the characteristic features, and the comparative merits, of different first books in Greek. These, as any body might guess, exist in indefinite number and variety.

The old-fashioned way was to make the tyro get his Greek grammar by heart, and this without much preference of one part over another as superior in present usefulness for his aim. This is changed now. What is called the Ollendorff method, devised at first for facilitating the study of modern languages, has more lately been applied in various modifica-

tions to both Latin and Greek. Perhaps the earliest book (it is yet one of the simplest, clearest, and best, besides being, beyond all its rivals, a really interesting volume) to adopt this modern method was the "Greek Ollendorff," so-called, of Dr. Kendrick. If you do not object to accumulating a few additional books, by all means, whatever other manual you use, supply yourselves besides with this volume. You will be led by it almost imperceptibly, and without any very costly effort on your part, into some really effective knowledge of Greek. Kendrick's "Greek Ollendorff" is complete within itself. You need no other book whatever accompanying it to make it available for your use. Some first books in Greek stand in such relation to certain grammars as to be, without these, nearly or quite useless. Such is not the case with Kendrick's "Greek Ollendorff."

Several leading seats of classical education have to a considerable extent become the parents or patrons of their own peculiar set of Greek and Latin text-books. There is thus a series of such text-books more specifically adapted to suit the necessities of students aiming, for example, at Harvard University; while students, again, aiming at Yale College, will supply themselves with a somewhat different apparatus of preparatory manuals. The central book in each series is perhaps the Grammar, Latin or Greek. The notes and references of the other books of the set will send learners naturally to the grammar belonging to that set. Goodwin's Greek grammar represents Harvard; Hadley's Greek grammar represents Yale. Thrifty editors or compilers sometimes adopt the plan of referring the student to both of these excellent grammars. There are text-books that make their references to Crosby's or to Sophocles's Greek grammar, either one a good manual.

Another influence, hardly second in strength to great colleges, in determining practically what text-books shall be used, is found in great publishing houses. Publishers like



Harper & Brothers, or Appleton & Co., have resources for securing the introduction and adoption of their text-books, which virtually control the choice of many schools. This devolves upon such publishers a serious responsibility. It is but just to say that the responsibility is one generally met by them in a conscientious and enlightened spirit, for which the cause of classical learning has reason to be thankful. The house of Ginn, Heath & Co., has made an almost exclusive specialty of text-books for schools and colleges. They publish many admirable text-books. The imprint of any such house may usually be regarded by our readers as a guarantee of excellence, at least in point of sound scholarship, for any book that bears it.

Dr. William Smith has a book prepared in parts, the parts being published separately in neat form, bearing the title of "Initia Græca." Dr. Smith is an English scholar, author, editor, and compiler. In these various capacities he has produced a prodigious number of books, chiefly devoted to education. These in general are held in high estimation for scholarship. The "Initia Græca" is combined grammar and reader. The Ollendorff idea, that is, the idea of exercises interspersed throughout to illustrate the grammatical principles laid down, presides over this volume. It is well printed, but the type is somewhat smaller than to long-used eyes will be found grateful. There is, perhaps, something of an English character impressed upon the book. This would naturally be the case, as it was originally prepared for English students.

Prof. Harkness's text-books, of which the number is considerable, enjoy a good reputation, which, in our opinion, they deserve. He has a "First Greek Book," so entitled, which in a general way resembles Kendrick's "Greek Ollendorff." Prof. Harkness's book differs, however, from that, in adding some interesting pages of reading matter selected from various sources, together with a vocabulary. This last feature,

the vocabulary, the "Greek Ollendorff" unfortunately lacks, having, however, partial lists of words with definitions, distributed through its pages. Harkness's "First Greek Book," like the "Greek Ollendorff," is complete in itself. Still, Prof. Harkness gives, as Dr. Kendrick does not, references to several Greek grammars.

"Greek for Beginners" is the title of an English book which Mr. Coy, instructor in Phillips Academy, (Andover,) has edited and improved, adapting it for use in connection with Hadley's Greek grammar. It is an excellent manual.

Whiton's "First Lessons in Greek" is a good book. This also is to be used in connection with Hadley's Greek grammar. It belongs to the Yale system of text-books.

A most invitingly clear and well-spaced page, in good-sized type, makes a favorable impression upon you as you open White's "First Lessons in Greek." This belongs to the Harvard cycle of text-books. It presupposes the grammar, and is, therefore, not quite so useful to readers such as we are here chiefly addressing. The preface, however, contains some hints about Greek that will prove enlightening to the merely English student. The references are, of course, to Goodwin's Greek grammar. Parallel references to a new forthcoming edition of Hadley's grammar are promised.

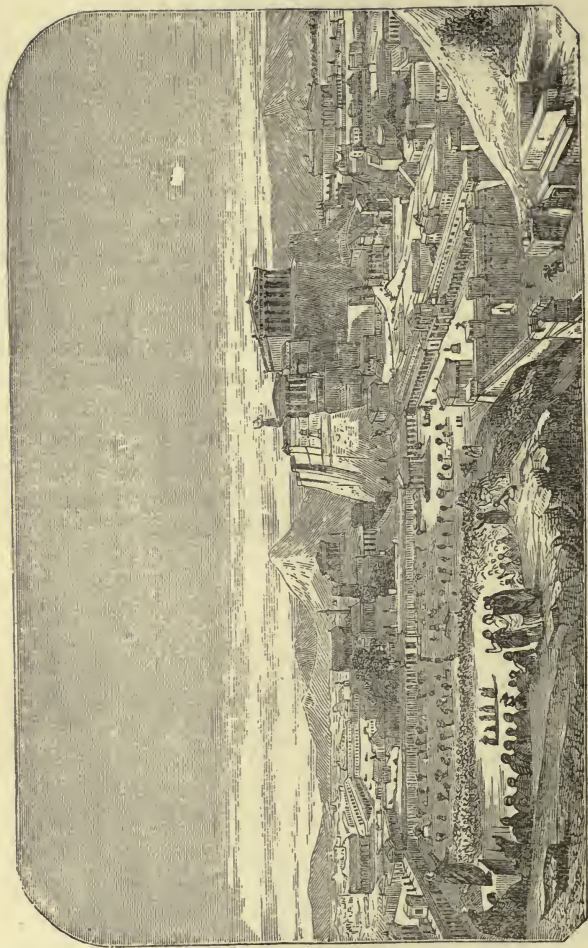
Leighton's "Greek Lessons" pursues the same general course as do now all the other beginning books in Greek. A peculiar feature of this little book is the inclusion of some specimen Harvard examination papers. These will serve to show in part to readers what kind of acquirements are expected at Harvard from the student in Greek. Here, also, under the form of English to be rendered into Greek, are several considerable passages literally translated from Xenophon's "Anabasis."

Of Greek grammars, that of Hadley, that of Goodwin, that of Crosby, and that of Sophocles are, perhaps, the best. The reader who examines, as it is wise to do, the prefaces of

these manuals will not fail to observe the debt that all alike acknowledge to German sources of Greek learning. Curtius (pronounced Koort'se-oos) is the most recent of the great German authorities in Greek grammar. Kühner (pronounced nearly Keener,) is now a little antiquated, as, somewhat more so, is also Buttman, (Boot'man) each a great name in his day.

Of the literary contents of first books in Greek we say nothing here, but refer our friends to the following chapter, which will give all the needed information, since the first books, as far as they have literary contents, merely anticipate the Greek Readers.

We simply add that this little sketch of First Books in Greek is designed to be suggestive, but by no means exhaustive. Other manuals than those named may be found perhaps equally valuable; and we should of course feel in duty bound considerably to extend our list of publishing houses, if our purpose were to include all those whose issues of Greek text-books for beginners are worthy of confidence. We have exemplified merely, not enumerated.



View of Athens Restored.

VII.

THE GREEK READER.

FOLLOWING the introductory books, whatever these may be, with which pupils break ground in the field of Greek study, there will now come something in the nature of Readers, so-called. Greek Readers are made up of selections from literature of an easy and simple order, taken chiefly (of late, not wholly) from books written in the Attic dialect; that is, the dialect of Greek spoken in Attica, of which Athens was the capital. In literature, Athens was to Greece what Paris is, and always has been, to France. Milton has in his "Paradise Regained" a singularly beautiful passage, descriptive of Athens in her imperial supremacy of intellect:

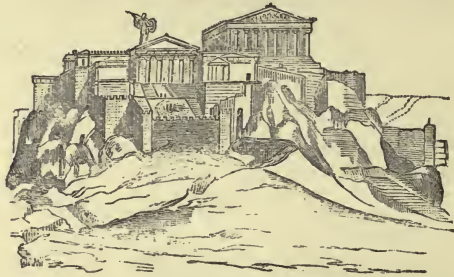
"On the Ægean shore a city stands,  
Built nobly; pure the air, and light the soil;  
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts  
And eloquence, native to famous wits  
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,



TEMPLE OF NIKE APTEROS.

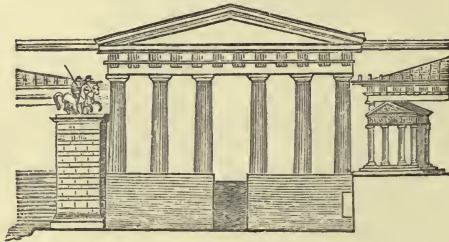
City or suburban, studious walks and shades.  
See there the olive grove of Academe,  
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird  
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;  
There flowery hill Hymettus, with the sound

Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites  
 To studious musing ; there Ilissus rolls  
 His whispering stream : within the walls then view  
 The schools of ancient sages ; his, who bred  
 Great Alexander to subdue the world,



THE ACROPOLIS RESTORED.

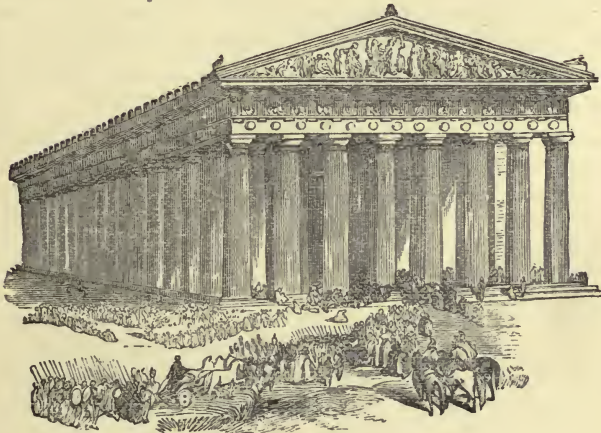
Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next :  
 There shalt thou hear and learn the secret power  
 Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit  
 By voice or hand ; and various-measured verse,  
 Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,  
 And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,  
 Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer called,  
 Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own :



THE PROPYLÆA OF THE ACROPOLIS.

Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught  
 In chorus or iambic, teachers best  
 Of moral prudence, with delight received  
 In brief sententious precepts, while they treat

Of fate, and chance, and change in human life,  
High actions and high passions best describing :  
Thence to the famous orators repair,  
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence  
Wielded at will that fierce demagogue,  
Shook the arsenal, and fulminated over Greece



PARTHENON.

To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne :  
To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,  
From heaven descended to the low-roof'd house  
Of Socrates ; see there his tenement,  
Whom well-inspired the oracle pronounced  
Wisest of men, from whose mouth issued forth  
Mellifluous streams, that water'd all the schools  
Of Academics old and new, with those  
Surnamed Peripatetics, and the sect  
Epicurean, and the Stoic severe."

Our mention of a dialect will make it proper enough that we say a word or two here on the subject of those differences

of speech, termed dialects, with which, in the course of your subsequent study, you must necessarily become more or less acquainted. There were three chief dialects of the Greek language, created in part by differences of age, and in part by differences of country. Homer was a figure in Greek literature so important and commanding, alike from his historic position at the beginning of known Greek literary development, and from the recognized rank of his poetry in the hierarchy of genius, that he is by some grammarians given the honor of being, as it were, the proprietor of a dialect of his own. That is to say, the diction in which he writes is sometimes called indifferently the Homeric, or the Epic, dialect. Prevaillingly, this Homeric dialect is what is more strictly called Ionic, although the Doric element and the Æolic contribute each some share. You may safely consider that the differences which distinguish these dialects one from another, lie chiefly in the sound of the vowels, the vowels being always and everywhere the most variable element of human speech. The Ionic dialect, exemplified in Homer and in Herodotus, is characterized by fluent sweetness to the ear. The Doric is of a broader, harsher sound, in consonance with that sense of the word Doric, in which you often see it used to denote simplicity, plainness, bareness. The Attic dialect is the neatest, most cultivated, and most elegant of all the varieties of Greek speech. In this dialect the greatest works in Greek literature were most of them composed. The Æolic dialect has no separate extant representative in Greek literature.

The selections which compose our Greek Readers vary with the taste and judgment of the compiler. Generally there will be found some fables, anecdotes of illustrious men, wise and witty sayings excerpted from the surviving *memorabilia* of leading spirits among the wisest and wittiest race of all the ancient world, fragments of history, of geography, of mythology, etc., etc. The compilation can hardly fail to be a very interesting book to read.



We take up at hazard one of these Greek Readers, and give a few specimens of its contents. First, we find a number of the fables commonly attributed to Æsop. Æsop was born, uncertain where, about 620 B.C. He was, when young, brought to Athens, and there sold as a slave. He was eventually freed by his master. From his high repute as a writer, he was invited by Cræsus, the rich king of Lydia, to reside at his court. Æsop's end was tragic, for while acting in the capacity of ambassador for Cræsus he was convicted of sacrilege at Delphi, and thrown headlong from a precipice in punishment. None of his writings survive. His fables he perhaps never wrote, but delivered them orally on different occasions. The fables that go under his name are mainly the collection of a monk of the 14th century, who, it has been said, without evidence and against probability described Æsop as ugly and deformed, so fixing for centuries the unfounded conventional idea of the fabulist's personal appearance. Such, at least, until lately, has been the general opinion concerning the authorship of this foolish and falsifying biography of Æsop. Now, however, the good monk, Planudes, is apparently relieved of the imputation. Æsop's fables, so-called, are no doubt part of them in some real sense the production of their reputed author. The traditions of fables so ingenious, and of such contemporary fame, would naturally, however they might be modified in the process, be preserved.

We give a few specimens of the fables pretty literally translated. Our readers will, of course, among them recognize some old acquaintances.

#### I THE WOLF.

A wolf, seeing some shepherds eating a sheep in a tent, came near and said, "What an uproar there would be if *I* were doing this!"

#### 2. THE LIONESS.

A lioness, laughed at by a fox for giving birth to but one offspring, said, "One, but a lion."

## 3. THE GNAT AND THE OX.

A gnat seated himself on the horn of an ox, and commenced buzzing. He said, however, to the ox, "If I weigh heavily on your neck, I will go away." The ox said, "Neither did I know it when you came, nor if you stay shall I care."

## 4. THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

A fox, seeing some ripe grapes hanging above him, tried to get them to eat. But having tried long in vain, he said, assuaging his vexation, "They are still sour."

## 5. THE KID AND THE WOLF.

A kid standing on the top of a house, as he saw a wolf passing by, began to revile and deride him. But the wolf said, "You silly creature, it is not you that revile me, but the place."

## 6. THE WOMAN AND THE HEN.

A certain widow had a hen that every day laid her an egg. But thinking that if she should give the hen more barley she would lay twice a day, she took this course. The hen, however, becoming fat, could not lay even once a day.

The anecdotes are culled from various sources, Plutarch, the biographer, furnishing his full share. There are, however, some few extant ancient collections of *ana*, upon which compilers can draw to eke out their variety of such interesting material. We supply a number of characteristic specimens.

Di-og'[oj]en-es, the famous cynic philosopher of the time of Alexander the Great, is credited with several very bright sayings, generally caustic, sometimes perhaps affectedly so, in their humor.

To one remarking that to live was an evil, "Not to live, but to live evilly," Diogenes responded.

Pessimism, our readers may see, is by no means a modern whim. Perhaps the refutation of Diogenes need hardly be improved upon.

Carrying about a lighted lamp in broad noon, "I am looking," he said, "for a man."

Plato having defined man to be a biped without wings, and he being in great repute as a philosopher, Diogenes plucked a rooster and carried him to Plato's school with the remark, "Here is Plato's man."

A worthless fellow having put the inscription over his door, "Let nothing base enter here," "The master of the house, then," said Diogenes, "where will *he* enter?"

Plato was broadly contrasted with Diogenes, as in his philosophy, so also in his habits and character. Diogenes lived barefooted, half naked, and filthy, in a tub, while Plato loved sumptuous clothing and fare. It is told of the two that Diogenes once set his broad dirty sole on the folds of Plato's rich outer garment, saying, "Thus I trample on the pride of Plato." "And with greater pride," instantly retorted the latter. Of Plato we give only the following additional anecdote. There is hardly any thing related of Plato that presents him to us in a nobler or more striking light :



Plato, being angry once with a slave, said to Xen-oc'ra-tes standing by, "Do you take this fellow and flog him ; for I am angry."

We do not know what the occasion was. Perhaps Plato had no right to be angry at all. But next to having self-control enough not to be angry, is having self-control enough not to punish in anger. We are not to understand that Plato actually wanted Xenocrates to inflict a flogging, but only that he took that way of restraining and explaining himself.

Human slavery was an omnipresent circumstance in ancient society. It appears again, with its odious barbarism of the lash, in the following anecdote of Zeno, the founder of the Stoic philosophy, or philosophy of the porch, so called from the place in which the philosophy was originally taught. To get the point of the poor slave's witty plea, as well as of Zeno's instantaneous rejoinder, you must remember that one of the great Stoic doctrines was that of fate, or necessity.

Zeno was flogging a slave for stealing. "It was foreordained," whimpered the slave, "that I should steal." "And that you should have your hide taken off you," added the philosopher.

To a chatterbox, Zeno said: "We have two ears and one mouth, that we may hear much and talk little."

Solon, the Athenian lawgiver, and one of the seven so-styled wise men of Greece, condensed, with Attic wit, the whole pathos of irreparable bereavement into his answer to the commonplace consoler of his grief:

Solon, having lost a son, was weeping. One saying to him that weeping would do no good, "For that very reason," he replied, "I weep."

There survives a striking tradition of an interview between Alexander the Great and Diogenes, in which the king asked the philosopher what favor he could do him. "Get out of my sunshine," growled the surly cynic with admirably sustained character. This passage between the two men gives point to the following anecdote:

Alexander having had a conversation with Diogenes, was so struck with the man's way of life and his personal character, that he used often afterward, recalling him, to remark: "If I were not Alexander, I would be Diogenes."

With that class of people who aped Alexander's wry-neck, to be in the fashion, this egotistic praise bestowed by Alexander on Diogenes should have given the tub philosopher a good lift.

Philip of Macedon, Alexander's father, either really had the wit to say good things, or else the luck to have some one able and willing to impute good things to him as the author.

Philip used to say that an army of deers with a lion commanding, was better than an army of lions with a deer commanding.

Philip congratulated the Athenians on being able to find ten generals every year to put in command; as for himself, he in many years had never been able to find more than one general, *Par-me'ni-o*.

Philip being asked whom he loved most and whom he hated most, "Those who are about to betray me I love most, and those who have already betrayed me I hate most," was the reply.

The misanthropic reply, this, of a tyrant, reminding one of the saying of Louis XIV.—was it not?—of France, who, on occasion of giving some coveted office to a single applicant out of a hundred, remarked: “There, I have made ninety-nine men hostile to me, and one man—*ungrateful*.”

With a few laconisms, so good that they are already familiar, but likewise so good that, though familiar, they will bear repetition, let us close this tempting collection of anecdotes; for there is much to follow after the present chapter, from which it would be wrong to detain our readers.

Some one remarking that the arrows of the barbarians flew so thick as to darken the sun, “So much the better,” said Le-on’i-das, “we shall fight them, then, in the shade.”

Wishing immediately to attack the enemy, he sent word to his soldiers to make their breakfast, as about to make their supper in Hades.

Gor’go, a Lacedæmonian [or Spartan] woman, wife of Leonidas, presenting to her son, about to engage in a military expedition, a shield, said: “Either [bring] this, or [be brought] on this.”

A Spartan woman to her son lamed in battle, and chagrined about it, said: “Do not grieve, my child, for with every step you take you will be reminded of your own valor.”

Remember that the Ce-phis’us was the river associated with Athens, as the Eu-ro’tas was with Sparta, and enjoy the grim advantage that the Spartan got over the boasting Athenian, in the following encounter:

A certain Athenian saying to An-tal’ci-das, “Well, we have many a time driven you Spartans back from the Cephissus.” “But we Spartans never,” retorted Antalcidas, “drove you Athenians back from the Eu-rotas.”

Lucian (not to be confounded with Lucan, a very different genius, and a Roman) belongs to a late age of Greek litera-



GREEK WARRIOR.

ture, being of the second century after Christ. He was a Syrian by birth, but he acquired a singular mastery of pure Attic, in which dialect he wrote voluminously. His "Dialogues of the Dead" furnish some of the most lively matter that goes into the ordinary Greek Reader. These famous dialogues have been the original of several justly admired imitations. Or, if Lord Lyttleton's, Fénelon's, and Walter Savage Landor's similar productions are not to be called imitations, it may at least be said that the idea of them was suggested to their respective authors by Lucian's ingenious and audacious initiative.

Lucian was nothing if not lively. He had a merry, if not a mocking, vein in his character, and this appears very strongly in what he wrote. He lived in a time when the idolatries of the Roman Empire were in somewhat the same effete and moribund condition, to which in Luther's time her abuses and corruptions had apparently reduced the Roman Catholic Church. Lucian exercised his wit in ridiculing paganism, as Erasmus exercised his wit in ridiculing monkery. Or, again, Lucian was to Greek and Roman polytheism what Voltaire was to the Christian Church; the Christian Church, that is to say, as, very naturally from his circumstances, Voltaire misunderstood the Christian Church. No system of faith and worship open to be so laughed at could possibly long stand to be so laughed at, as Lucian made the whole world laugh at the religion of Olympus. There is not now enough of respectable absurdity left to that obsolete idolatry to make Lucian's raillery at its expense as richly enjoyable to us as the deathless wit of the raillery entitles it to be.

The following extract, which we take from the volume devoted to Lucian, in Lippincott's reprint of the "Ancient Classics for English Readers," belongs in a piece entitled, "Jupiter in Heroics." The falcon flew at the highest quarry. The ostensible motive of the piece is Jupiter's concern at the decay of reverence among men for the Olympian divinities.

He advises with his daughter Minerva about the expediency of calling a council of the gods. Minerva suggests that perhaps the ignoring policy is the best in the premises. However, the upshot is that Mercury is to summon the gods. Our extract does not enter into the discussion of the merits of the question, but confines itself to the amusing preliminaries of the occasion :

*Mercury.* O yes, O yes! the gods are to come to council immediately! No delay—all to be present—come, come! upon urgent affairs of state.

*Jupiter.* What! do you summon them in that bald, inartificial, prosaic fashion, Mercury—and on a business of such high importance?

*Mer.* Why, how would you have it done, then?

*Jup.* How would I have it done? I say, proclamation should be made in dignified style—in verse of some kind, and with a sort of poetical grandeur. They would be more likely to come.

*Mer.* Possibly. But that's the business of your epic poets and rhapsodists—I'm not at all poetical myself. I should infallibly spoil the job, by putting in a foot too much or a foot too little, and only get myself laughed at for my bungling poetry. I hear even Apollo himself ridiculed for some of his poetical oracles—though in his case obscurity covers a multitude of sins. Those who consult him have so much to do to make out his meaning that they haven't much leisure to criticise his verse.

*Jup.* Well, but, Mercury, mix up a little Homer in your summons—the form, you know, in which he used to call us together; you surely remember it.

*Mer.* Not very readily or clearly. However, I'll try:

“ Now, all ye female gods and all ye male,  
 And all ye streams within old Ocean's pale,  
 And all ye nymphs, at Jove's high summons, come,  
 All ye who eat the sacred hecatomb!  
 Who sit and sniff the holy steam, come all,  
 Great names, and small names, and no names at all.”

*Jup.* Well done, Mercury! a most admirable proclamation. Here they are all coming already. Now take and seat them, each in the order of their dignity—according to their material or their workmanship; the golden ones in the first seats, the silver next to them; then in succession those of ivory, brass, and stone—and of these, let the works of Phidias, and Alcam'enes, and My'ron, and Euphra'nor, and such-like artists, take

precedence; but let the rude and inartistic figures be pushed into some corner or other, just to fill up the meeting—and let them hold their tongues.

*Mer.* So be it; they shall be seated according to their degree. But it may be as well for me to understand—supposing one be of gold, weighing ever so many talents, but not well executed, and altogether common and badly finished, is he to sit above the brazen statues of Myron and Polyclitus, or the marble of Phidias and Alcamenes? Or must I count the art as more worthy than the material?

*Jup.* It ought to be so, certainly; but we must give the gold the preference, all the same.

*Mer.* I understand. You would have me class them according to wealth, not according to merit or excellence. Now, then, you that are made of gold, here—in the first seats. (*Turning to Jupiter.*) It seems to me, your majesty, that the first places will be filled up entirely with barbarians. You see what the Greeks are—very graceful and beautiful, and of admirable workmanship, but of marble or brass, all of them, or even the most valuable, of ivory, with just a little gold to give them color and brightness; while their interior is of wood, with probably a whole commonwealth of mice established inside them. Whereas that Bendis, and Anubis, and Atthis there, and Men, are of solid gold, and really of enormous value.

*Neptune, (coming forward.)* And is this fair, Mercury, that this dog-faced monster from Egypt should sit above me—me—Neptune?

*Mer.* That's the rule. Because, my friend Earth-shaker, Lysippus made you of brass, and consequently poor—the Corinthians having no gold at that time; whereas that is the most valuable of all metals. You must make up your mind, therefore, to make room for him, and not be vexed about it; a god with a great gold nose like that must needs take precedence.

(*Enter VENUS.*)—*Ven., (coaxingly to Mercury.)* Now, then, Mercury dear, take and put me in a good place, please; I'm golden, you know.

*Mer.* Not at all, so far as I can see. Unless I'm very blind, you're cut out of white marble—from Pentelicus, I think—and it pleased Praxiteles to make a Venus of you, and hand you over to the people of Cnidus.

*Ven.* But I can produce a most unimpeachable witness—Homer himself. He continually calls me “golden Venus” all through his poems.

*Mer.* Yes; and the same authority calls Apollo “rich in gold” and “wealthy;” but you can see him sitting down there among the ordinary gods. He was stripped of his golden crown, you see, by the thieves,



and they even stole the strings of his lyre. So you may think yourself well off that I don't put you down quite among the crowd.

(Enter the COLOSSUS of RHODES) [Rōdź].—*Col.* Now, who will venture to dispute precedence with me—me, who am the sun, and of such a size to boot? If it had not been that the good people of Rhodes determined to construct me of extraordinary dimensions, they could have made sixteen golden gods for the same price. Therefore I must be ranked higher, by the rule of proportion. Besides, look at the art and the workmanship, so correct, though on such an immense scale.

*Mer.* What's to be done, Jupiter? It's a very hard question for me to decide. If I look at his material, he's only brass; but if I calculate how many talents' weight of brass he has in him, he's worth the most money of them all.

*Jup. (testily.)* What the deuce does he want here at all—dwarfing all the rest of us into insignificance, as he does, and blocking up the meeting besides? (*Aloud to Colossus.*) Hark ye, good cousin of Rhodes, though you may be worth more than all these golden gods, how can you possibly take the highest seat, unless they all get up and you sit down by yourself? Why, one of your thighs would take up all the seats in the Pnyx! You'd better stand up, if you please, and you can stoop your head a little toward the company.

*Mer.* Here's another difficulty, again. Here are two, both of brass, and of the same workmanship, both from the hands of Lysippus, and, more than all, equal in point of birth, both being sons of Jupiter—Bacchus, here, and Hercules. Which of them is to sit first? They're quarreling over it, as you see.

*Jup.* We're wasting time, Mercury, when we ought to have begun business long ago. So let them sit down anyhow now, as they please. We will have another meeting hereafter about this question, and then I shall know better what regulations to make about precedence.

*Mer.* But, good heavens! what a row they all make, shouting that perpetual cry, as they do, "Divide, 'vide, 'vide the victims!" "Where's the nectar? where's the nectar?" "The ambrosia's all out! the ambrosia's all out!" "Where are the hecatombs? where are the hecatombs?" "Give us our share!"

*Jup.* Bid them hold their tongues, do, Mercury, that they may hear the object of the meeting, and let such nonsense alone.

*Mer.* But they don't all understand Greek, and I am no such universal linguist as to make proclamation in Scythian, and Persian, and Thracian, and Celtic. It will be best, I suppose, to make a motion with my hand for them to be silent.

*Jup.* Very well—do.

*Mer.* See, they're all as dumb as philosophers. Now's your time to speak. Do you see? they're all looking at you, waiting to hear what you're going to say.

*Jup.* (*clearing his throat.*) Well, as you're my own son, Mercury, I don't mind telling you how I feel. You know how self-possessed and how eloquent I always am at public meetings?

*Mer.* I know I trembled whenever I heard you speak, especially when you used to threaten all that 'about wrenching up earth and sea from their foundations, you know, gods and all, and dangling that golden chain.

*Jup.* (*interrupting him.*) But now, my son—I can't tell whether it's the importance of the subject, or the vastness of the assembly (there are a tremendous lot of gods here, you see)—my ideas seem all in a whirl, and a sort of trembling has come over me, and my tongue seems as though it were tied. And the most unlucky thing of all is, I've forgotten the opening paragraph of my speech, which I had all ready prepared beforehand, that my exordium might be as attractive as possible.

*Mer.* Well, my good sir, you *are* in a bad way. They all mistrust your silence, and fancy they are to hear something very terrible, and that this is what makes you hesitate.

*Jup.* Suppose, Mercury, I were to rhapsodize a little—that introduction, you know, out of Homer?

*Mer.* Which?

*Jup.* (*declaiming*)—

“Now, hear my words, ye gods and she-gods all—”

*Mer.* No—heaven forbid! you've given us enough of that stuff already. No—pray let that hackneyed style alone. Rather give them a bit out of one of the Philippics of Demosthenes—any one you please; you can alter and adapt it a little. That's the plan most of our modern orators adopt.

The preceding extract from Lucian must answer here for exemplification of that author's quality and method. His “Dialogues of the Dead” are highly interesting, conceived and executed in much the same bantering spirit. We greatly wish we could find room for further citations. But there is so much beyond, forewarning us of space to be demanded, that we must perforce forbear. Whether any true earnestness of moral purpose underlay Lucian's exquisite, though

rollicking, mockery, is a point not easy to decide. It is gravely to be feared that he was but a voice of a skeptical age, irreverent toward Olympianism, not because Olympianism was a lie, but because it was capable of being made to appear a ridiculous lie. Alas, must we say, then? alas, poor Lucian! For light had in his time come into the world, and he lived within the shining of it.

Passing by the bits of natural history, such as natural history was to the Greeks, anecdotal and marvelous, rather than philosophical and scientific, passing by too the fragments of mythology, together with all the rest of the miscellaneous matter that goes to make up the spice and variety of a good Greek Reader, let us recover ourselves from the sadness of our concluding reflection about poor laughing Lucian, by introducing here a few drolleries which must be anonymous, and so forward to our next chapter, a long one, but not too long, our readers will certainly say, for it deals with Xenophon's "Anabasis."

The following humors will serve to show how old some jests still current are. Irish bulls are famous, but what better Irish bulls are there than some of these from Greece? And these, who knows? may be importations to Greece from Egypt.

We adopt, with slight change, a translation that comes to hand, stiffly literal, but scholarly enough, however bare of elegance:

A simpleton, wishing to swim, was nearly strangled in the attempt. He swore, therefore, "he would not touch the water again before he had learned to swim."

A simpleton, wishing to teach his horse not to eat much, gave him no food. And when the horse died with hunger he said, "I have sustained a great loss, for when he learned not to eat, then he died."

A simpleton, learning that a raven would live two hundred years, bought a raven and fed it, by way of an experiment.

A simpleton, shipwrecked in a storm, while the passengers all were grasping some utensil to save themselves, seized one of the anchors.

One of two brothers having died, a simpleton met the living one, and asked him, "Did you die, or your brother?"

A simpleton's child died, and seeing so great a multitude of people assemble, he said, "I am ashamed to carry so small a child before so great an assembly."

A friend wrote to a simpleton, who was in Greece, to purchase him some books. But he neglected it; and when, after a while, he was visited by his friend, he said, "The letter, which you sent me respecting the books, I did not receive."

Will our readers forgive us if we almost break a promise and interpose one more delay in proceeding to the next chapter, with also one more change in mood, this time back again "from lively to severe?" We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of giving our friends a taste of Xenophon such as he appears in one of the best of his books, not the "Anab'asis." Greek Readers often embrace extracts from Xenophon's *Mem'orable'ia* of Socrates. Let us, accordingly, with this for our justifying reason, introduce here a few specimen pages of that highly interesting work. The work relates to Socrates. It was designed by Xenophon to vindicate his master's memory from the odium of guilt on those charges under which he had suffered the penalty of death—that is, the charges of impiety and of corrupting influence exerted on the Athenian youth. The plan of the work is, largely, to relate what Socrates did actually teach.



SOCRATES.

Here, first, are some notes of a conversation in which pagan Socrates, arguing for the existence and the benevolent character of God, in large part anticipates the famous elaborate treatise of Christian Paley on "Natural Theology." Let it be noted, also, how Socrates, in his allusion to the influence of the physical conformation of man on his general condition and his ability to do things, says, in essence, all that the

materialistic French philosopher, Helvetius, made so much of in seeking to establish his dismal theory that we human beings are dust and nothing more. With aim and with effect far other than those of Helvétius, our own American Webster, too, consciously or unconsciously, was following Socrates when, in an address before a mechanics' society, he once enlarged so lucidly and strikingly on the idea of man's depending on his *hand* as a necessary instrument for the carrying out of his conceptions, and thus for his progress in civilization. Such quickening suggestions from the Greek philosopher's brain make it easier to understand why it is that, without having ever written a line himself, Socrates should yet have exercised so much teaching power in his time, and have left behind him so illustrious, imperishably illustrious, a name. With no further introduction, we give our first extract from Xenophon's *Memorabilia* :

But if any suppose that Socrates, as some write and speak of him on conjecture, was excellently qualified to exhort men to virtue, but incapable of leading them forward in it, let them consider not only what he said in refutation, by questioning, of those who thought that they knew every thing, (refutations intended to check the progress of those disputants,) but what he used to say in his daily intercourse with his associates, and then form an opinion whether he was capable of making those who conversed with him better. I will first mention what I myself once heard him advance in a dialogue with Aristodemus, surnamed The Little, concerning the gods; for, having heard that Aristodemus neither sacrificed to the gods nor prayed to them, nor attended to auguries, but ridiculed those who regarded such matters, he said to him: "Tell me, Aristodemus, do you admire any men for their genius?" "I do," replied he. "Tell us their names, then," said Socrates. "In epic poetry I most admire Homer, in dithyrambic Melanippides, in tragedy Sophocles, in statuary Polyclitus, in painting Zeuxis." "And whether do those who form images without sense or motion, or those who form animals endowed with sense and vital energy, appear to you the more worthy of admiration?" "Those who form animals, by Jupiter, for they are not produced by chance, but by understanding." "And regarding things of which it is uncertain for what purpose they exist, and those evidently existing for some useful purpose, which of the two would you

say were the productions of chance, and which of intelligence?" "Doubtless those which exist for some useful purpose must be the productions of intelligence." "Does not he, then," proceeded Socrates, "who made men at first, appear to you to have given them, for some useful purpose, those parts by which they perceive different objects, the eyes to see what is to be seen, the ears to hear what is to be heard? What would be the use of smells, if no nostrils had been assigned us? What perception would there have been of sweet and sour, and of all that is pleasant to the mouth, if a tongue had not been formed in it to have a sense of them? In addition to these things, does it not seem to you like the work of forethought, to guard the eye, since it is tender, with eye-lids, like doors, which, when it is necessary to use the sight, are set open, but in sleep are closed! To make the eyelashes grow as a screen, that winds may not injure it? To make a coping on the parts above the eyes with the eye-brows, that the perspiration from the head may not annoy them? To provide that the ears may receive all kind of sounds, yet never be obstructed? And that the front teeth in all animals may be adapted to cut, and the back teeth to receive food from them and grind it? To place the mouth, through which animals take in what they desire, near the eyes and the nose? And since what passes off from the stomach is offensive, to turn the channels of it away, and remove them as far as possible from the senses?—can you doubt whether such a disposition of things, made thus apparently with intention, is the result of chance or of intelligence?" "No, indeed," replied Aristodemus, "but to one who looks at those matters in this light, they appear like the work of some wise maker who studied the welfare of animals." "And to have engendered in them a love of having offspring, and in mothers a desire to rear their progeny, and to have implanted in the young that are reared a desire of life, and the greatest dread of death?" "Assuredly these appear to be the contrivances of some one who designed that animals should continue to exist."

"And do you think that you yourself have any portion of intelligence?" "Question me, at least, and I will answer." "And can you suppose that nothing intelligent exists anywhere else? When you know that you have in your body but a small portion of the earth which is vast, and a small portion of the water which is vast, and that your frame is constituted for you to receive only a small portion of each of other things that are vast, do you think that you have seized for yourself, by some extraordinary good fortune, intelligence alone which exists nowhere else, and that this assemblage of vast bodies, countless in number, is maintained in order by something void of reason?" "By Jupiter, I can hardly

suppose that there is any ruling intelligence among that assemblage of bodies, for I do not see the directors, as I see the agent of things which are done here." "Nor do you see your own soul, which is the director of your body; so that, by like reasoning, you may say that you yourself do nothing with understanding, but every thing by chance."

"However, Socrates," said Aristodemus, "I do not despise the gods, but consider them as too exalted to need my attention." "But," said Socrates, "the more exalted they are, while they deign to attend to you, the more ought you to honor them." "Be assured," replied Aristodemus, "that if I believed the gods took any thought for men, I would not neglect them." "Do you not, then, believe that the gods take thought for men? the gods who, in the first place, have made man alone, of all animals, upright, (which uprightness enables him to look forward to a greater distance, and to contemplate better what is above, and renders those parts less liable to injury in which the gods have placed the eyes, and ears, and mouth;) and, in the next place, have given to other animals only feet, which merely give them the capacity of walking, while to men they have added hands, which execute most of those things through which we are better off than they. And though all animals have tongues, they have made that of man alone of such a nature, as by touching sometimes one part of the mouth, and sometimes another, to express articulate sounds, and to signify every thing that we wish to communicate one to another. Nor did it satisfy the gods to take care of the body merely, but, what is most important of all, they implanted in him the soul, his most excellent part. For what other animal has a soul to understand, first of all, that the gods, who have arranged such a vast and noble order of things, exist? What other species of animal, besides man, offers worship to the gods? What other animal has a mind better fitted than that of man, to guard against hunger or thirst, or cold or heat, or to relieve disease, or to acquire strength by exercise, or to labor to obtain knowledge; or more capable of remembering whatever it has heard, or seen, or learned? Is it not clearly evident to you that in comparison with other animals, men live like gods, excelling them by nature both in body and mind? For an animal having the body of an ox, and the understanding of a man, would be unable to execute what it might meditate; and animals which have hands, but are without reason, have no advantage over others; and do you, who share both these excellent endowments, think that the gods take no thought for you? What then must they do before you will think that they take thought for you?" "I will think so," observed Aristodemus, "when they send me, as you say that they send to you, monitors to show what I ought, and what I ought not,

to do." "But when they send admonitions to the Athenians on consulting them by divination, do you not think that they admonish you also? Or, when they give warnings to the Greeks by sending portents, or when they give them to the whole human race, do they except you alone from the whole and utterly neglect you? Do you suppose, too, that the gods would have engendered a persuasion in men that they are able to benefit or injure them, unless they were really able to do so, and that men, if they had been thus perpetually deluded, would not have become sensible of the delusion? Do you not see that the oldest and wisest of human communities, the oldest and wisest cities and nations, are the most respectful to the gods, and that the wisest age of man is the most observant of their worship? Consider also, my good youth," continued Socrates, "that your mind, existing within your body, directs your body as it pleases; and it becomes you, therefore, to believe that the intelligence pervading all things directs all things as may be agreeable to it, and not to think that while your eye can extend its sight over many furlongs, that of the divinity is unable to see all things at once, or that while your mind can think of things here or things in Egypt or Sicily, the mind of the deity is incapable of regarding every thing at the same time. If, however, as you discover by paying court to men those who are willing to pay court to you in return, and by doing favors to men those who are willing to return your favors, and as by asking counsel of men you discover who are wise, you should in like manner make trial of the gods by offering worship to them, whether they will advise you concerning matters hidden from man; you will then find that the divinity is of such power, and of such a nature, as to see all things and hear all things at once, to be present everywhere, and to have a care for all things at the same time."

By delivering such sentiments, Socrates seems to me to have led his associates to refrain from what was impious, or unjust, or dishonorable, not merely when they were seen by men, but when they were in solitude, since they would conceive that nothing that they did would escape the knowledge of the gods.

The "*Memorabilia*" of Xenophon is such a treasury of interesting matter, that it is hard to refrain from incorporating here more than a just proportion of its contents. It is almost equally hard to choose our extracts, amid the embarrassment of riches that on every hand dazzles and perplexes the mind. On the whole, perhaps the dialogue which Xenophon reports



as having taken place between Socrates and his son, on the subject of filial obligation toward the mother, will serve the various purposes of the present undertaking, as well as any thing we could select.

The fame of Socrates has associated the name of Xanthip'pe with his own, in a very unenviable renown, as perhaps the most celebrated scold in the world. We cannot but suspect that poor dear Xanthippe suffers unjustly in this regard. She had a shiftless husband; so Socrates must have seemed to her, notable housewife as we hope she was, he spending most of his time in lounging about the streets of Athens, with a train of pupils trooping after him, and bringing home at night nothing to stop the mouths of his hungry children. For our part, we do not wonder if Xanthippe deemed it her bounden duty to rate Socrates roundly for his thriftless ways. She was, beyond doubt, sorely put to it, to keep the pot boiling. This, to be sure, is constructed history; for all we know is, that Socrates neglected his trade, which was that of a statuary, and devoted himself to teaching without pay. And we know, too, that he was poor. Who can question that Xanthippe felt herself responsible for feeding the philosopher who was feeding the world?

However all this may be, the following conversation of Socrates with his son shows plainly enough that, in theory at least, the supposably ill-providing husband of Xanthippe was sound as to the duty of the child to the mother. Only let us be careful how we attribute magnanimity to Socrates for being thus loyal to a termagant wife. Wait we until we hear Xanthippe's side of the case.

The chief characteristic trait of the method of Socrates in teaching was his art in asking questions. This is well exemplified in the present conversation:

Having learned one day that Lam'pro-cles, the eldest of his sons, had exhibited anger against his mother: "Tell me, my son," said he, "do you know that certain persons are called ungrateful?" "Certainly,"

replied the youth. "And do you understand how it is they act that men give them this appellation?" "I do," said Lamprocles, "for it is those that have received a kindness, and that do not make a return when they are able to make one, whom they call ungrateful." "They then appear to you to class the ungrateful with the unjust?" "I think so." "And have you ever considered whether, as it is thought unjust to make slaves of our friends, but just to make slaves of our enemies, so it is unjust to be ungrateful toward our friends, but just to be so toward our enemies?" "I certainly have," answered Lamprocles, "and from whomsoever a man receives a favor, whether friend or enemy, and does not endeavor to make a return for it, he is, in my opinion, unjust."

"If such, then, be the case," pursued Socrates, "ingratitude must be manifest injustice." Lamprocles expressed his assent. "The greater benefits, therefore, a person has received, and makes no return, the more unjust he must be." He assented to this position also. "Whom, then," asked Socrates, "can we find receiving greater benefits from any persons than children receive from their parents? Children, whom their parents have brought from non-existence into existence, to view so many beautiful objects, and to share in so many blessings, as the gods grant to men; blessings which appear to us so inestimable that we shrink in the highest degree from relinquishing them; and governments have made death the penalty for the most heinous crimes in the supposition that they could not suppress injustice by the terror of any greater evil. The man maintains his wife and provides for his children whatever he thinks will conduce to their support, in as great abundance as he can; while the woman receives and bears the burden, oppressing and endangering her life, and imparting a portion of the nutriment with which she herself is supported; and at length, after bearing it the full time and bringing it forth with great pain, she suckles and cherishes it, though she has received no previous benefit from it; nor does the infant know by whom it is tended, nor is it able to signify what it wants, but she, conjecturing what will nourish and please it, tries to satisfy his calls, and feeds it for a long time both night and day, submitting to the trouble, and not knowing what return she will receive for it. Nor does it satisfy the parents merely to feed their offspring, but as soon as the children appear capable of learning any thing they teach them whatever they know that may be of use for their conduct in life; and whatever they consider another more capable of communicating than themselves, they send their sons to him at their own expense, and take care to adopt every course that their children may be as much improved as possible."

Upon this the young man said, "But even if she has done all this,

and many times more than this, no one, assuredly, could endure her ill-humor." "And which do you think," asked Socrates, "more difficult to be endured, the ill-humor of a wild beast or that of a mother?" "I think," replied Lamprocles, "that of a mother, at least of such a mother as mine is." "Has she ever, then, inflicted any hurt upon you by biting or kicking you, as many have often suffered from wild beasts?" No; but, by Jupiter, she says such things as no one would endure to hear, for the value of all that he possesses." "And do you reflect," returned Socrates, "how much grievous trouble you have given her by your peevishness by voice and by action, in the day and in the night, and how much anxiety you have caused her when you were ill?" "But I have never said or done any thing to her," replied Lamprocles, "at which she could feel ashamed." "Do you think it, then," inquired Socrates, "a more difficult thing for you to listen to what she says, than for actors to listen when they utter the bitterest reproaches against one another in tragedies?" "But actors, I imagine, endure such reproaches easily, because they do not think that, of the speakers, the one who utters reproaches utters them with intent to do harm, or that the one who utters threats, utters them with any evil purpose." "Yet you are displeased at your mother, although you well know that whatever she says, she not only says nothing with intent to do you harm, but that she wishes you more good than any other human being. Or do you suppose that your mother meditates evil toward you?" "No, indeed," said Lamprocles, "that I do not imagine." "Do you then say that this mother," rejoined Socrates, "who is so benevolent to you, who, when you are ill takes care of you to the utmost of her power, that you may recover your health, and that you may want nothing that is necessary for you, and who, besides, entreats the gods for many blessings on your head, and pays vows for you, is a harsh mother? For my part, I think that if you cannot endure such a mother, you cannot endure any thing that is good. But tell me," continued he, "whether you think that you ought to pay respect to any other human being, or whether you are resolved to try to please nobody, and to follow or obey neither a general nor any other commander?" "No, indeed," replied Lamprocles, "I have formed no such resolutions." "Are you then willing," inquired Socrates, "to cultivate the good-will of your neighbor, that he may kindle a fire for you when you want it, or aid you in obtaining some good, or if you happen to meet with any misfortune, may assist you with willing and ready help?" "I am," replied he. "Or would it make no difference," rejoined Socrates, "whether a fellow-traveler, or fellow-voyager, or any other person that you met with, should be your friend or enemy?"

Or do you think that you ought to cultivate their good will?" "I think that I ought," replied Lamprocles. "You are then prepared," returned Socrates, "to pay attention to such persons; and do you think that you ought to pay no respect to your mother, who loves you more than any one else? Do you not know that the state takes no account of any other species of ingratitude, nor allows any action at law for it, overlooking such as receive a favor and make no return for it, but that if a person does not pay due regard to his parents, it imposes a punishment on him, rejects his services, and does not allow him to hold the archonship, considering that such a person cannot piously perform the sacrifices offered for the country, or discharge any other duty with propriety and justice. Indeed, if any one does not keep up the sepulchers of his dead parents, the state inquires into it in the examination of candidates for office. You, therefore, my son, if you are wise, will entreat the gods to pardon you if you have been wanting in respect toward your mother, lest, regarding you as an ungrateful person, they should be disinclined to do you good; and you will have regard, also, to the opinion of men, lest, observing you to be neglectful of your parents, they should all condemn you, and you should then be found destitute of friends; for if men surmise that you are ungrateful toward your parents, no one will believe that if he does you a kindness he will meet with gratitude in return.

It now only remains to say that Greek Readers sometimes *edit* the text of their extracts from the authors who furnish their matter. It is not unlikely to happen that a given passage of Greek, from whatever author extracted, will contain expressions here and there such as a strict Christian moral or æsthetic judgment would prefer to expunge. This has been the case with several of the passages herein presented. Our present note of the fact must stand for a hint of that quality in pagan literature, which only exemplification could adequately represent. But exemplification here would not be advisable. The influence of Christianity has been a singularly penetrating and pervasive power, to modify the taste, even where it has not been permitted to renovate the conscience, of mankind.

VIII.

XENOPHON'S ANABASIS.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE book usually adopted in sequel to the Reader, for giving students their Greek preparation to enter college, is Xenophon's "A-nab'a-sis." This is a bit of history possessing no very serious importance in itself alone, yet highly interesting, first, as a specimen of literary art, and second, as strikingly illustrative of the Greek spirit and character.

Anabasis is a Greek word meaning literally "a march upward," that is, from the sea. It may well enough be represented by the English word, made from Latin, "expedition." The book is an account of an expedition undertaken by a considerable body of Greeks into Central Asia, for the purpose, on the part of their employer, Cyrus, brother to the Persian king, of supporting, in connection with an army of Oriental soldiers, his rival pretensions to the Persian throne. The real destination of this expeditionary Greek force was concealed by Cyrus from all but one of his Greek generals, under the pretext of a different and less formidable object. When the two Persian brothers, king and pretender, finally met in the collision of arms, Cyrus was slain. This event, of course, at once ended the expedition, or anabasis proper. The Greeks now had it for their sole business to secure their own safety in withdrawing homeward from the enemy's country.

But where the real anabasis ends, there the highest interest of the book, misnamed "Anabasis," begins. For the main



CLIO, MUSE OF HISTORY.

interest of the "Anabasis," as a narrative, lies rather in the retreat than in the advance. The reader follows, in a delightfully life-like and simple story, the fortunes of a force of somewhat more than ten thousand Greek mercenary soldiers, starting, with no resource but their arms, their skill, and their valor, from a point many hundreds of miles distant, and successfully making their way home through a region formidable to the adventurers, alike from its natural features and from its hostile populations.

The whole matter of the famous advance and retreat of the ten thousand derives grave secondary importance from the fact that it resulted in revealing to Greece the essential weakness and vulnerableness of the imposing Persian Empire. The indirect historical consequences were thus very momentous, of what was in itself a mere episode of history. Many considerations, therefore, conspire to render Xenophon's "Anabasis" a work worthy of the attention that in all ages since it was written it has received.

Xenophon, the author, was born about 431 B. C., being thus not far from contemporáry with the Hebrew prophet Malachi. He was one of the pupils of Socrates, who, though on doubtful authority, is said to have borne him off on his shoulders from a field of battle, in which, having been wounded, the young Athenian knight had fallen helpless from his horse. Xenophon



XENOPHON.

joined the expedition of Cyrus as one adventuring on his own private account, he having at first no regular official relation with the army of the Greeks. Soon after the death of Cyrus at the battle of Cunax'a, five principal commanders of the Greeks having been treacherously put to death by the Persian general Tis'sa-pher'nes, Xenophon's presence of mind and practical wisdom, called out by the crisis in which the Greeks found themselves involved, immediately gave him a kind of leadership in the retreat, which he maintained until

a prosperous issue was reached on the shores of Greece. Xenophon's opportunities were accordingly the best that could possibly be enjoyed, for knowing the facts which he undertook to relate. His own part in the transactions is given, not entirely without betrayal of self-consciousness, but on the whole with admirably well-bred modesty; and you cannot resist the impression that the writer who writes so well, acquitted himself well also as a man of affairs. Xenophon was not, to be sure, a very great man, but it is not quite easy to see what good ground Macaulay could allege for suspecting, as he says he does, that he had "rather a weak head." Weaknesses he had, no doubt, and weaknesses they were of the head; for instance, he was superstitious, being a believer in dreams. He suffers, too, in comparison with Plato, as reporter of Socrates; but this simply means that he was not a philosopher. He was, instead, a shrewd and enterprising practical man of affairs. At all events, "a rather weak head" would hardly have been the qualification for the masterly conduct that Xenophon achieved, of the long, eventful, and on the whole remarkably prosperous, retreat of that high-spirited, independent, almost mutinous horde of ten thousand mercenary Greek soldiers. More just and probable is the estimate which Grote, the great historian of Greece, indicates of Xenophon, as "one in whom a full measure of soldierly strength and courage was combined with the education of an Athenian, a democrat, and a philosopher."

Xenophon retired in later life to a landed estate where, in the enjoyment of comfortable, if not elegant, leisure, he devoted himself to literary pursuits. He is supposed to have lived to ninety years of age. Diogenes Laertius has an interesting, though not wholly trustworthy, biography of Xenophon. Our readers should be advised that the skeptical spirit of literary criticism has not left the genuineness of the "Anabasis" unassailed. It has been gravely argued that Xenophon was not its real author. The Bible, it will be

seen, is far from being the only sufferer at iconoclastic critical hands.

Xenophon's fame, notwithstanding his creditable part in this expedition, is that of an author rather than that of a soldier. Among his other chief works is the "Cy'ro-pæ-di'a," purporting to be an account of Cyrus, surnamed the Elder, or the Great, the founder of the Persian Empire. "Cypædia" is another misnomer. It means literally the education of Cyrus. The book is really much more than an account of its subject's earlier years. It is, however, rather a romance than a history. Xenophon in it seems to aim at giving a description of the ideal civil society or state. It is written in the spirit of praise to despotism, as contrasted with democracy. This may seem singular in an Athenian, as was Xenophon; but the fact is, Xenophon was but an indifferent patriot—for, having in the course of his quest of fortune attached himself to the Spartan monarchy, he came once openly to bear arms against his native country. It is possible to suppose that in the "Cypædia" Xenophon meant to stimulate his countrymen by the ideal representation of manners better than their own. Such was probably the patriotic purpose of Tac'itus in his "Germania." We should thus relieve Xenophon's reputation somewhat. But the simple truth is that Greek patriotism has, through the eloquent commonplaces of orators, come to be popularly over-conceived.

Another important work of Xenophon's, known under the title of *Memorabilia*, has already been named. The "*Memorabilia*" ("Things worthy to be remembered or recorded") is a record of the sayings of Socrates. This work, from which quotations were given in the last chapter, is especially aimed to defend Xenophon's master against the accusation of impiety and of evil influence exerted upon the Athenian youth. There are several other works from Xenophon's pen, with mention, however, of which it is hardly worth while here to trouble the reader.



The "Anabasis" is divided into books, seven in number, each book being also divided into chapters. For convenience of reference, it has been further divided by editors into paragraphs or sections, somewhat on the principle of the verses of Scripture. The numeration of these sections commences afresh with every chapter.

The story of the "Anabasis" is capable of being summarily presented within very small compass. It is in large part an itinerary, that is, a journal of halts and marches. Such a recital would, of course, be tedious, but for the incidents, of disturbance within, of attack from without, of forays for food, of encounter with strange peoples, of observation of strange ways and habits, and for interspersed notices pertaining to the *fauna* and the *flora* of the regions traversed. There are some highly entertaining passages reporting the speeches of various personages, made on occasion perhaps of a popular tendency developing itself to resist the plans of the generals, and there are some very good characterizations of men that figured conspicuously in the expedition. The whole narrative is enlivened with the Greek spirit, now and again disporting itself in those plays of wit for which it is remarkable.

The reader will not get on well in following the story of the "Anabasis," without frequent references to the accompanying map, illustrating both the route of the advance and the different route of the retreat. The present will be a good opportunity to parents for impressing upon their children the value, indeed the indispensable necessity, of geography to history. Pupils ought to be able to draw for themselves an outline map of the paths followed by the Greeks. Without adequate geographical and topographical knowledge, on his part, such as is thus recommended for acquirement, the student of the "Anabasis" will feel himself involved from beginning to end in one inextricable maze of endless wandering and confusion. With it, he will find the work of translation comparatively easy and pleasant.



Our plan in this volume will be, to condense the story which Xenophon tells in detail, introducing, however, here and there, extracts in full of the translated text of the Greek, such as may serve at once to quicken the zest of the reader, and exhibit to his apprehension the matter and manner of the original work. In the course of doing this, we shall, upon occasion seeming to make it necessary or desirable, add to the information conveyed by Xenophon himself explanatory statements of facts derived from other sources, and even reflections of our own, that may perhaps promise to be suggestive to our readers. The portions of our text that are taken bodily and without change directly from the pages of Xenophon, will always be distinctly credited to the author. The translation which we use in making our literal extracts is that of Rev. J. S. Watson, published in Bohn's "Library," and reprinted in this country by Harper & Brothers.

#### FIRST BOOK.

Cyrus the Younger, so called to distinguish him from Cyrus the Great, which latter is the subject of the "Cyropædia," was accused to his brother Ar'tax-erx'es, the reigning monarch of Persia, of plotting against his throne. Cyrus was put under arrest, but at the intercession of his mother, with whom he seems to have been a favorite son, he was released and allowed to return to the province of which he had been made by his father subordinate governor, (or satrap, to transfer, as the Greek too does, the Persian term.) Hereupon Cyrus showed his gratitude by secretly levying an army, composed in part of Greek mercenaries, to wage open war against his brother. He made Sardis, near the coast of the Grecian Archipelago, the starting-point of his long and adventurous expedition. Sardis is the city of that name mentioned in the book of Revelation. It was the capital of Lydia, and Cyrus had it as the seat of government for his satrapy. Sardis was even at this time, 401 B.C., an ancient

city. When the great Cyrus attached Lydia to his empire, Cræsus, the Lydian king (that proverb of wealth, "Rich as Cræsus") met his final overthrow. Cræsus had once asked Solon if he did not think him the happiest of men. The rich king was vexed at the answer he received, that no man could be called happy until he died. Subsequently, about to be burned to death, Cræsus is said to have cried out, "O Solon, Solon!" This outcry, exciting the curiosity, and on explanation, the compassion, of the magnanimous conqueror, was, if we may believe Herodotus, the means of saving the unhappy monarch's life. So much for the historic associations of Sardis.

Setting out in the spring of the year 401 B. C., Cyrus advanced through Lydia, into Phrygia. He made a halt of seven days at Colos'sæ, an important city. The reader of Scripture will identify this place as that in which, some four hundred years afterward, a Christian Church was founded, addressed by the apostle Paul in one of his epistles. Here, as at other points along his route, Cyrus received additions to his force.

The reader will, perhaps, be ready to raise with himself the questions, first, How should there have been this number of Greek soldiers of fortune prepared to enter into a distant foreign service? and, second, How should a subordinate governor in the Persian state have been able to muster them for the purpose of a rebellion and usurpation like that which Cyrus proposed? To these questions it may be briefly answered: On the one hand the states of Greece, especially perhaps the Athenian state, were always fond of colonizing. There was an almost continuous line of Greek colonies stretched along the neighboring shores of Asia Minor. To these colonies resorted, in considerable numbers, such strenuous and enterprising citizens of the parent states as, having exposed themselves to the displeasure of the people, had been brought under sentence of exile. At this particular

time, a war having just closed that had made Athens subject to Sparta, the internal condition of Greece was such as to render the number of unemployed soldiers unusually great. The restless, overflowing energy of Greek life thus furnished both leaders and troops in abundant supply for engaging in whatever service might seem to them to promise fame or fortune to their efforts. Any Greek, with qualifications for leadership, might easily muster a following of soldiers, with which he could sell himself, almost at his own price, to king or conqueror, the exigencies of whose condition might require such mercenary aid. This, on the one hand, and on the other, the Persian Empire, though widely extended in territory, was in reality weak—so weak, indeed, that the central cohesive force of eminent administrative genius in the sovereign being at any moment withdrawn, the component parts of the immense aggregation seemed always ready at the first strong and bold hostile stroke to fall asunder. It was easy enough for Cyrus to pretend, as he did pretend, occasions for using fresh levies of troops in expeditions offensive or defensive in the neighborhood of his own proper province.

Nothing could more strikingly illustrate the disorganized and moribund condition of the Persian power, together with the weakness of the then reigning king, than a singular statement made by Xenophon. Xenophon says that Artaxerxes was prevented from suspecting Cyrus of plotting against himself by the supposition which he indulged, that Cyrus was raising troops for war with Tis'sa-pher'nes. This Tissaphernes was the Persian governor of certain parts near the satrapy of Cyrus. He it was who preferred the original accusation against Cyrus of pretending to the throne of his brother. The king, Xenophon says—an astonishing statement—was not at all concerned at this strife between two of his subordinate governors! These circumstances rendered it possible for Cyrus to proceed considerable lengths in the course of his undertaking without encountering opposition from his

brother, too easily contenting himself, a thousand miles or more away, in his palace at Babylon.

The next considerable halt was at Ce-læ'næ, another important Phrygian city. Here Cyrus stayed a month, receiving further accessions to his force. In a park, (the Greek word is "paradise," derived from an ancient Semitic root, the same word as that used by our Lord on the cross, in his promise to the repentant robber, and subsequently in the book of Revelation, to represent in figure the happy state of heaven,) in a park at Celæ'næ, kept by Cyrus in connection with a palace of his there, the collected Greek forces were reviewed and numbered. They amounted to 13,000 in all.

At a place called the Plain of Ca-ys'trus, (Ka-is'trus,) some seven days' march in advance, two noteworthy circumstances occurred. Cyrus was beset in his tent by applications from his soldiers for arrearages of pay. He owed them three months' wages. The prince was seriously embarrassed in his feeling, for he was free enough with money when he had money in possession. The manner in which Cyrus was relieved, and through Cyrus the soldiers, was singular and even mysterious. It was, perhaps, not without scandal. The Queen of Cilic'ia, a country lying beyond him in his purposed way toward Babylon, paid Cyrus a visit at this place, and, according to report, made him a large present of money. Cyrus in consequence paid his soldiers out of hand for *four* months. The Cilician queen remained with Cyrus nearly three weeks, through halt and march.

At one place Cyrus amused his royal companion with a review of his troops, both Greek and Barbarian. Possibly the prince had also a purpose, not disclosed, of inspiring her and the troops in her escort with a wholesome awe of the martial character of his Greek mercenaries. The Greeks seem at any rate to have entered into the parade in a spirit of some national contempt for the Barbarians, relieved and commended by their characteristic vivacity and humor. At one point

the rank and file of the Greeks struck of their own accord into a run, with arms presented, as if to attack the tents of the Persians. The Barbarians (to the Greek, by the way, all foreigners were barbarians) fled in a panic, the Cilician queen among them, while the Greeks marched laughing up to the tents. Cyrus was well pleased with the omen of this incident. The advance proceeded through Lyca-o'ni-a, which country he permitted his soldiers to ravage. Such license was, perhaps, a necessity to keep his mercenaries contented to follow him. It is now a good while ago, but this permission to pillage, of course, meant untold misery, of which the Watcher in the Heavens took account, to the suffering inhabitants.

A capital point in the strategy of the upward march was now at hand. The range of mountains which intersected Cyrus's line of advance through Cilicia had one, and had but one, practicable pass for a force of such numbers. This was the famous pass of the Cilician Gates, so-called, a way so long and so narrow that a handful of men could successfully dispute it against an army, however large. Cyrus seems, however, to have had his plan for securing the right of way. He detached, under the leadership of Me'non, a capable Greek commander, a considerable force of troops, ostensibly to escort the Cilician queen on her return to her husband. This convoy took a direct short course across the mountains to Tarsus, the Cilician capital, thus turning, as it were, the Cilician Gates, through which Cyrus desired to conduct his main body. The Cilician king, Sy-en'ne-sis, made a show of resistance to Cyrus from the heights commanding the pass, but hearing that Tarsus was threatened by the incursion of Me-non he abandoned his position, and permitted the advance to be made. Under some pretext, Tarsus was plundered by the soldiers, and Syennesis got rid of his guest only by an exchange of presents with him, in which Cyrus received money enough to support his army for a time, and Syennesis some keepsakes as a souvenir of the visit!

The Greeks now suspect that Cyrus is marching against his brother, the king, and make difficulties about proceeding. Cle-ar'chus, however, one of their leaders, a bold and clever man, exiled from Sparta, overcomes their reluctance, and they agree to go on, Cyrus assuring them, with ready mendacity, that his expedition has a different aim.

The mention of Tarsus will remind every reader that here, four hundred years later, the Apostle Paul was born. Tarsus, even at this time, was an important commercial city, of origin so ancient as to be almost prehistoric. Paul's reading of Xenophon's "Anabasis" was, perhaps, enlivened to him in his boyhood by local traditions, still surviving, of events so important and so disastrous to his native city.

Before dismissing this incident of discontent on the part of the Greeks, amounting almost to mutiny, occurring at Tarsus, we must give our readers, in Xenophon's own words, an account of the expedients adopted by Clearchus to secure their advance. The story well illustrates at once the levity and independence of the Greek spirit in general, and the unscrupulous audacity and resourcefulness of the Lacedæmonian exile, Clearchus. When the high hand would not serve this bold, this able, this ill-fated soldier of fortune, he was ready with the arts of the actor and of the orator :

Clearchus, first of all, endeavored to compel his soldiers to proceed ; but, as soon as he began to advance, they pelted him and his baggage-cattle with stones. Clearchus, indeed, on this occasion, had a narrow escape of being stoned to death. At length, when he saw that he should not be able to proceed by force, he called a meeting of his soldiers ; and at first, standing before them, he continued for some time to shed tears, while they, looking on, were struck with wonder, and remained silent. He then addressed them to this effect :

"Wonder not, soldiers, that I feel distressed at the present occurrences ; for Cyrus engaged himself to me by ties of hospitality, and honored me, when I was an exile from my country, both with other marks of esteem, and by presenting me with ten thousand darics. On receiving this money, I did not treasure it up for my own use, or squander it



in luxury, but spent it upon you. First of all, I made war upon the Thracians, and, in the cause of Greece, and with your assistance, took vengeance upon them by expelling them from the Cher'so-ne'sus, when they would have taken the country from its Grecian colonists. When Cyrus summoned me, I set out to join him, taking you with me, that if he had need of my aid, I might do him service in return for the benefits that I had received from him. But since you are unwilling to accompany him on this expedition, I am under the obligation, either, by deserting you, to preserve the friendship of Cyrus, or, by proving false to him, to adhere to you. Whether I shall do right, I do not know; but I shall give you the preference, and will undergo with you whatever may be necessary. Nor shall any one ever say that, after leading Greeks into a country of Barbarians, I deserted the Greeks, and adopted, in preference, the friendship of the Barbarians.

“Since, however, you decline to obey me, or to follow me, I will go with you, and submit to whatever may be destined for us. For I look upon you to be at once my country, my friends, and my fellow-soldiers, and consider that with you I shall be respected, wherever I may be: but that, if separated from you, I shall be unable either to afford assistance to a friend, or to avenge myself upon an enemy. Feel assured, therefore, that I am resolved to accompany you wherever you go.”

Thus he spoke: and the soldiers, as well those under his own command as the others, on hearing these assurances, applauded him for saying that he would not march against the king; and more than two thousand of the troops of Xe'nias and Pa'sion, taking with them their arms and baggage, went and encamped under Clearchus.

Cyrus, perplexed and grieved at these occurrences, sent for Clearchus; who, however, would not go, but sending a messenger to Cyrus without the knowledge of the soldiers, bade him be of good courage, as these matters would be arranged to his satisfaction. He also desired Cyrus to send for him again, but, when Cyrus had done so, he again declined to go. Afterward, having assembled his own soldiers, and those who had recently gone over to him, and any of the rest that wished to be present, he spoke to the following effect:

“It is evident, soldiers, that the situation of Cyrus with regard to us is the same as ours with regard to him; for we are no longer his soldiers, since we refuse to follow him, nor is he any longer our paymaster. That he considers himself wronged by us, however, I am well aware; so that, even when he sends for me, I am unwilling to go to him, principally from feeling shame, because I am conscious of having been in all respects false to him; and in addition, from being afraid that, when he has me

in his power, he may take vengeance on me for the matters in which he conceives that he has been injured. This, therefore, seems to me to be no time for us to sleep, or to neglect our own safety; but, on the contrary, to consider what we must do under these circumstances. As long as we remain here, it seems necessary to consider how we may best remain with safety; or, if we determine upon going at once, how we may depart with the greatest security, and how we may obtain provisions; for without these the general and the private soldier are alike inefficient. Cyrus is indeed a most valuable friend to those to whom he is a friend, but a most violent enemy to those to whom he is an enemy. He has forces, too, both infantry and cavalry, as well as a naval power, as we all alike see and know; for we seem to me to be encamped at no great distance from him. It is therefore full time to say whatever any one thinks to be best." Having spoken thus, he made a pause.

Upon this, several rose to speak; some, of their own accord, to express what they thought; others, previously instructed by Clearchus, to point out what difficulty there would be either in remaining or departing, without the consent of Cyrus. One of these, pretending to be eager to proceed with all possible haste to Greece, proposed that they should choose other commanders without delay, if Clearchus were unwilling to conduct them back; that they should purchase provisions, as there was a market in the Barbarian camp, and pack up their baggage; that they should go to Cyrus, and ask him to furnish them with ships, in which they might sail home; and, if he should not grant them, that they should beg of him a guide, to conduct them back through such parts of the country as were friendly toward them. But if he would not even allow them a guide, that they should, without delay, form themselves in warlike order, and send a detachment to take possession of the heights, in order that neither Cyrus nor the Cilicians ("of whom," said he, "we have many prisoners, and much money that we have taken") may be the first to occupy them. Such were the suggestions that he offered; but after him Clearchus spoke as follows:

"Let no one of you mention me as likely to undertake this command; for I see many reasons why I ought not to do so; but be assured, that whatever person you may elect, I shall pay the greatest possible deference to him, that you may see that I know how to obey as well as any other man."

After him another arose, who pointed out the folly of him who advised them to ask for ships, just as if Cyrus were not about to sail back, and who showed, too, how foolish it would be to request a guide of the very person "whose plans," said he, "we are frustrating. And," he added,

“if we should trust the guide that Cyrus might assign us, what will hinder Cyrus from giving orders to occupy the heights before we reach them? For my own part, I should be reluctant to embark in any vessel that he might grant us, lest he should send us and the galleys to the bottom together; I should also be afraid to follow any guide that he may appoint, lest he should conduct us into places from whence there would be no means of escape; and I had rather, if I depart without the consent of Cyrus, depart without his knowledge; but this is impossible. I say, then, that such proposals are absurdities; and my advice is, that certain persons, such as are fit for the task, should accompany Clearchus to Cyrus, and ask him in what service he wishes to employ us; and if the undertaking be similar to that in which he before employed foreign troops, that we too should follow him, and not appear more cowardly than those who previously went up with him. But if the present design seem greater and more difficult, and more perilous than the former, that they should ask, in that case, either to induce us to accompany him by persuasion, or, yielding himself to our persuasions, to give us a passage to a friendly country; for thus, if we accompany him, we shall accompany him as friends and zealous supporters, and if we leave him, we shall depart in safety; that they then report to us what answer he makes to this application; and that we, having heard his reply, take measures in accordance with it.”

These suggestions were approved; and, having chosen certain persons, they sent them with Clearchus to ask Cyrus the questions agreed upon by the army. Cyrus answered that he had heard that *A-broc'o-mas*, an enemy of his, was on the banks of the Euphrates, twelve days' march distant; and it was against him, he said, that he wished to march; and if *Abrocomas* should be there, he said that he longed to take due vengeance on him; but if he should retreat, “we will consider there,” he added, “how to proceed.”

The delegates, having heard this answer, reported it to the soldiers, who had still a suspicion that he was leading them against the king, but nevertheless resolved to accompany him. They then asked for an increase of pay, and Cyrus promised to give them all half as much again as they received before, that is to say, instead of a *daric*, three half-*darics* a month for every soldier. But no one heard there, at least publicly, that he was leading them against the king.

Five days' farther march brings the army of Cyrus to the last city in Cilicia, a large and wealthy seaport town, *Issi*. Here Cyrus was joined by his fleet. The prosperous

fortunes of Cyrus attracted a defection of Greek mercenaries, to the number of 400, from his enemy, Abrocomas, to join the expedition against the king. These met him at Issi. Another day's march, and the army are at the Gates of Cilicia and Syria. These were two fortresses, on the side toward Cilicia guarded by Syennesis, on the side toward Syria, by a garrison of the king's. This second critical point of the advance presented a difficulty which could be overcome only by the assistance of the fleet. The fleet could land troops at points both on this side and on that of the fortresses, and, attacking the garrisons in guard, secure a passage for the army. To Cyrus's surprise, however, his march was not opposed. Abrocomas, his enemy, instead of making, as Cyrus expected, a stand against him, retreated to join the king, having with him a reported force of 300,000 men. The first halt made at a sea-coast city of Syria was marked by an incident of apparently less favorable augury, which, however, either the good fortune or the skill of Cyrus enabled him to turn to useful account. It will bring out a trait in Cyrus's character, as well as illustrate once more the mercurial and sympathetic spirit of the Greeks, if we give the incident in full. We do so in Xenophon's own words:

Xenias the Arcadian captain, and Pasion the Megare'an, embarking in a vessel, and putting on board their most valuable effects, sailed away; being actuated, as most thought, by motives of jealousy, because Cyrus had allowed Clearchus to retain under his command their soldiers, who had seceded to Clearchus in the expectation of returning to Greece, and not of marching against the king. Upon their disappearance, a rumor pervaded the army that Cyrus would pursue them with ships of war; and some wished that they might be taken, as having acted perfidiously; while others pitied their fate if they should be caught.

But Cyrus, calling together the captains, said to them, "Xenias and Pasion have left us: but let them be well assured that they have not fled clandestinely; for I know which way they are gone; nor have they escaped beyond my reach; for I have triremes that would overtake their vessel. But, by the gods, I shall certainly not pursue them; nor shall

any one say that as long as a man remains with me, I make use of his services, but that, when he desires to leave me, I seize and ill-treat his person, and despoil him of his property. But let them go, with the consciousness that they have acted a worse part toward us than we toward them. I have, indeed, their children and wives under guard at Tral'les; but not even of them shall they be deprived, but shall receive them back in consideration of their former service to me." Thus Cyrus spoke; and the Greeks, even such as had been previously disinclined to the expedition, when they heard of the noble conduct of Cyrus, accompanied him with greater pleasure and alacrity.

Twelve days' march from this point advances the expeditionary force to the river Euphrates, at the site of a large city named Thap'sa-cus. Here the army staid five days, and here Cyrus openly told the Greek captains that he was marching to Babylon against the Great King. He desired them to make the disclosure to their men. They did so. The men felt, or feigned, much displeasure, and demanded a liberal donative. Lavish gifts Cyrus was the last man to refuse the promise of, and the soldiers were promptly made rich with prospective and conditional wealth. The majority were prevailed upon to adhere to Cyrus. The selfish thrift and cunning of the leading Greek soldiers of fortune are well exhibited in the conduct of Menon on the present occasion. This conduct is thus related by Xenophon:

Before it was certain what the other soldiers would do, whether they would accompany Cyrus or not, Menon assembled his own troops apart from the rest, and spoke as follows:

"If you will follow my advice, soldiers, you will, without incurring either danger or toil, make yourselves honored by Cyrus beyond the rest of the army. What, then, would I have you do? Cyrus is at this moment urgent with the Greeks to accompany him against the king; I therefore suggest that, before it is known how the other Greeks will answer Cyrus, you should cross over the river Euphrates. For if they should determine upon accompanying him, you will appear to have been the cause of it, by being the first to pass the river; and to you, as being most forward with your services, Cyrus will feel and repay the obligation, as no one knows how to do better than himself. But if the others

should determine not to go with him, we shall all of us return back again ; but you, as having alone complied with his wishes, and as being most worthy of his confidence, he will employ in garrison duty and posts of authority ; and whatever else you may ask of him, I feel assured that, as the friends of Cyrus, you will obtain it."

On hearing these proposals, they at once complied with them, and crossed the river before the others had given their answer. And when Cyrus perceived that they had crossed, he was much pleased, and dispatched Glus to Menon's troops with this message: "I applaud your conduct, my friends ; and it shall be my care that you may applaud me ; or think me no longer Cyrus." The soldiers, in consequence, being filled with great expectations, prayed that he might succeed ; and to Menon Cyrus was said to have sent most magnificent presents. After these transactions, he passed the river, and all the rest of the army followed him.

The remainder of Cyrus's advance lay along the river Euphrates, on its left bank—that is to say, the army had the river on its right, and were marching in a south-easterly direction toward Babylon. Through a region, called by Xenophon Arabia, their march was for five days across a desert, which Xenophon thus describes :

In this region the ground was entirely a plain, level as the sea. It was covered with wormwood, and whatever other kinds of shrub or reed grew on it were all odoriferous as perfumes. But there were no trees. There were wild animals, however, of various kinds ; the most numerous were wild asses ; there were also many ostriches, as well as bustards and antelopes ; and these animals the horsemen of the army sometimes hunted. The wild asses, when any one pursued them, would start forward a considerable distance, and then stand still ; (for they ran much more swiftly than the horse ;) and again, when the horse approached, they did the same ; and it was impossible to catch them, unless the horsemen, stationing themselves at intervals, kept up the pursuit with a succession of horses. The flesh of those that were taken resembled venison, but was more tender. An ostrich no one succeeded in catching ; and those horsemen who hunted that bird soon desisted from the pursuit ; for it far outstripped them in its flight, using its feet for running, and its wings, raising them like a sail. The bustards might be taken if a person started them suddenly ; for they fly but a short distance, like partridges, and soon tire. Their flesh is very delicious.

They then reach a river, where they find a large deserted city. Here they stay three days and collect provisions. They were about to encounter a march of extremely formidable character. They were to traverse a region destitute of every means of subsistence. Many of their beasts of burden, during those thirteen dreary days, perished from sheer famine. Food also failed the soldiers, except that among the sutlers of Cyrus's Barbarian force, flour of barley or of wheat might be bought at exorbitant prices. The soldiers, accordingly, lived exclusively upon flesh. Xenophon relates an incident of this desert march illustrative of the individual character of Cyrus, and of the discipline which he was able to maintain among his Persian followers, accustomed to Oriental ideas of courtier devotion. He says :

On one occasion, when a narrow and muddy road presented itself, almost impassable for the wagons, Cyrus halted on the spot with the most distinguished and wealthy of his train, and ordered Glus and Pigres, with a detachment of the Barbarian forces, to assist in extricating the wagons. But as they appeared to him to do this too tardily, he ordered, as if in anger, the noblest Persians of his suite to assist in expediting the carriages. Then might be seen a specimen of their ready obedience ; for, throwing off their purple cloaks, in the place where each happened to be standing, they rushed forward, as one would run in a race for victory, down an extremely steep declivity, having on those rich vests which they wear, and embroidered trowsers, some too with chains about their necks and bracelets on their wrists, and, leaping with these equipments straight into the mud, brought the wagons up quicker than any one would have imagined.

On the whole, Cyrus evidently used the greatest speed throughout the march, and made no delay, except where he halted in order to obtain a supply of provisions, or for some other necessary purpose ; thinking that the quicker he went, the more unprepared he should find the king when he engaged him.

Still another incident, exhibiting the difficulties with which Cyrus had to contend in maintaining harmony of action among the mutually jealous and high-spirited leaders of the Greeks, with their notions of personal independence, is, in

the words of Xenophon, as follows. This incident, too, belongs to the period of the desert march, the exigencies of which seem to have brought out the latent selfishness common to human nature :

The soldiers of Menon and those of Clearchus falling into a dispute about something, Clearchus, judging a soldier of Menon's to be in the wrong, inflicted stripes upon him, and the man, coming to the quarters of his own troops, told his comrades what had occurred, who, when they heard it, showed great displeasure and resentment toward Clearchus. On the same day, Clearchus, after going to the place where the river was crossed, and inspecting the market there, was returning on horseback to his tent through Menon's camp, with a few attendants. Cyrus had not yet arrived, but was still on his way thither. One of Menon's soldiers, who was employed in cleaving wood, when he saw Clearchus riding through the camp, threw his ax at him, but missed his aim ; another then threw a stone at him, and another, and afterward several, a great uproar ensuing. Clearchus sought refuge in his own camp, and immediately called his men to arms, ordering his heavy-armed troops to remain on the spot, resting their shields against their knees, while he himself, with the Thracians and the horsemen that were in his camp, to the number of more than forty, (and most of these were Thracians,) bore down toward the troops of Menon, so that they and Menon himself were struck with terror, and made a general rush to their arms ; while some stood still, not knowing how to act under the circumstances. Proxenus happened then to be coming up behind the rest, with a body of heavy-armed men following him, and immediately led his troops into the middle space between them both, and drew them up under arms, begging Clearchus to desist from what he was doing. But Clearchus was indignant, because, when he had narrowly escaped stoning, Proxenus spoke mildly of the treatment that he had received ; he accordingly desired him to stand out from between them.

At this juncture Cyrus came up, and inquired into the affair. He then instantly took his javelins in his hand, and rode, with such of his confidential officers as were with him, into the midst of the Greeks, and addressed them thus : " Clearchus and Proxenus, and you other Greeks who are here present, you know not what you are doing. For if you engage in any contention with one another, be assured that this very day I shall be cut off, and you also not long after me ; since, if our affairs go ill, all these Barbarians whom you see before you will prove more dangerous enemies to us than even those who are with the king." Clearchus, on



hearing these remonstrances, recovered his self-possession ; and both parties, desisting from the strife, deposited their arms in their respective encampments.

The army now had need of harmonious counsels. They were rapidly approaching the forces of the king. They found the country wasted before them, as they advanced. This was the work of a hostile cavalry detachment, conjectured, from the tracks observed, to number about 2,000. But Cyrus, besides dissensions to be composed among the Greeks, had his path of ambition planted with thorns through treachery arising among his own Persian adherents. According to the style of history-writing fashionable in Xenophon's time, our author dramatizes his work by introducing dialogues and speeches, as if reported word for word on the spot. Perhaps the form of what follows (given in Xenophon's own language) is unconsciously made by the narrator in some measure Greek ; but the spirit of it is essentially and unmistakably Oriental and despotic. Still, let our readers observe with what skill of adjustment Cyrus adapts himself to the supposed different, more liberal ideas of the Greek leaders, whom it was for his present interest to consult and conciliate. Something of the Greek spirit had perhaps really penetrated the nature of this remarkable young prince, to qualify the effect of his Oriental blood and breeding. He was now but little more than twenty years of age. If he had conquered, it is not too much to surmise that the course of subsequent history might have been permanently changed. Asia might have conquered Greece, instead of being conquered by Greece ; but, in that case, the irrepressible Greek spirit must still seriously have modified the force to which it ostensibly succumbed :

And here Orontes, a Persian, by birth connected with the king, and reckoned one of the ablest of the Persians in the field, turned traitor to Cyrus ; with whom, indeed, he had previously been at strife, but had been reconciled to him. He now told Cyrus that if he would give him a thousand horse, he would either cut off, by lying in ambush, the body

of cavalry that were burning all before them, or would take the greater number of them prisoners, and hinder them from consuming every-thing in their way, and prevent them from ever informing the king that they had seen the army of Cyrus. Cyrus, when he heard his proposal, thought it advantageous ; and desired him to take a certain number of men from each of the different commanders.

Orontes, thinking that he had secured the cavalry, wrote a letter to the king, saying that he would come to him with as many horse as he could obtain ; and he desired him to give directions to his own cavalry to receive him as a friend. There were also in the letter expressions reminding the king of his former friendship and fidelity to him. This letter he gave to a man, upon whom, as he believed, he could depend, but who, when he received it, carried it to Cyrus. Cyrus, after reading the letter, caused Orontes to be arrested, and summoned to his own tent seven of the most distinguished Persians of his staff, and desired the Greek generals to bring up a body of heavy-armed men, who should arrange themselves under arms around his tent. They did as he desired, and brought with them about three thousand heavy-armed soldiers. Clearchus he called in to assist at the council, as that officer appeared, both to himself and to the rest, to be held most in honor among the Greeks. Afterward, when Clearchus left the council, he related to his friends how the trial of Orontes was conducted, for there was no injunction of secrecy. He said that Cyrus thus opened the proceedings :

“I have solicited your attendance, my friends, in order that, on consulting with you, I may do, with regard to Orontes here before you, whatever may be thought just before gods and men. In the first place, then, my father appointed him to be subject to me. And when afterward, by the command, as he himself states, of my brother, he engaged in war against me, having possession of the citadel of Sardis, I, too, took up arms against him, and made him resolve to desist from war with me ; and then I received from him, and gave him in return, the right-hand of friendship. And since that occurrence,” he continued, “is there any thing in which I have wronged you?” Orontes replied that there was not. Cyrus again asked him, “And did you not then subsequently, when, as you own yourself, you had received no injury from me, go over to the Mysians, and do all the mischief in your power to my territories?” Orontes answered in the affirmative. “And did you not then,” continued Cyrus, “when you had thus again proved your strength, come to the altar of Diana, and say that you repented, and, prevailing upon me by entreaties, give me, and receive from me in return, pledges of mutual faith?” This, too, Orontes acknowledged. “What injury, then,”

continued Cyrus, "have you received from me, that you are now, for the third time, discovered in traitorous designs against me?" Orontes saying that he had received no injury from him, Cyrus asked him, "You confess, then, that you have acted unjustly toward me?" "I am necessitated to confess it," replied Orontes. Cyrus then again inquired, "And would you yet become an enemy to my brother, and a faithful friend to me?" Orontes answered, "Though I should become so, O Cyrus, I should no longer appear so to you." On this Cyrus said to those present, "Such are this man's deeds, and such his confessions. And now, do you first, O Clearchus, declare your opinion, whatever seems right to you." Clearchus spoke thus: "I advise that this man be put out of the way with all dispatch; that so it may be no longer necessary to be on our guard against him, but that we may have leisure, as far as he is concerned, to benefit those who are willing to be our friends." In this opinion, Clearchus said, the rest concurred. Afterward, by the direction of Cyrus, all of them, even those related to the prisoner, rising from their seats, took Orontes by the girdle, in token that he was to suffer death; when those to whom directions had been given, led him away. And when those saw him pass, who had previously been used to bow before him, they bowed before him as usual, though they knew that he was being led to execution.

After he had been conducted into the tent of Artap'atas, the most confidential of Cyrus's scepter-bearers, no one from that time ever beheld Orontes either living or dead, nor could any one say, from certain knowledge, in what manner he died. Various conjectures were made; but no burial-place of him was ever seen.

After the tragical episode of Orontes's end, Cyrus continued his march through Babylonia. At the end of the third day, the encounter of the king's forces seemed so imminent that Cyrus reviewed his whole army and arranged an order of battle. This review took place at midnight. An extraordinary spectacle, to us it seems, for the placid moon to look down upon from her far-off watch-tower in the sky. But we do not know that the moon was shining. Perhaps torches and blazing bonfires furnished the necessary light. The plan concerted was for Clearchus to command the right wing, Menon the left, while Cyrus himself should lead the Barbarian force in person. When day dawned, some de-

serters came from the Great King with intelligence respecting the royal army. Cyrus held a council of war with the Greek commanders, at the close of which he exhorted them cheerfully and earnestly, and promised, if successful, to make them, in return for their loyalty and valor, the envy of Greece. Inspired with these assurances, the Greek commanders were full of confidence and courage. The numbers of the Greeks were found to be but little short of 13,000 men. The Barbarian troops numbered 100,000. Cyrus had about twenty chariots armed with scythes. The king immensely outnumbered the pretender. He was said to have 1,200,000 men, and scythed chariots to the number of 200. A body-guard in addition of 6,000 horsemen were drawn up in front of the king. The absence of Abrocomas, who did not come up until five days after the battle, reduced by one quarter the numbers actually engaged on the king's side.

During one day, after the midnight review, Cyrus marched in battle array, expecting a collision with the king. His reason for this expectation was the fact that he found his march interrupted by a deep and broad trench, at right angles to the river Euphrates, and extending from the river as far as the wall of Media. A space, however, of about twenty feet was left between the end of this trench and the bank of the Euphrates. Through this space the army, narrowing their line of march, advanced to meet the king.

It seems singular that the passage of Cyrus should not have been disputed, but perhaps it was a part of the king's plan thus to throw Cyrus off his guard. Such at any rate was the result. For the army, left very much to the impulses of the individual soldiers, proceeded in loose array and, thus disorganized, after an interval of two days, suddenly encountered the king. The vast multitude of the king's force approached silently with slow and uniform step. Cyrus riding by with his interpreter called out to Clearchus to aim at the enemy's center, as there would be found the king.

But Clearchus, with all his boldness, was too prudent a man to leave his right unguarded by the river. He simply told Cyrus he would take care that all should go well. Clearchus's prudence on the present occasion was, it is probable, fatally ill-timed, both for himself and for the prince. It seems altogether likely that had he done as Cyrus directed, the event of the day would have been reversed. The sequel seems to show that Cyrus was a better judge than Clearchus as to what risks might safely be taken, in reliance upon the superiority of Greek over Barbarian. During the impressively gradual and noiseless mutual approach of the two opposing lines of battle, Xenophon makes his first personal appearance challenging the notice of the reader. Cyrus was riding between the two lines, when Xenophon, for no reason in the world that appears, except to attract the particular attention of the prince, rides out to meet him, and inquires whether he has any commands. Xenophon takes pains to inform us that Cyrus stopped his horse and told him, bidding him tell the rest, that the sacrifices and the appearances of the victims were favorable—a very important communication, which Cyrus, being no doubt himself an orthodox fire-worshiper, may be conceived to have had some humor in manufacturing out of whole cloth on the spot, at once to please Xenophon's vanity, and to satisfy the superstition of the Greeks. At the same moment, Cyrus heard a murmur of voices running through the ranks. He asked what it meant. On being told that it was the watch-word, he asked further what the watch-word was. "Jupiter the Preserver and Victory," was Xenophon's reply. With prompt wit, "I accept it as a good omen," Cyrus said.

The first onset was from the Greeks. They broke the stillness with a shout, and actually ran to the attack. The Barbarians, panic-stricken, fled before them. The scythed chariots of the enemy, abandoned by their drivers, made indiscriminate havoc among the two forces. The Greeks, however,



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with great facility, opened their ranks to let them pass, and the remarkable fact is recorded by Xenophon that, with the doubtful exception of

one man, reported to have been hit with an arrow, no Greek received any material injury in this battle. Cyrus noted with exultation the success of the Greeks; but, though already saluted as king by the eager worshipers of the rising sun about him, with great presence of mind he refused to join in the pursuit of the conquered. Keeping his body-guard of 600 cavalry in close order around him, he bent his attention on the proceedings of the king. The king, owing to his enormous preponderance over Cyrus in numbers, was, while holding the center of his own army, actually beyond the extreme left of Cyrus's. Artaxerxes, accordingly, encountering no opposition in his front, began to wheel round as if with the purpose of inclosing his adversaries. Not unnaturally, Cyrus now thought that the victorious Greeks, ardently engaged in pursuit, were in danger of being attacked in the rear. Under this apprehension, he charges, with his 600 horse, directly on his brother. The 6,000 of the king broke and fled, whereupon Cyrus's 600 became dispersed in the ardor of headlong pursuit. Thus left almost alone, Cyrus caught sight of the king. Exclaiming, "I see the man," he rushed with such impetuosity upon his brother, that his weapon pierced the armor of Artaxerxes, and wounded him in the breast. But this fratricidal attack had an issue that Providence appointed, not Cyrus; for Cyrus, in the very act of striking his brother, was himself violently struck with a javelin under the eye and slain.

Xenophon devotes a chapter to a careful portraiture of the character of Cyrus. This chapter, in order that our

readers may get the insight which Xenophon, both consciously and unconsciously, here furnishes us moderns the means of obtaining, into the standards and ideals of excellence that were prevalent in the ancient world of enlightened paganism, we give nearly in full :

Whenever any one did him a kindness or an injury he showed himself anxious to go beyond him in those respects ; and some used to mention a wish of his, that " he desired to live long enough to outdo both those who had done him good, and those who had done him ill, in the requital that he should make." Accordingly to him alone of the men of our days were so great a number of people desirous of committing the disposal of their property, their cities, and their own persons.

Yet no one could with truth say this of him, that he suffered the criminal or unjust to deride his authority ; for he of all men inflicted punishment most unsparingly ; and there were often to be seen, along the most frequented roads, men deprived of their feet, or hands, or eyes ; so that in Cyrus's dominions it was possible for any one, Greek or Barbarian, who did no wrong, to travel without fear whithersoever he pleased, and having with him whatever might suit his convenience.

To those who showed ability for war it is acknowledged that he paid distinguished honor. His first war was with the Pisidians and Mysians ; and, marching in person into these countries, he made those whom he saw voluntarily hazarding their lives in his service governors over the territory that he subdued, and distinguished them with rewards in other ways. So that the brave appeared to be the most fortunate of men, while the cowardly were deemed fit only to be their slaves. There were, therefore, great numbers of persons who voluntarily exposed themselves to danger, wherever they thought that Cyrus would become aware of their exertions.

With regard to justice, if any appeared to him inclined to display that virtue, he made a point of making such men richer than those who sought to profit by injustice. Accordingly, while in many other respects his affairs were administered judiciously, he likewise possessed an army worthy of the name. For it was not for money that generals and captains came from foreign lands to enter into his service, but because they were persuaded that to serve Cyrus well would be more profitable than any amount of monthly pay.

Besides, if any one executed his orders in a superior manner, he never suffered his diligence to go unrewarded ; consequently, in every undertaking, the best qualified officers were said to be ready to assist him.

If he noticed any one that was a skillful manager, with strict regard to

justice, stocking the land of which he had the direction, and securing income from it, he would never take any thing from such a person, but was ever ready to give him something in addition ; so that men labored with cheerfulness, acquired property with confidence, and made no concealment from Cyrus of what each possessed ; for he did not appear to envy those who amassed riches openly, but to endeavor to bring into use the wealth of those who concealed it.

Whatever friends he made, and felt to be well-disposed to him, and considered to be capable of assisting him in any thing that he might wish to accomplish, he is acknowledged by all to have been most successful in attaching them to him.

For, on the very same account on which he thought that he himself had need of friends, namely, that he might have co-operators in his undertakings, did he endeavor to prove an efficient assistant to his friends in whatever he perceived any of them desirous of effecting.

He received, for many reasons, more presents than perhaps any other single individual ; and these he outdid every one else in distributing among his friends, having a view to the character of each, and to what he perceived each most needed. Whatever presents any one sent him of articles of personal ornament, whether for warlike accouterment, or merely for dress, concerning these, they said, he used to remark, that he could not decorate his own person with them all, but that he thought friends well equipped were the greatest ornament a man could have. That he should outdo his friends, indeed, in conferring great benefits, is not at all wonderful, since he was so much more able ; but that he should surpass his friends in kind attentions and anxious desire to oblige, appears to me far more worthy of admiration. Frequently, when he had wine served him of a peculiarly fine flavor, he would send half-emptied flagons of it to some of his friends, with a message to this effect : " Cyrus has not for some time met with pleasanter wine than this ; and he has therefore sent some of it to you, and begs you will drink it to-day with those whom you love best." He would often, too, send geese partly eaten, and the halves of loaves, and other such things, desiring the bearer to say, in presenting them, " Cyrus has been delighted with these, and therefore wishes you also to taste of them."

Wherever provender was scarce, but he himself, from having many attendants, and from the care which he took, was able to procure some, he would send it about, and desire his friends to give that provender to the horses that carried them, so that hungry steeds might not carry his friends. Whenever he rode out, and many were likely to see him, he would call to him his friends, and hold earnest conversation with them, that he might



show whom he held in honor; so that, from what I have heard, I should think that no one was ever beloved by a greater number of persons, either Greeks or Barbarians. Of this fact the following is a proof; that no one deserted to the king from Cyrus, though only a subject (except that Orontes attempted to do so; but he soon found the person whom he believed faithful to him, more a friend to Cyrus than to himself,) while many came over to Cyrus from the king, after they became enemies to each other; and these, too, men who were greatly beloved by the king; for they felt persuaded that if they proved themselves brave soldiers under Cyrus, they would obtain from him more adequate rewards for their services than from the king.

What occurred also at the time of his death is a great proof, as well that he himself was a man of merit, as that he could accurately distinguish such as were trustworthy, well-disposed, and constant in their attachment. For when he was killed, all his friends and the partakers of his table who were with him fell fighting in his defense, except Ariæus, who had been posted in command of the cavalry on the left; and, when he learned that Cyrus had fallen in the battle, he took to flight, with all the troops which he had under his command.

At sunset of the day of battle, the victorious and pursuing Greeks halted on the spot where they at the moment found themselves for an interval of rest. After deliberation, wondering that they heard nothing from Cyrus, of whose death they did not know, they finally returned in the evening to their camp. Artaxerxes had been before them there, and they found their baggage plundered. In consequence, they were most of them obliged to go without supper to rest, as they had also fought without dinner.

## SECOND BOOK.

At break of day, while the generals were considering together what course to pursue, a messenger arrived who told them that Cyrus was dead. Resourceful Clearchus suggested that the army of Cyrus seat A-ri-æ'us, the lieutenant of that prince, on the Persian throne. "To those who conquer it belongs also to rule," said the stalwart Spartan, which, in modern political parlance, may be rendered, "To the victors

belong the spoils." A message to this effect being dispatched to Ariæus, the troops proceeded to get themselves a meal, which they did by slaughtering their oxen and asses, and cooking the flesh over fires made from arrows and shields deposited by the Barbarians on the field of battle. About the middle of the forenoon a message from the king, couched in true Oriental terms of despotic arrogance, invited the Greeks to come to the royal palace unarmed and sue for mercy. The Greeks heard the heralds with apprehension; but Clearchus, seldom unequal to the occasion, spiritedly said that it was not for conquerors to give up their arms. There is something about Clearchus that captivates the interest of the reader. The impending tragedy of his fate lends a kind of pathos to the few incidents illustrating his character that still remain. Resourceful as he was, he had to deal with a man whose duplicity, as being that of an Oriental, was an overmatch for the not too scrupulous sagacity of the Greek. The wily Tissaphernes was soon to have Clearchus in his toils.

Pha-li'nus, a plausible Greek in the service of Artaxerxes, was one of the present embassy from the king. After the companions of Clearchus had, in that general's temporary absence on the matter of a sacrifice at the moment in progress, expressed their views of the situation to Phalinus, Phalinus turned to Clearchus, coming back, and said—but the passage-at-arms of witty reticence in which these two Greeks, Phalinus and Clearchus, now engaged, is too good to be reported otherwise than in the full text of Xenophon's narration. The reader will be reminded of the words often quoted and misquoted, "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war," an expression as true when the war is of wit as when it is of arms. The correct form of the quotation, by the way, is, "When Greek *joined* Greek, then was the tug of war;" the reference being, not to collision, but to alliance, of Greek with Greek:

“Your companions, O Clearchus, give each a different answer; and now tell us what you have to say.” Clearchus then said, “I was glad to see you, O Phalinus, and so, I dare say, were all the rest of us; for you are a Greek, as we also are; and, being so many in number as you see, and placed in such circumstances, we would advise with you how we should act with regard to the message that you bring. Give us then, I entreat you by the gods, such advice as seems to you most honorable and advantageous, and such as will bring you honor in time to come, when it is related that Phalinus, being once sent from the king to require the Greeks to deliver up their arms, gave them, when they consulted him, such and such counsel; for you know that whatever counsel you do give, will necessarily be reported in Greece.”

Clearchus craftily threw out this suggestion, with the desire that the very person who came as an envoy from the king should advise them not to deliver up their arms, in order that the Greeks might be led to conceive better hopes. But Phalinus, adroitly evading the appeal, spoke, contrary to his expectation, as follows: “If, out of ten thousand hopeful chances, you have any single one of saving yourselves by continuing in arms against the king, I advise you not to deliver up your arms; but if you have not a single hope of safety in opposing the king’s pleasure, I advise you to save yourselves in the only way in which it is possible.” Clearchus rejoined: “Such, then, is your advice; but on our part return this answer, that we are of opinion that, if we are to be friends with the king, we shall be more valuable friends if we retain our arms, than if we surrender them to another; but that if we must make war against him, we should make war better if we retain our arms than if we give them up to another.” Phalinus said, “This answer, then, we will report; but the king desired us also to inform you, that while you remain in this place a truce is to be considered as existing between him and you; but, if you advance or retreat, there is to be war. Give us, therefore, your answer on this point also; whether you will remain here and a truce to exist, or whether I shall announce from you that there is war.” Clearchus replied, “Report, therefore, on this point also, that our resolution is the same as that of the king.” “And what is that?” said Phalinus. Clearchus replied, “If we stay here, a truce; but if we retreat or advance, war.” Phalinus again asked him, “Is it a truce or war that I shall report?” Clearchus again made the same answer: “A truce if we stay, and if we retreat or advance, war.” But of what he intended to do he gave no intimation.

The Greeks go to Ariæus and form, with solemn sacrifice of a bull, a wolf, a boar, and a ram, a treaty of alliance with him for their return to Greece. The Greeks dipped a sword, and the Barbarians a lance, into the blood, in token of the covenant. During the night, after the first day's march, a panic fell upon the Greeks in their encampment, which Clearchus allayed with the following clever device: He had a remarkably clear-voiced herald proclaim throughout the camp that whoever would give information of the man that turned the ass loose among the arms (the arms were piled in front of the men's quarters) should receive a talent of silver in reward. The panic-stricken troops either attributed the noise that disturbed them to the harmless and ridiculous cause implied in this proclamation, or else, with responsive humor, entered into the spirit of Clearchus's pleasantry, and settled themselves to rest.

At sunrise, heralds arrived from the king. The king's forces had had their turn of panic before, and this embassy was probably a result. What the king proposed was a truce. Clearchus coolly bade tell the king's heralds to wait till he should be at leisure. The interval he spent in arranging his army in the most impressive order possible, and, having heard the heralds report the king's proposal, said: "Tell the king we must fight first, for we have not breakfasted; and the Greeks will not hear of a truce from any man that does not first give them a breakfast." The heralds departing soon returned bringing a favorable answer. The generals deliberated apart, and Clearchus said: "We will make the truce; I, however, will not say so at once, but wait till the messengers become concerned lest we say no to the proposal. And yet," added the prudent diplomatist, "I suspect a similar concern may be conceived by our own soldiers." The truce, with these crafty artifices of precaution, was concluded, and the soldiers proceeded on their way to villages designated by the Persians for the obtaining of provisions.

After an interval of three days, Tissaphernes, with a numerous train, presented himself in person to the Greeks. This arch-artificer of fraud plausibly represented that he had, with much solicitation, induced the king to think favorably of permitting him to conduct his dear friends, the Greeks, back to Greece. The same journey would return Tissaphernes to his satrapy. Clearchus, for the Greeks, replied in a spirit of assent, and Tissaphernes withdrew, agreeing to report the final answer of the king. The Greeks now took their turn of anxiety, for there was no Tissaphernes until the third day of waiting. Then, however, Tissaphernes ratified a friendly compact with the Greeks. This done, Tissaphernes said, "I now go back to the king; but, after necessary arrangements made, expect me here again, prepared to take you home."

Twenty days passed—days of suspense for the Greeks. This time, as Di'o-do'rus Sic'u-lus relates, was occupied by Tissaphernes in visiting Artaxerxes at Babylon, and there receiving, in reward for his fidelity, the hand of the king's daughter, together with the added province of which Cyrus had been satrap. Mutual mistrust arose between the Greeks on the one hand, and their formidable Persian escort on the other. This sentiment, on the part of the Greeks, was by no means diminished after the return of Tissaphernes. So disagreeable and dangerous a state of things filled Clearchus with apprehension. He resolved to make a bold, and perhaps frank, attempt to establish better relations. He accordingly dispatched a messenger to Tissaphernes, requesting an interview with that personage. Tissaphernes promptly bade Clearchus come. If Clearchus had now got to the end of his duplicity, Tissaphernes was but at the beginning of his. The two met, and made their plausible speeches to each other. Tissaphernes then induced Clearchus to spend the night in his quarters, and made him his own guest at supper. The overreached and outwitted Clearchus returned next day to the camp of the Greeks with the evident air of one on the

best terms with Tissaphernes. What the Persian proposed was, that Clearchus, with his fellow-commanders, should come to his quarters, and there be told the names of the false informants that had fomented the distrust between the two armies. Clearchus, it seems, supposed that Menon was the man. Menon and Clearchus were both of them intriguing, each to supplant the other in influence with the Greeks, and so to secure the chief interest with Tissaphernes. The story of the Anabasis, as a whole, with all its reliefs of wit, of humor, of bravery, of generosity, is a sad tale of human selfishness, cupidity, cruelty. Clearchus, with some difficulty, got four generals, with twenty captains, to accompany him back to Tissaphernes. On arriving, the generals were invited to enter the tent of Tissaphernes, but the captains were kept in waiting at the door. Soon after, at a given signal, the persons of the generals were seized, and the captains were massacred outright. About two hundred unarmed soldiers, who, led probably by curiosity, had followed their commanders, were set upon by a body of Barbarian cavalry, who killed every Greek, slave or freeman, that they met.

The situation of the Greeks was now perilous in the extreme. To Ariæus, however, calling upon them to surrender their arms, they answer with grieved and angry defiance. Ariæus represented that Clearchus was put to death for treachery. Proxenus and Menon, he said, who had denounced his treachery, were held in great honor. Xenophon once more makes a personal appearance in his narrative, assuming spokesmanship, soon to become leadership, on behalf of the Greeks. "If Clearchus," said he, in substance, "was a perjured truce-breaker, he deserved his punishment. But let us have Proxenus and Menon back. They, it seems, are friends to you, and they are our generals. They will advise what is best both for you and for us." The Barbarians talked among themselves, but finally retired without replying to Xenophon.

Xenophon pauses at this point in his narrative to portray, in a whole chapter devoted to the purpose, the characters of the five generals that were seized and finally put to death. The chapter is too well written, and too valuable as affording insight into the current and accepted moral and social ideas of the ancient Greeks not to be inserted in full. It would be hard to find, in any literature, delineations of character more self-evidently to the life than these :

The generals who were thus made prisoners were taken up to the king, and put to death by being beheaded.

One of them, Clearchus, by the general consent of all who were acquainted with him, appears to have been a man well qualified for war, and extremely fond of military enterprise. \* For as long as the Lacedæmonians were at war with the Athenians, he remained in the service of his country ; but when the peace took place, having induced his government to believe that the Thracians were committing ravages on the Greeks, and having gained his point, as well as he could, with the Eph'ori, he sailed from home to make war upon the Thracians that lie above the Chersonesus and Perinthus. But when the Ephori, after he was gone, having for some reason changed their mind, took measures to oblige him to turn back from the Isthmus, he then no longer paid obedience to their commands, but sailed away to the Hellespont, and was in consequence condemned to death, for disobedience, by the chief magistrates at Sparta. Being then an exile, he went to Cyrus ; and by what methods he conciliated the favor of Cyrus has been told in another place. Cyrus presented him with ten thousand darics ; and he, on receiving that sum, did not give himself up to idleness, but having collected an army with the money, made war upon the Thracians, and conquered them in battle, and from that time plundered and laid waste their country, and continued this warfare till Cyrus had need of his army, when he went to him, for the purpose of again making war in concert with him.

These seem to me to have been the proceedings of one fond of war, who, when he might have lived in peace without disgrace or loss, chose war in preference ; when he might have spent his time in idleness, voluntarily underwent toil for the sake of military adventure ; and when he might have enjoyed riches in security, chose rather, by engaging in warfare, to diminish their amount. He was, indeed, led by inclination to spend his money in war, as he might have spent it in pursuits of gallan-

try, or any other pleasure ; to such a degree was he fond of war. He appears also to have been qualified for military undertakings, as he liked perilous adventure, was ready to march day and night against the enemy, and was possessed of great presence of mind in circumstances of difficulty, as those who were with him on all such occasions were universally ready to acknowledge.

For commanding troops he was said to be qualified in as great a degree as was consistent with his temper ; for he was excelled by no one in ability to contrive how an army might have provisions, and to procure them ; and he was equally fitted to impress on all around him the necessity of obeying Clearchus. This he effected by severity ; for he was of a stern countenance and harsh voice ; and he always punished violently, and sometimes in anger, so that he occasionally repented of what he had done. He punished, too, on principle, for he thought that there could be no efficiency in an army undisciplined by chastisement. He is also reported to have said that a soldier ought to fear his commander more than the enemy, if he would either keep guard well, or abstain from doing injury to friends, or march without hesitation against foes. In circumstances of danger, accordingly, the soldiers were willing to obey him implicitly, and wished for no other leader ; for they said that the sternness in his countenance then assumed an appearance of cheerfulness, and that what was severe in it seemed undauntedness against the enemy ; so that it appeared indicative of safety, and not of austerity. But when they were out of danger, and were at liberty to betake themselves to other chiefs, they deserted him in great numbers ; for he had nothing attractive in him, but was always forbidding and repulsive, so that the soldiers felt toward him as boys toward their master. Hence it was that he never had any one who followed him out of friendship and attachment to his person ; though such as followed him from being appointed to the service by their country, or from being compelled by want or other necessity, he found extremely submissive to him. And when they began under his command to gain victories over the enemy, there were many important circumstances that concurred to render his troops excellent soldiers ; for their perfect confidence against the enemy had its effect, and their dread of punishment from him rendered them strictly observant of discipline. Such was his character as a commander. But he was said to have been by no means willing to be commanded by others. When he was put to death he was about fifty years of age.

Proxenus the Bœotian, from his earliest youth, felt a desire to become a man capable of great undertakings ; and through this desire paid



Gorgias of Leon'tium for instruction. When he had passed some time with him, and thought himself capable of command, and, if honored with the friendship of the great, of making no inadequate return for their favors, he proceeded to take a part in this enterprise with Cyrus ; and expected to acquire in it a great name, extensive influence, and abundant wealth. But, though he earnestly wished for these things, he at the same time plainly showed that he was unwilling to acquire any of them by injustice, but that he thought he ought to obtain them by just and honorable means, or otherwise not at all.

He was, indeed, able to command orderly and well-disposed men, but incapable of inspiring ordinary soldiers with either respect or fear for him ; he stood even more in awe of those under his command than they of him ; and evidently showed that he was more afraid of being disliked by his soldiers than his soldiers of being disobedient to him. He thought it sufficient both for being, and appearing, capable of command, to praise him who did well, and withhold his praise from the offender. Such, therefore, of his followers, as were of honorable and virtuous character, were much attached to him, but the unprincipled formed designs upon him, as a man easy to manage. He was about thirty years old when he was put to death.

As for Menon the Thessalian, he ever manifested an excessive desire for riches, being desirous of command that he might receive greater pay, and desirous of honors that he might obtain greater perquisites ; and he wished to be well with those in power, in order that when he did wrong he might not suffer punishment. To accomplish what he desired, he thought that the shortest road lay through perjury, falsehood, and deceit ; while sincerity and truth he regarded as no better than folly. He evidently had no affection for any man ; and as for those to whom he professed to be a friend, he was unmistakably plotting mischief against them. He never ridiculed an enemy, but always used to talk with his associates as if ridiculing all of them. He formed no designs on the property of his enemies (for he thought it difficult to take what belonged to such as were on their guard against him), but looked upon himself as the only person sensible how very easy it was to invade the unguarded property of friends.

Those whom he saw given to perjury and injustice he feared as men well armed ; but sought to practice on those who were pious and observant of truth as imbeciles. As another might take a pride in religion and truth and justice, so Menon took a pride in being able to deceive, in devising falsehoods, in sneering at friends ; and thought the man who was guileless was to be regarded as deficient in knowledge of the world.

He believed that he must conciliate those in whose friendship he wished to stand first, by calumniating such as already held the chief place in their favor. The soldiers he tried to render obedient to him by being an accomplice in their dishonesty. He expected to be honored and courted, by showing that he had the power and the will to inflict the greatest injuries. When any one deserted him, he spoke of it as a favor on his own part that, while he made use of his services, he did not work his destruction.

As to such parts of his history as are little known, I might, if I were to speak of them, say something untrue of him ; but those which every one knows, are these. While yet in the prime of youth he obtained, at the hands of Ar'is-tip'pus, the command of his corps of mercenaries. He was also, in his prime, most intimate with Ariæus, though a Barbarian, as Ariæus delighted in beautiful youths. He himself, too, while yet a beardless youth, made a favorite of Thar'y-pas, who had arrived at manhood.

When his fellow-officers were put to death because they had served with Cyrus against the king, he, though he had done the same, was not put to death with them ; but after the death of the other generals, he died under a punishment inflicted by the king, not like Clearchus and the other commanders, who were beheaded, (which appears to be the speediest kind of death;) but after living a year in torture, like a malefactor, he is said at length to have met his end.

A'gi-as the Arcadian, and Soc'ra-tes the Achæan, were also put to death. These no one ever derided as wanting courage in battle, or blamed for their conduct toward their friends. They were both about five and thirty years of age.

### THIRD BOOK.

Xenophon, good literary artist as he was, recapitulates in a sentence what had already been narrated, and proceeds to draw a striking picture of the present deplorable condition of the Greeks. Here is the picture in his own words :

After the generals were made prisoners, and such of the captains and soldiers as had accompanied them were put to death, the Greeks were in great perplexity, reflecting that they were not far from the king's residence ; that there were around them, on all sides, many hostile nations and cities ; that no one would any longer secure them opportunities of purchasing provisions ; that they were distant from Greece not less than ten thousand stadia ; that there was no one to guide them on the way ;

that impassable rivers would intercept them in the midst of their course; that the Barbarians who had gone up with Cyrus had deserted them; and that they were left utterly alone, having no cavalry to support them, so that it was certain, even if they defeated their enemies, that they would not kill a man of them, and that, if they were defeated, none of themselves would be left alive. Reflecting, I say, on these circumstances, and being disheartened at them, few of them tasted food for that evening, few kindled fires, and many did not come to the place of arms during that night, but lay down to rest where they severally happened to be, unable to sleep for sorrow and longing for their country, their parents, their wives and children, whom they never expected to see again. In this state of mind they all went to their resting-places.

Xenophon himself is next sketched by his own hand into his work, an interesting incident being retrospectively given of his relation to Socrates as one taking a pupil's advice from the sage respecting the propriety of his joining the expedition of Cyrus. Xenophon, during that night of discomfort and anxiety, dreamed a dream upon which he puts a twofold interpretation of his own. The upshot of it was, that upon awaking he arose and called together the captains that Proxenus, his special friend in the expedition, had commanded. He makes these captains a sensible speech, and intimates that if he should be chosen their leader, he, despite his youth, is not the man to refuse to serve. All assented except a Bœotian. Xenophon fell afoul of this unhappy dissentient, and got him contumeliously expelled from his captaincy. The next step was to call a general meeting of all the surviving officers of the different bodies of the Greeks. The meeting thus called took place about midnight. To the assembled officers Xenophon made an address full of brave counsel, which the complacent historian is willing to admit won him much credit. What he advised was, that new commanders be chosen to take the place of those lost. This was done, Xenophon himself being put in the place of Proxenus, his friend. Day now was just breaking, and the rank and file of the Greeks were called together, and

stoutly harangued by three men in succession. Xenophon was the last of the three, and made the longest speech. At least, his speech is longest as reported, which may be due to the historian's livelier interest and better memory as to this particular speech. He lets his reader understand that he dressed himself for the occasion as handsomely as he could. He had, near the commencement of his harangue, chanced to conclude a sentence with the words, "We have, with the help of the gods, many fair hopes of safety." At this instant somebody sneezed, whereupon the soldiers hearing it, with one impulse, paid their adoration to the god. It was an omen from Jupiter the Preserver, as Xenophon said. Xenophon (who it seems was more than willing to have a remark of his sneezed at) made the most of this circumstance, interrupting his speech to have the soldiers vote a vow of sacrifice, to be made in the first friendly country they should reach. All raised their hands, made their vow, and sang the pæan. On the whole, Xenophon managed the affair exceedingly well. An order of march proposed by him was agreed upon, and their several duties designated to all the commanders.

One of Xenophon's heroic proposals was to burn every thing that they could possibly spare on the homeward march. Their tents and their wagons were to be converted to ashes. This, of course, was to disencumber themselves as much as possible, alike that they might choose their paths more freely, proceed more rapidly, and be better prepared to fight. They immediately made the necessary bonfire, and having distributed among themselves the baggage, as far as it seemed absolutely necessary that this should be retained, they committed the rest to the flames. Having made this somewhat melancholy sacrifice, they went to breakfast.

While they were at this meal, up rode Mith'ri-da'tes, a neighboring Persian satrap, accompanied by thirty horse. Requesting the generals to come within hearing, he asked to know what their present plan might be, at the same

time suggesting that he was disposed to join them in their march, if their plan seemed to him well chosen. The generals consulted together, and returned for answer that their plan was, if unmolested, to go home, doing as little injury as possible to the country through which they passed, but to fight their best, if opposition was offered them. Mithridates then tried to show them that they could not get on at all without the king's consent. No more than this was necessary to convince the wary Greeks that the mission of Mithridates was a treacherous one. He was, in fact, observed to have with him a follower of Tissaphernes, supposably to insure his fidelity. The generals accordingly took a resolution that there should be no communication with the enemy by heralds; which meant war to the knife. The wisdom of this resolution seemed approved by a circumstance that occurred about this time in connection with a visit paid the Greeks by Persian heralds. One Ni-car'chus, an Arcadian, deserted in the night with about twenty men. After the incident of this interview with Mithridates, they resumed their march, first crossing a river, and then proceeding in regular array, with their beasts of burden and the camp-followers in the center. They had not gone far before Mithridates made his appearance again. This time he brings about two hundred horsemen, and about four hundred archers and slingers. He came up as if in a friendly manner, but when within suitable distance suddenly some of his men let fly a volley of stones and arrows at the Greeks, wounding a few of their number. It turned out that the Persian archers could shoot farther than the Cretans, while, too, the Persian slingers were beyond the reach of the Greeks that threw javelins. Xenophon, commanding the rear, was excessively annoyed. Bravely, but unwisely, he undertook to pursue the harassing foe. Being without cavalry, and the Persians having a considerable start, he wearied his men without effecting any thing whatever. The whole day was passed in the tor-

ment of this ineffectual fight. The Greeks made very little distance, but arrived at the villages, their proposed destination, in the evening. Here they were much depressed, and with reason. Xenophon candidly confesses that he was blamed by his fellow-generals for his conduct during the day. He owned to them that he was wrong, but he made some practical suggestions which went far toward repairing his mistake. He told his comrades that two things were necessary to their safety. They must have slingers, and they must have horsemen. A force of about fifty horsemen was extemporized by mounting that number of soldiers on horses released from baggage for the purpose, and a company of slingers volunteered to the number of about two hundred. They made an earlier start than usual the next morning, and accordingly had passed a ravine, in which they would have fought at disadvantage had they been attacked there, before Mithridates appeared once more, having this time a force increased to one thousand horse, and about four thousand archers and slingers. This satrap had, from his success on the previous day, conceived great hopes of what he would now be able to accomplish in attacking the Greeks. His men had, however, no sooner begun to discharge their weapons, than at the sound of a trumpet the newly organized companies of the Greeks rushed out to repel the enemy. The Barbarians fled, but not without losing several of their foot, who were killed, and about eighteen of their horse, who were made prisoners. The Greeks suffered no further molestation during the day. At night they reached the river Tigris, where they found a large deserted city, called by Xenophon Laris'sa, identified, with some probability, as the Resen of Scripture. The region is that of the ancient Nineveh, a city which had already then disappeared. Larissa was formerly a city of the Medes. It was finally wrested from them by the Persians in the general overthrow of the Median empire. The Greeks marched a day or two farther, when who should

make his appearance but Tissaphernes, with a numerous army? Tissaphernes showed no disposition to put himself at personal risk, or even to endanger his force. At a presumed safe distance he set his slingers and archers at work. But as soon as the Rhodian slingers, on the part of the Greeks, and their mounted bowmen, began their practice in reply, no weapon failing to hit its man in the serried masses of the foe, the Persians beat a hasty retreat. They still followed, but they no longer harassed, the Greeks. In the villages where the Greeks encamped that night, they found plenty of provisions, but whether they left plenty on going away, we have no word from the poor villagers to inform us. Tissaphernes dogged them on their march the day after, hurling missiles at them from a distance.

The Greeks found that a better marching order for their force might be formed. Instead of marching in a square, as heretofore, they now organize a movable body of six hundred men, drilled to occupy the center when the way was wide enough for marching in a square, and to fall behind lengthening the rear when, in crossing a bridge, for instance, or going through a defile, they were obliged to narrow their line. This plan was found to work well. They advanced in this order four days, when on the fifth they observed with pleasure that their road would lead them among high hills, presenting difficulties for the movement of the enemy's cavalry. But when, having crossed the summit of the first hill, they were descending to climb the second, behold the enemy behind and above them. Barbarian slingers and archers, and men with darts, rained weapons on the Greeks below, the wretched Persian troops themselves being, in accordance with their customary discipline, lashed to their work by their overseers. The same thing occurred as the Greeks passed the second hill. They suffered so much that they resorted to a laborious, but effectual expedient for relief. The hills they were crossing were spurs or offsets from

a mountain still higher. A detachment of soldiers were sent up the mountain. From this height they commanded the Persians and prevented their farther pursuit. Thus toiling and suffering, they reached the villages at which they aimed for encampment. There were many wounded, and eight surgeons were appointed to care for these. The surgeons thus appointed were very likely not professionally trained men, but simply soldiers experienced in the treatment of wounds. They rested three days to nurse the wounded and to recruit the wearied. They found a store of provisions which had been collected for the satrap of the country.

On the fourth day, they again took up their march, Tissaphernes still persistently following them. The Greeks soon learned that their best way was to stop, and at once encamp, after Tissaphernes came near, since from their encampment they could sally out with advantage to attack him, whereas marching and fighting at the same time, embarrassed as they were with their wounded, they found nearly impracticable. The Persians, with wholesome awe of their enormously outnumbered Greek enemy, always retired some six miles to make their encampment for the night. Observing this cautious habit of the Barbarians, the Greeks toward evening one day broke up their own encampment as soon the Persians began to retire for the night, and made a march of six miles in advance, thus interposing a distance of twelve miles between themselves and their enemy. This prevented the Persians from reappearing on the next day or on the day following, but on the day after, the Barbarians, having made a night march, were descried occupying a high point commanding the way by which the Greeks must pass. Here was a difficulty indeed. The leader of the advance called up Xenophon from the rear and pointed out to him the situation of affairs. Those men must be dislodged, they both agreed, and Xenophon now noticed that there was a way leading from their present position, by which they might gain



a summit still more commanding than that occupied by the enemy. The two generals mutually offered, each to the other, the privilege of moving up to take possession of the height. Xenophon said that he was himself the younger and he would go. The Persians saw what the Greeks were aiming at, and immediately on both sides there began a masterful scramble for the summit. The Greeks below shouted to cheer the climbers, and the troops of Tissaphernes answered cheer with cheer. Xenophon on horseback exhorted his men, but So-ter'i-des, a man whose name Xenophon, perhaps maliciously, preserves, cried out, "But, Xenophon, you ride, and I have to carry my shield afoot." Xenophon at once leaped from his horse, pushed Soterides from the ranks, took his shield from him, and marched on with it as fast as he could. But the rest of the soldiers tormented Soterides till he gladly took back his shield and resumed his place in the march. The Greeks beat the Barbarians in the race, arriving first at the summit.

The Barbarians upon this took to flight. The van of the Greeks went safely down into the plain and encamped in a village well stored with supplies. Some of the Greeks dispersed themselves hither and thither to forage. But at evening the enemy suddenly appeared in the plain and cut off a number of the foragers. The inhabitants, it seems, had been making all haste to get their cattle transported to the farther side of the river, where they would be safe from the marauding Greeks. It is but incidentally that we get glimpses of the sufferings inflicted upon the non-combatant population inhabiting the countries along the line of this famous retreat. While the parties sent out to succor the interrupted Greek foragers, were returning to their camp, Xenophon having now accomplished his more laborious descent from the mountain, observing that Tissaphernes with his force was attempting to fire the villages, took occasion very spiritedly and wittily to draw from the circumstance an

omen of encouragement for the soldiers, who had been dejected in view of what the enemy were doing. "Greeks," said he, "the Barbarians confess that we have beaten, for they are burning the country as being no longer their own, but ours." To Chi-ris'o-phus, however, the leader of the van, he said, "This burning must be stopped." "Nay," said Chi-risophus, "rather let us go to burning too; our enemies then will sooner stop." The case was serious, for on one side of their way were lofty mountains, and on the other, the river Tigris, so deep that their spears sank below the surface of the water, when they tried to sound it with them. A Rhodian proposed a plan for crossing the river. The generals pronounced the plan ingenious but impracticable. The plan in brief was to float a bridge by means of inflated skins taken from the animals in their possession. The course finally adopted was to make a short stage of retreat, having first set fire to the villages thus abandoned. The effect was to set the enemy to wondering what could now be the purpose of the Greeks. Having encamped, the Greek soldiers as usual busied themselves in getting food, while a council of war was held by the officers. From prisoners in their possession they learned that toward the north was a way leading to the hill country of the Carduchians. These mountaineers the prisoners represented to be very warlike, and not subject to the Persian king. A royal army, they said, 120,000 strong, had once invaded the territory, and there perished to a man. This way, notwithstanding its doubly formidable character, it was decided to pursue. A strong inducement was that, the Carduchian country once safely passed, they would, the prisoners assured them, reach Armenia, described as an extensive region of much wealth, beyond which the way was open for them to go wherever they pleased. They made a sacrifice with reference to their resolution, and directed the soldiers to have their baggage packed ready for a sudden start on summons, and then, having supped, to go to rest.

## FOURTH BOOK.

What occurred in the expedition up the country to the time of the battle, and what took place after the battle during the truce which the king and the Greeks that went up with Cyrus concluded, and what hostilities were committed against the Greeks after the king and Tissaphernes had violated the truce, and while the Persian army was pursuing them, have been related in the preceding part of the narrative.

The foregoing is, in Xenophon's own language, his recapitulation of the history so far narrated. Each book of the seven, with the curious exception of the sixth, Xenophon begins thus with a brief summary, in much the same words every time, of all that has preceded. Breaking up the encampment, to which, retracing for a short distance their steps, they had withdrawn, they arrive at a spot where it seems best to the generals, as there was no longer passage between the banks of the river and the beetling mountains by its side, to begin their march into the country of the Carduchians. This change of direction had to be made with the utmost celerity and secrecy. Long enough before light to allow them time for crossing the plain unseen, they rise and reach by break of day the point for beginning their ascent. The whole of that day was occupied in passing the summit of the mountains and descending into the villages which they found embosomed in the winding recesses that lay beyond. The Carduchians, on this sudden incursion of unbidden guests, quit their dwellings and flee with their wives and children to the surrounding hills. Provisions abounded, and the Greeks, with their customary frankness, helped themselves. They made it a point of honor not to steal the brazen utensils with which the houses were amply supplied. Their attempts to get into communication with the involuntary hosts that had so incontinently put themselves out to accommodate them, were unsuccessful. The long and laggard rear of the Greeks, overtaken by darkness, were attacked by some of the Carduchians. A few were killed and wounded. That night the

different dispersed companies of the homeless Carduchian villagers, lighted signal fires about them on the hills, by means of which they were able to keep up some mutual communication. At daybreak, the Greek officers made up their minds that the march of their force must be still further disencumbered. They made proclamation that only the indispensable beasts of burden should be retained, and that all the recently captured prisoners (Xenophon calls them slaves) in the army should be dismissed. After breakfast, the generals gave personal attention to the carrying out of this resolution. They stationed themselves at a narrow part of the road, and took away from the soldiers whatever any might be retaining in contravention of the orders. Xenophon hints, however, that the generals winked now and then when a soldier showed himself unwilling to part with a handsome youth or a pretty woman in his possession. The following day a great storm fell upon them, but lack of provisions forbade their stopping. The enemy too, annoyed them. The head of the army made great speed, the reason for which the rear, compelled to fight as they marched, could not guess until they reached their place of encampment. Then it appeared that ahead of them was a hill occupied by hostile soldiers, who from that position could successfully dispute the way. The hastened advance of the van had been for the purpose, not accomplished, of getting the start of the enemy in seizing this height. The guides said there was no other road. Xenophon told Chirisophus that he had captured two prisoners that day, taking great pains to do so for the purpose of securing some native guides. The two prisoners were brought forward and asked whether they knew of any road other than that which was held by the hostile mountaineers. One prisoner, in the face of many threats, said he knew of no other, and was put to death in the sight of his comrade. The surviving prisoner was willing to tell, not only that there was another road, but also why his fellow had denied any

knowledge of such. He said by this other road was a height which it was necessary to be beforehand with the enemy in securing. Volunteers were called for to risk themselves in this important and dangerous service. Xenophon preserves the names of several men, no doubt leaders, that eagerly offered to go. It was afternoon when this detachment, having first eaten, set forward. The guide was bound, and so put into their hands. The party numbered about two thousand. They started in a pouring rain. To divert the attention of the enemy, Xenophon, with the rear guard, marched in the direction of the pass toward which they had previously been aiming. But they encountered formidable opposition. The Barbarians rolled down immense bowlders together with a multitude of smaller stones, which, bounding hither and thither from rock to rock in their descent, made it impossible even to approach the pass. This method of obstruction the enemy continued, as the Greeks judged by the noise, the livelong night. Meantime the party with the guide, making a circuit, surprised a guard of the enemy sitting round a fire, whom having killed or dispersed, they remained on the spot, supposing that this was the summit. They mistook; the true place was yet above them. The next day an irregular march and fight proceeded without intermission, but with fortune, on the whole, in favor of the Greeks. The two Greek forces finally effected a junction, and night found them in comfortable quarters, abundantly supplied with provisions. They had experienced great distress during the day, attended with some loss of life. An arrangement was here made with the enemy allowing the Greeks to recover their dead on condition of releasing the prisoner that had guided them. Their next day's march was accordingly without a guide. They suffered great annoyance from the Barbarians, whose archers used very long bows, discharging arrows of size to be used by the Greeks for javelins. The following day they reached the river Cen-

tri'tes, the boundary between the Carduchian territory and Armenia. They were glad after their seven days' experience of mountains and mountaineers, to see a stretch of level country before them. With many recollections of dangers and difficulties past, they rested here with delight, amid redounding plenty. At daybreak, however, they could see across the river a hostile force of cavalry, and behind these, on higher ground, a body on foot, evidently prepared to dispute their way. On trial of the ford, the water was found to rise above their breasts, while the bed of the stream was rough with large and slippery stones. There was nothing for it but to encamp and consider what they should do. To increase their perplexity, the place of their previous night's encampment swarmed with Carduchian foes. The Greeks were in despair. A day of inaction passed, but that night an opportune dream of Xenophon's came to the rescue. He dreamed that he was fettered, but that his fetters fell off, of their own accord. Very early in the morning the pleased Xenophon went straight to Chirisophus, and told that Spartan his dream. Chirisophus shared Xenophon's pleasure. All the generals joined in offering sacrifice, with the happiest results. The officers took courage enough to issue orders for the troops to eat their breakfast. While Xenophon was breakfasting, two young fellows came running up to make an important communication. Xenophon stops to explain how accessible and affable he kept himself at all times, however employed. The youths told him that while gathering sticks for their fire they saw across the river an old man, a woman, and some girls, secreting among the rocks what appeared to be bags of clothing. The enterprising rogues were tempted to cross. Much to their surprise, they got over by wading, not being wet higher up than the middle. Having appropriated the clothes, they came triumphantly back again. Xenophon instantly made a libation, and then conducted the youths to Chirisophus, who, on hearing their story, performed

a like act of piety. This whole incident of their homeward march had evidently great interest for Xenophon. He reports it with circumstance. The issue was that the Greeks got across without suffering serious harm. The cavalry and the foot that had been observed guarding the passage of the river were amused with a shrewd feint on Xenophon's part of crossing at that point; but when they saw Chirisophus with his troops safely landed on their side, they fled in apparent fear of having their way of escape cut off.

The Greeks were now in Armenia. They made a long march—of necessity, as near the river there were no villages in consequence of the threatening neighborhood of the warlike Carduchians. Excellent campaigners, however, as they were, they found sumptuous quarters in a village which contained a palace for the satrap Oron'tes. From this point they marched in a circuit to pass round the sources of the river Tigris. In five days they came to a stream, the river Tel'ebraz, of which it is noteworthy that Xenophon, contrary to his custom, shared by all the ancient pagan writers, of indifference to natural scenery, speaks of as beautiful. Here Tiriba'zus, a Persian governor on intimate terms with the king, comes up with a body of horsemen, and through an interpreter invites the Greek commanders to an interview. The result was that a treaty was concluded, the conditions of which were that the Greeks should not be molested provided they refrained from burning houses, and restricted themselves to taking what provisions they wanted. Tiribazus seemed intent on seeing this arrangement carried out in good faith, for he followed the Greeks with his troops. Thus watched, the army proceeded three days, when, with their usual luck or good management, they came to a palace, probably belonging to Tiribazus, amid a cluster of villages, well stored with supplies. There was a great snow-fall that night, and in the morning it was thought that they might safely disperse sufficiently to take quarters in the neighbor-

ing villages. The great depth of snow seemed an adequate protection from attack. We will let Xenophon tell in his own words how comfortable this arrangement was, and how uncomfortably it was broken up.

Here they found all kinds of excellent provisions, cattle, corn, old wines of great fragrance, dried grapes, and vegetables of all kinds. Some of the soldiers, however, who had strolled away from the camp, brought word that they had caught sight of an army, and that many fires had been visible during the night. The generals thought it unsafe, therefore, for the troops to quarter apart, and resolved to bring the whole army together again. They accordingly assembled, for it seemed to be clearing up. But as they were passing the night here, there fell a vast quantity of snow, so that it covered both the arms and the men as they lay on the ground. The snow cramped the baggage-cattle, and they were very reluctant to rise; for, as they lay, the snow that had fallen upon them served to keep them warm, when it had not dropped off. But when Xenophon was hardy enough to rise without his outer garment, and to cleave wood, some one else then rose, and, taking the wood from him, cleft it himself. Soon after the rest got up, and lighted fires and anointed themselves; for abundance of ointment was found there, made of hog's lard, sesamum, bitter almonds, and turpentine, which they used instead of oil. Of the same materials also an odoriferous unguent was found. After this it was resolved to quarter again throughout the villages, under shelter; and the soldiers went off with great shouting and delight to the cottages and provisions. Those who had set fire to the houses, when they quitted them before, paid the penalty of having to encamp uncomfortably in the open air.

A shrewd and intrepid leader was dispatched with a detail of men to get exact information as to the position and movements of the enemy. A prisoner was taken, who said that Tiribazus was intending to possess himself of a certain narrow defile, through which the road lay in advance of the Greeks. Making a guide of their captive, the army push on and wrest the place from their foe. They return, however, to their camp for the night. It is noted by Xenophon that couches with silver feet were found in the tent of Tiribazus. Drinking-cups also were there. Among the prisoners were



some who declared themselves bakers and cup-bearers. Altogether, the Asiatics carried their luxuries along with them in camp and march.

The Greeks were up and off early next morning. They got to the pass where Tiribazus meant to stop them, and were beyond it before he came up. He in fact probably did not follow them at all. The Greeks have taken final farewell of their Persian foes. But foes far worse than the Persians are in wait to give them welcome. However, they march three or four days farther without molestation, and cross by fording the river Euphrates. It is now December, and a dismal plunge they find it into ice-cold water reaching up to their middle. Beyond the Euphrates they press on three days through deep snow, facing, the third day, a terrible north wind that benumbed their limbs. They sacrificed to the wind, and every body noted that the wind manifestly went down. Six feet deep lay the snow through which they floundered. If the soldiers, animated as they were with the eager wish to get to their homes, suffered in this dreadful experience, try to conceive the sensations of the slaves and prisoners forced on against their will. We read, without surprise, that the beasts of burden and the slaves perished in great numbers. The two classes are mentioned in this order by Xenophon, who thinks it worth while to be exact about the soldiers, stating that of these thirty succumbed to the horrors of that march. That march was not yet done. The whole of the next day the forlorn struggle with the elements continued. That day, Xenophon, bringing up the rear, kept finding men fallen exhausted by the way. The poor fellows had a name for the disease. But, as food was the medicine administered with good results, it is probable that starvation was added to the terrors of the snow and the cold. And through all this protracted march in snow of such depth, the Greeks wore on stockingless feet either sandals, or only shoes that they could themselves make out of the raw hides of slain beasts. But a

chance of rest was at hand. If this chance had been one day's march farther off than it was, perhaps we should never have had the history that we are reading. How much history is unwritten of human suffering! And God saw it all!

Just at nightfall the vanguard came up so suddenly, and so unannounced, to a village, that they surprised some women and girls getting water at a spring outside the rampart. To the women's question who they were, the interpreter replied in Persian with prompt prevarication, that they were people going from the king to the satrap. The satrap, the women said, was about a parasang off. However, the party of the Greeks went with the water-carriers to the head man of the village, and at this place Chirisophus, with as many troops as could get through, encamped. The rest passed the night amid the snow without food and without fire. We will let Xenophon tell the story of that night, and of the relief that followed, in his own graphic words :

Some of the enemy, too, who had collected themselves into a body, pursued our rear, and seized any of the baggage-cattle that were unable to proceed, fighting with one another for the possession of them. Such of the soldiers, also, as had lost their sight from the effects of the snow, or had had their toes mortified by the cold, were left behind. It was found to be a relief to the eyes against the snow, if the soldiers kept something black before them on the march, and to the feet, if they kept constantly in motion, and allowed themselves no rest, and if they took off their shoes in the night ; but as to such as slept with their shoes on, the straps worked into their feet, and the soles were frozen about them ; for when their old shoes had failed them, shoes of raw hides had been made by the men themselves from the newly-skinned oxen. From such unavoidable sufferings, some of the soldiers were left behind, who, seeing a piece of ground of a black appearance, from the snow having disappeared there, conjectured that it must have melted ; and it had in fact melted in the spot from the effect of a fountain, which was sending up vapor in a woody hollow close at hand. Turning aside thither, they sat down and refused to proceed further. Xenophon, who was with the rear-guard, as soon as he heard this, tried to prevail on them by every art and means not to be left behind, telling them, at the same time, that

the enemy were collected, and pursuing them in great numbers. At last he grew angry ; and they told him to kill them, as they were quite unable to go forward. He then thought it the best course to strike a terror, if possible, into the enemy that were behind, lest they should fall upon the exhausted soldiers. It was now dark, and the enemy were advancing with a great noise, quarreling about the booty that they had taken, when such of the rear-guard as were not disabled, started up, and rushed toward them, while the tired men, shouting as loud as they could, clashed their spears against their shields. The enemy, struck with alarm, threw themselves among the snow into the hollow, and no one of them afterward made themselves heard from any quarter.

Xenophon, and those with him, telling the sick men that a party should come to their relief next day, proceeded on their march, but before they had gone four stadia, they found other soldiers resting by the way in the snow, and covered up with it, no guard being stationed over them. They roused them up, but they said that the head of the army was not moving forward. Xenophon, going past them, and sending on some of the ablest of the peltasts, ordered them to ascertain what it was that hindered their progress. They brought word that the whole army was in that manner taking rest. Xenophon and his men, therefore, stationing such a guard as they could, took up their quarters there without fire or supper. When it was near day, he sent the youngest of his men to the sick, telling them to rouse them and oblige them to proceed. At this juncture Chirisophus sent some of his people from the village to see how the rear were faring. The young men were rejoiced to see them, and gave them the sick to conduct to the camp, while they themselves went forward, and, before they had gone twenty stadia, found themselves at the village in which Chirisophus was quartered. When they came together, it was thought safe enough to lodge the troops up and down in the villages. Chirisophus accordingly remained where he was, and the other officers, appropriating by lot the several villages that they had in sight, went to their respective quarters with their men.

Here Polyc'ra-tes, an Athenian captain, requested leave of absence, and, taking with him the most active of his men, and hastening to the village to which Xenophon had been allotted, surprised all the villagers, and their head man, in their houses, together with seventeen colts that were bred as a tribute for the king, and the head man's daughter, who had been but nine days married ; her husband was gone out to hunt hares, and was not found in any of the villages. Their houses were underground, the entrance like the mouth of a well, but spacious below ; there were passages dug into them for the cattle, but the people de-

scended by ladders. In the houses were goats, sheep, cows, and fowls, with their young; all the cattle were kept on fodder within the walls. There was also wheat, barley, leguminous vegetables and barley-wine, in large bowls; the grains of barley floated in it even with the brims of the vessels, and reeds also lay in it, some larger and some smaller, without joints; and these, when any one was thirsty, he was to take in his mouth and suck. The liquor was very strong, unless one mixed water with it, and a very pleasant drink to those accustomed to it.

Xenophon made the chief man of his village sup with him, and told him to be of good courage, assuring him that he should not be deprived of his children, and that they would not go away without filling his house with provisions in return for what they took, if he would but prove himself the author of some service to the army till they should reach another tribe. This he promised, and, to show his good-will, pointed out where some wine was buried. This night, therefore, the soldiers rested in their several quarters in the midst of great abundance, setting a guard over the chief, and keeping his children at the same time under their eye. The following day Xenophon took the head man and went with him to Chirisophus, and wherever he passed by a village, he turned aside to visit those who were quartered in it, and found them in all parts feasting and enjoying themselves; nor would they anywhere let them go till they had set refreshments before them; and they placed every where upon the same table, lamb, kid, pork, veal, and fowl, with plenty of bread both of wheat and barley. Whenever any person, to pay a compliment, wished to drink to another, he took him to the large bowl, where he had to stoop down and drink, sucking like an ox. The chief they allowed to take whatever he pleased, but he accepted nothing from them; where he found any of his relatives, however, he took them with him.

When they came to Chirisophus, they found his men also feasting in their quarters, crowned with wreaths made of hay, and Armenian boys, in their barbarian dresses, waiting upon them, to whom they made signs what they were to do as if they had been deaf and dumb. When Chirisophus and Xenophon had saluted one another, they both asked the chief man, through the interpreter, who spoke the Persian language, what country it was. He replied that it was Armenia. They then asked him for whom the horses were bred; and he said that they were a tribute for the king, and added that the neighboring country was that of Chal'y-bes, and told them in what direction the road lay. Xenophon then went away, conducting the chief back to his family, giving him the horse that he had taken, which was rather old, to fatten and offer in

sacrifice, (for he had heard that it had been consecrated to the sun,) being afraid, indeed, that it might die, as it had been injured by the journey. He then took some of the young horses, and gave one of them to each of the other generals and captains. The horses in this country were smaller than those of Persia, but far more spirited. The chief instructed the men to tie little bags round the feet of the horses, and other cattle, when they drove them through the snow, for without such bags they sunk up to their bellies.

Nothing could more strikingly set forth the lively mercurial temperament of the Greeks than the readiness with which they elastically rallied, from the dreadful depression of their long previous march, to the festive humors and epicurean pleasure-taking of their stay in that Armenian underground village. By the way, travelers tell us that to this day the Armenians of that region build their houses underground. Soon after the Greeks set forward from this place of rest and refection, Xenophon and Chirisophus are in good spirits enough to engage in a little highly characteristic mutual chaffing and raillery, which our readers would certainly wish not to have lost. Xenophon the Athenian has spoken to Chirisophus the Spartan, about the expediency of stealing a march on their enemy :

“ But why should I speak doubtfully about stealing? For I hear that you Lacedæmonians, O Chirisophus, such of you at least as are of the better class, practice stealing from your boyhood, and it is not a disgrace, but an honor, to steal whatever the law does not forbid ; while, in order that you may steal with the utmost dexterity, and strive to escape discovery, it is appointed by law that, if you are caught stealing, you are scourged. It is now high time for you, therefore, to give proof of your education, and to take care that we may not receive many stripes.” “ But I hear that you Athenians also,” rejoined Chirisophus, “ are very clever at stealing the public money, though great danger threatens him that steals it ; and that your best men steal it most, if indeed your best men are thought worthy to be your magistrates ; so that it is time for you likewise to give proof of your education.”

Our readers will remember the story of the Spartan boy who, rather than be laughed at as a clumsy thief, let a stolen

fox, concealed under his apron, make a meal on his vitals. And so too peculation in public office is not exclusively a modern and an American foible! The result of the movement to steal a march was favorable. Once again the Greeks disposed themselves comfortably in villages stored with excellent provisions, raised and gathered by other hands than their own.

From this place of encampment, four days' march in advance brought them to the country of the 'Ta-o'chi-ans. Here they were likely to fail of supplies. The Taochians laid up their provisions in almost impregnable strongholds among the mountains. Coming to one such place, in which were huddled together men, women, and children, with a great number of cattle, Chrisophus attacked it. One company after another successively tired themselves out in the assault, until finally Xenophon arrived. Come in good time, said Chrisophus; we must take this place or starve. The enemy's defensive method of warfare was formidable. They kept up a continuous discharge of stones rolling down a cliff, under which any approach must be made. Xenophon proposed an ingenious plan, which was carried out with spirit, to make the enemy exhaust their supply of such ammunition. A number of men (Xenophon names them for honor) draw the enemy's discharge of stones, by making feints of advance and then immediately sheltering themselves behind a tree. The whole army stood watching the adventurers, and so eager an emulation was excited, that not many minutes passed before two of the Greeks ran, with successful audacity, the dangerous gauntlet, and forced their way into the stronghold. A panic, a madness, a wild suicidal despair, seized the occupants. Mothers flung their children over the precipice, jumping themselves after them. The men followed the dreadful example. One greedy Greek caught hold of a rich garment worn by a man about to cast himself down, hoping to make prize of it. But the frenzy of suicide proved

stronger than the passion for gain. The Greek with the Barbarian was dashed down the rocks, and there they both miserably perished. Very few survived to be made prisoners, but the booty of animals captured was great.

The next seven days of advance was through a country whose inhabitants were worse to encounter than any the Greeks had yet met. The army were obliged to sustain incessant harrying attacks in the rear, and for provisions they were shut up to subsist on the cattle seized from the wretched Taochians. The territory of the Scythi'ni lay next. Here nothing seems to have disturbed the march. After four days' travel over a level stretch of country, they come to a halt, for rest and the collecting of supplies. Four days further on they find a large town called Gym'ni-as. From this place the governor of the region is fain to give the Greeks a guide. He can send them across a district with whose people he is at war. The Ten Thousand go pillaging, burning, and laying waste, exhorted thereto by the guide, whose service to them they seem but too willing thus to repay. This guide made them a promise in starting that must greatly have inspirited the host. He said that on pain of death if he failed, he would in five days bring them to a point from which they could catch sight of the sea, (the Euxine or Black Sea.) What this meant to the Greeks, we cannot easily comprehend. They had all to a man been as accustomed to the sparkle of the sea as are the Swiss to the cold gleam of the summits of their Alps. Few things were so dreadful to a Greek, as to go inland out of reach and out of sight of the sea. The guide's promise was almost too much to be believed. However on they go, till the fifth day. The story of what then occurred is told with such exquisite simplicity, half of nature, half of art, by Xenophon, that it would be unpardonable not to give our readers this memorable passage, in the historian's own language, which it is a pity even to have to translate:

On the fifth day they came to the mountain ; and the name of it was The'ches. When the men who were in the front had mounted the height, and looked down upon the sea, a great shout proceeded from them ; and Xenophon and the rear-guard, on hearing it, thought that some new enemies were assailing the front, for in the rear, too, the people from the country that they had burned were following them, and the rear-guard, by placing an ambuscade, had killed some, and taken others prisoners, and had captured about twenty shields made of raw ox-hides with the hair on. But as the noise still increased, and drew nearer, and those who came up from time to time kept running at full speed to join those who were continually shouting, the cries becoming louder as the men became more numerous, it appeared to Xenophon that it must be something of very great moment. Mounting his horse, therefore, and taking with him Lyc'ius and the cavalry, he hastened forward to give aid, when presently they heard the soldiers shouting, " The sea, the sea ! " and cheering on one another. They then all began to run, the rear-guard as well as the rest, and the baggage-cattle and horses were put to their speed ; and when they had all arrived at the top, the men embraced one another, and their generals and captains, with tears in their eyes. Suddenly, whoever it was that suggested it, the soldiers brought stones, and raised a large mound, on which they laid a number of raw ox-hides, staves, and shields taken from the enemy. The shields the guide himself hacked in pieces, and exhorted the rest to do the same. Soon after, the Greeks sent away the guide, giving him presents from the common stock, a horse, a silver cup, a Persian robe, and ten darics ; but he showed most desire for the rings on their fingers, and obtained many of them from the soldiers. Having then pointed out to them a village where they might take up their quarters, and the road by which they were to proceed to the Macro'nes, when the evening came on he departed, pursuing his way during the night.

The country of the Macrones was next to be traversed. And now occurs an incident forming one of the most grateful reliefs of all that diversify this checkered story. As the Greeks were preparing to cross the boundary river into the country of the Macrones, in the face of foes on the farther side ready to offer fierce opposition, forth stepped from the ranks a soldier, who said to Xenophon, " I have been a slave at Athens, but I believe this is my native country, and I should like to speak to my people." The happy result was



that a mutual compact was at once struck between the two parties, and the Greeks, through the next three days of their march, found friends to help them, instead of foes to fight them.

In the country of the Colchians, (a name which our readers will associate with the famous quest of the Golden Fleece at Colchis by the Argonauts,) lying next, the Greeks had trouble, which, however, they came out of with the usual good fortune that attended their skill and their valor. They here met with one mischance, curious enough to be given in Xenophon's description unchanged :

The number of bee-hives was extraordinary, and all the soldiers that ate of the combs lost their senses, vomited, and were affected with purging, and none of them were able to stand upright ; such as had eaten a little were like men greatly intoxicated, and such as had eaten much were like madmen, and some like persons at the point of death. They lay upon the ground in consequence in great numbers, as if there had been a defeat ; and there was general dejection. The next day no one of them was found dead ; and they recovered their senses about the same hour that they had lost them on the preceding day ; and on the third and fourth days they got up as if after having taken physic.

Two days more bring the Greeks to the sea. They reach it at Treb'i-zond, (Tra-pe'zus,) a Greek city settled in the territory of the Colchians. The citizens, inspired, perhaps, equally by generous sympathy for their countrymen, and by wholesome awe of such an organized array of veteran soldiers with appetite well whetted for plunder, entertain them hospitably. The Greeks here perform the vows of sacrifice made in their extremity. They also extemporize some games which Xenophon describes in the true Greek spirit :

When the sacrifice was ended, they gave the hides to Dracon'tius, and desired him to conduct them to the place where he had made the course. Dracontius, pointing to the place where they were standing, said, " This hill is an excellent place for running, in whatever direction the men may wish." " But how will they be able," said they, " to wrestle on ground so rough and bushy?" " He that falls," said he, " will suffer the more."

Boys, most of them from among the prisoners, contended in the short course, and in the long course above sixty Cretans ran; while others were matched in wrestling, boxing, and the pancratiun. It was a fine sight; for many entered the lists, and as their friends were spectators, there was great emulation. Horses also ran; and they had to gallop down the steep, and, turning round in the sea, to come up again to the altar. In the descent many rolled down; but in the ascent, against the exceedingly steep ground, the horses could scarcely get up at a walking pace. There was consequently great shouting and laughter and cheering from the people.

#### FIFTH, SIXTH, AND SEVENTH BOOKS.

The remaining three books must be condensed under hydraulic pressure. The task of thus expressing the sweet juice of the author's own personality, together with that of circumstance and detail, out of Xenophon's delectable narrative, in order to present our readers with the desiccated result—this unwelcome task we save ourselves, by giving here instead the excellent abstract furnished in Smith's "History of Greece." This is a book of some just pretensions to originality, though mainly a recast of Grote's more detailed and voluminous work. It is written in a better style than is that scholarly, enlightened, and philosophical, but prolix, and somewhat tedious history. Grote incorporates without much abridgment the whole Anabasis of Xenophon into his text. Besides these two books, there is an admirable volume on Xenophon in Lippincott's "Ancient Classics for English Readers." Let all see this who can. Fyffe's "Primer of Greek History" also is good. So, too, is the better analyzed primer of Dr. Vincent. But here is the concluding portion of the Anabasis, according to Dr. Smith, short, and as sweet as with such shortness consists:

"The most difficult part of the return of the Ten Thousand was now accomplished, but much still remained to be done. The sight of the sea awakened in the army a universal desire to prosecute the remainder of their journey on

that element. 'Comrades,' exclaimed a Thurian soldier, 'I am weary of packing up, of marching and running, of shouldering arms and falling into line, of standing sentinel and fighting. For my part, I should like to get rid of all these labors, and go home by sea the rest of the way, so that I might arrive in Greece outstretched and asleep, like Ulysses of old.' The shouts of applause which greeted this address showed that the Thurian had touched the right chord; and when Chirisophus, one of the principal officers, offered to proceed to Byzantium, and endeavor to procure transports for the conveyance of the army, his proposal was joyfully accepted.

"Meanwhile, the Ten Thousand were employed in marauding expeditions, and in collecting all the vessels possible, in case Chirisophus should fail in obtaining the requisite supply. That officer delayed to return; provisions grew scarce, and the army found itself compelled to evacuate Trapezus. Vessels enough had been collected to transport the women, the sick, and the baggage to Cer'asus, whither the army proceeded by land. Here they remained ten days, during which they were mustered and reviewed, when it was found that the number of hoplites still amounted to eighty-six hundred, and with peltasts, bowmen, etc., made a total of more than ten thousand men.

"From Cerasus they pursued their journey to Co-ty-o'ra, through the territories of the Mosynœ'ci and Chalybes. They were obliged to fight their way through the former of these people, capturing and plundering the wooden towers in which they dwelt, and from which they derived their name. At Cotyora they waited in vain for Chirisophus and the transports. Many difficulties still stood in the way of their return. The inhabitants of Sin-o'pe represented to them that a march through Paph-la-go'nia was impracticable, and the means of a passage by sea were not at hand. After remaining forty-five days at Cotyora a sufficient number of vessels was

collected to convey the army to Sinope. A passage of twenty-four hours brought them to that town, where they were hospitably received and lodged in the neighboring sea-port of Ar'me-ne. Here they were joined by Chrisophus, who, however, brought with him only a single trireme. From Sinope the army proceeded to Her-a-cle'a, and from thence to Col'pe, where Chrisophus died. From Calpe they marched across Bithyn'ia to Chrysop'olis, a town immediately opposite to Byzantium, where they spent a week in realizing the booty which they had brought with them.

“The satrap Pharnaba'zus was desirous that the Greeks should evacuate Asia Minor; and, at his instance, Anaxib'ius, the Lacedæmonian admiral on the station, induced them to cross over by promising to provide them with pay when they should have reached the other side. But instead of fulfilling his agreement, Anaxibius ordered them, after their arrival at Byzantium, to proceed to the Thracian Cher'son-ese, where the Lacedæmonian harmost Cy-nis'cus, would find them pay; and during this long march of 150 miles they were directed to support themselves by plundering the Thracian villages. Preparatory to the march they were ordered to muster outside the walls of Byzantium. But the Greeks, irritated by the deception which had been practiced on them, and which, through want of caution on the part of Anaxibius, became known to them before they had all quitted the town, prevented the gates from being closed, and rushed in infuriated masses back into the city, uttering loud threats and bent on plunder and havoc. The lives and property of the citizens were at their mercy, for at the first alarm Anaxibius had retired with his troops into the citadel, while the affrighted inhabitants were either barricading their houses, or flying to the ships for refuge. In this conjuncture Xenophon felt that the destruction of a city like Byzantium would draw down upon the army the vengeance not merely of the Lacedæmonians, but of all Greece. With great presence of mind,

and under color of aiding their designs, he caused the soldiers to form in an open square called the Thracian, and by a well-timed speech diverted them from their designs.

“Shortly afterward the army entered into the service of Seu'thes, a Thracian prince, who was anxious to recover his sovereignty over three revolted tribes. But after they had accomplished this object, Seuthes neglected to provide the pay which he had stipulated, or to fulfill the magnificent promises which he had made to Xenophon personally, of giving him his daughter in marriage, and putting him in possession of the town of Bi-san'the.

“The army, now reduced to 6,000, was thus again thrown into difficulties, when it entered on the last phase of its checkered career by engaging to serve the Lacedæmonians in a war which they had just declared against the satraps Tissaphernes and Pharnabazus. Xenophon accordingly conducted his comrades to Per'gamus, in Mysia, where a considerable booty fell into their hands by the capture of a castle not far from that place. Xenophon was allowed to select the choicest lots from the booty thus acquired, as a tribute of gratitude and admiration for the services which he had rendered.

“Shortly after this adventure, in the spring of B. C. <sup>400</sup>339, Thim'bron, the Lacedæmonian commander, arrived at Pergamus, and the remainder of the Ten Thousand Greeks became incorporated with his army. Xenophon now returned to Athens, where he must have arrived shortly after the execution of his master, Socrates. Disgusted, probably by that event, he rejoined his old comrades in Asia, and subsequently returned to Greece along with A-ges-i-la'us, as we have already related.”

So we take farewell of Xenophon's *Anabasis*. The foregoing condensation, from Dr. Smith's *History*, is well done; but our readers may judge what they would have lost had the whole work been disposed of in this summary manner.

## IX.

## HOMER.

## I.—THE ILIAD; II.—THE ODYSSEY.

AFTER Xenophon's *Anabasis*, it is usual for the preparatory student to take up next in order the *Iliad* of Homer. Sometimes it is the *Od'yssey* instead of the *Iliad*.



HOMER.

Homer's *Iliad* is, as every body knows, one of the masterpieces of human genius. It is, indeed, beyond dispute the most famous among poems. The literature that has accumulated in all languages about it makes its pre-eminence permanent and secure. It is hardly possible to imagine any mutations in human affairs that can dislodge the *Iliad* of Homer from its position as the leading poem of the world.

This is here said without any implication intended as to the right of the *Iliad* to occupy the position. In literature, as in other spheres, often it is might that makes right. Possession is nine points in the law. And possession, in Homer's case, establishes his title to his fame. The title will never be successfully disputed. Any challenge of the fame serves but to confirm the fame. For the fame consists largely in the literature of discussion, of criticism, of translation, of annotation, of allusion, and even of sheer skepticism, that has been built up, and still continues to be built up, scarce less actively now than ever, about this remarkable name. The fact that Greek is virtually a dead language—virtually, we say, for the Greek language nominally lives still, in the mouths of the people of Greece, and virtually dead, we call it, nevertheless, since as yet, though there are omens which we have already alluded to, of imminent change, no great productions of the human mind get themselves uttered in it

—the very fact that the speech of Homer is a dead speech, helps make Homer's fame immortal, and immortally first among poems in presumptive rank of genius. The world can never grow any farther away from the Iliad than it is to-day. Our readers will be glad to come into some closer acquaintance with this great monument of the human mind.

Everybody will have heard the noise of the wrangle that has been made, especially of late, concerning the authorship of the Iliad, and concerning the reality of the existence of the man that we know by the name of Homer. Whether, in fact, the Iliad is properly to be regarded as one poem, whether it may not better be considered a collection of different pieces, strung together in a kind of mechanical continuity, not constituting any true organic unity, whether such a personage as Homer ever actually lived, and whether, if he did, he ever composed the Iliad—these are some of the startling, the staggering questions that have been not only seriously, but almost acrimoniously, debated by recent scholars. We shall not at this stage trouble our readers with any thing beyond the present allusion to this redoubtable controversy. The one fact that stands, and stands foursquare to all the winds that blow, is the Iliad itself. Here is the Iliad, whoever wrote it, and whatever it is. Let us go at once about our task of comprehending it as well as we can.

The Iliad is so entitled from the word Ilium, which is the alternative name of Troy. The title is not a perfectly happy one, but no matter for that. It is the title. Nobody will ever succeed in substituting another. We could not call the poem the Troad, if we wanted to, for that word is already appropriated for the country or region of Asia Minor in which Ilium, or Troy, was situated. Since the poet's own opening lines give for the subject of the poem the wrath of Achilles, [A-kil'les,] we might have as our title, The Achillead, or, likening the word in form to the name of Virgil's epic, The *Æne'id*, The Achilleid.

The siege of Troy is sometimes said to be the subject of the Iliad. This, however, is not exactly the case. Not the siege—the siege occupied ten years—but an episode of the siege, namely, the wrath, or miff, we might fitly, if disrespectfully, call it, of Achilles, is the real subject. The time covered by the poem is short, less than two months. The action belongs to the last year of the siege, but the end of the siege, the downfall of Troy, does not come within the plan of the poem.

What occasioned the siege was the rape of Helen. Helen was the lovely wife and queen of Men-e-la'us, a Grecian king. Young prince Paris, son of Priam, king of Troy, was visiting Menelaus, and he abused his privilege of guestship by seducing his host's wife to elope with him to Troy. Adding a peculiar baseness to his perfidy, Paris bore off considerable treasure, along with the lady. All Greece made common cause with outraged Menelaus. Having first spent years in preparation for war, and then made solemn requisition through embassy, in vain, for the return both of the beauty and the booty, the confederate kings mustered their forces, and sailed across to the plain of Troy to besiege the city. Ten years almost, the weary siege had prolonged itself, and now, upon an occasion that well brings out the fiercely animal appetites which animated the leading combatants, Achilles gets angry and sulks in his tent, his fellow chieftains meantime trying their fortune in fight without him. The occasion is the arbitrary interference of Agamemnon, the commander-in-chief of the confederate Greeks, to deprive Achilles of a female captive Bri-se'is, and usurp her to himself. It being conceded that either marauder had a right to the lady, Achilles seems to have been indignant with reason.

Such is the occasion of the famous wrath of Achilles. And the wrath of Achilles is the subject of the most renowned of poems. One cannot help feeling a little revolt at the unworthiness of the theme. The sentiment of such a revolt



Milton does not hesitate, in his large, free, lordly way, to express, in a passage of *Paradise Lost*. He is letting slip a bit of his autobiography—with that lofty egotism of his, whose very audacity vindicates it, to the admiring and sympathetic reader. Milton admits his reader to his confidence about his own meditation and choice of a subject for the exercise of his poetical genius. Of the theme finally chosen by him, he says :

Sad task ! yet argument  
Not less but more heroic than the wrath  
Of stern Achilles on his foe pursued  
Thrice fugitive about Troy wall.

The whole passage would interest our readers. It is to be found in the opening of the ninth book.

Our preamble has now been sufficient, and we begin at once with the poem itself—premising, however, yet this one thing more, that the preparatory course includes usually but about two books of the twenty-four of which the poem consists. The college curriculum generally resumes the poem, though it is, of course, never read entire in the class-room. We here advise our readers that the final issue of the Trojan affair, in the poem and beyond it, is as follows: The Greeks suffer cruelly under Achilles's withdrawal from the fight, until in sheer patriotic shame, Pa-tro'clus, the close friend of Achilles, is, with that moody warrior's approval, self-incited to go into battle wearing the Achillean armor. Patroclus does wonders, but is slain. Achilles, stung with resentment and remorse, now returns to the field, encounters Hector, the redoubtable Trojan champion, slays him, and is at length himself slain with an arrow from the bow of Paris hitting him in the heel, where alone he was vulnerable. The chieftains make their way, with many chances, back toward Greece, some of them, however, perishing in the voyage. The adventures of one of their chieftains, Ulysses, or Odysseus, to keep the Greek, non-Latinized name, form the subject of the

Odyssey. As has been intimated, the Iliad itself closes before the fall of Troy, with the death and funeral rites of Hector.

The opening lines of the poem have been much admired for the simplicity, the beauty, and the melody with which they set forth the poet's theme. Here they are, first, in a translation of our own, which, though metrical, is strictly, very strictly, faithful to the Greek—and then in various other metrical versions from famous hands, which our readers may like to compare one with another, in order the more intelligently to judge of the freedom with which poetical translators treat their original :

The anger, goddess, sing of Peleus' son  
 Achilles,—anger dire, that on the Greeks  
 Brought myriad woes, and many mighty souls  
 Too soon of heroes unto Hades sent,  
 And gave themselves a ravin to the dogs  
 And to all birds of prey—howbeit the will  
 Of Zeus fulfilled itself—even from the time  
 That first they two, Atrides, king of men,  
 And high Achilles, wrangling fell apart.

First, our readers shall see for comparison the work of George Chapman, (1557-1634,) worthy to be reckoned the great pioneer of English Homeric translation in verse. Chapman's Homer is written in fourteen-syllabled lines, which, after the writer gets fairly under way, become full of freedom and fire. It was on occasion of reading this English Homer that Keats composed his celebrated sonnet, despite its faults one of the finest sonnets in the language, as follows :

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

Much have I travel'd in the realms of gold,  
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen ;  
 Round many western islands have I been  
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.  
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told  
 That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne :  
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene  
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold :

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken ;  
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes  
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men  
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

And now for Chapman :

Achilles' baneful wrath resound, O Goddess, that imposed  
Infinite sorrows on the Greeks, and many a brave soul los'd  
From breasts heroic ; sent them far to that invisible cave  
That no light comforts ; and their limbs to dogs and vultures gave ;  
To all which Jove's will gave effect ; from whom first strife begun  
Betwixt Atrides, king of men, and Thetis' godlike son.

Here are Pope's swinging heroics, with an Alexandrine to boot at the end, representing four words in Homer :

Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring  
Of woes unnumber'd, heavenly goddess, sing !  
That wrath which hurled to Pluto's gloomy reign  
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain ;  
Whose limbs unburied on the naked shore,  
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore :  
Since great Achilles and Atrides strove,  
Such was the sovereign doom, and such the will of Jove !

Mr. Bryant translates as follows :

O Goddess ! sing the wrath of Peleus' son,  
Achilles ; sing the deadly wrath that brought  
Woes numberless upon the Greeks, and swept  
To Hades many a valiant soul, and gave  
Their limbs a prey to dogs and birds of air,—  
For so had Jove appointed,—from the time  
When the two chiefs, Atrides, king of men,  
And great Achilles, parted first as foes.

For the sake of the comparison, we subjoin Cowper's rendering, and Derby's. Of Derby's version, as a whole, it may be said that it does very well for a nobleman—very well. It is the gold of poetry in the lead of rhetoric. The metal is not quite so precious, it is true, but then the hammering is really very faithful and good.

Cowper:

Achilles sing, O Goddess ! Peleus' son ;  
His wrath pernicious, who ten thousand woes  
Caused to Achaia's host, sent many a soul

Illustrious into Ades premature,  
 And Heroes gave (so stood the will of Jove)  
 To dogs and to all ravening fowls a prey,  
 When fierce dispute had separated once  
 The noble chief Achilles from the son  
 Of Atreus, Agamemnon, King of men.

Derby :

Of Peleus' son, Achilles, sing, O Muse,  
 The vengeance, deep and deadly ; whence to Greece  
 Unnumbered ills arose ; which many a soul  
 Of mighty warriors to the viewless shades  
 Untimely sent ; they on the battle plain  
 Unburied lay, a prey to rav'ning dogs,  
 And carrion birds ; fulfilling thus the plan  
 Devised of Jove, since first in wordy war  
 The mighty Agamemnon, King of men,  
 Confronted stood by Peleus' godlike son.

The savage, and savagely low, moral standard of the poem is fitly indicated in the opening verses of it. With what force, conventional influences work to conform one's tastes and one's opinions, can hardly in any other way be more vividly conceived, than through thinking of the gentle, amiable, Christian poet Cowper, author of the well-known lines—

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
 Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
 Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
 Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm,

than through thinking, we say, of this tender-hearted, cultivated Christian spending months and years of his blameless, melancholy life in the work of translating Homer. It is but fair to Cowper's memory that note be taken here of the recoil, both moral and æsthetic, that he felt at times from the work in which, as an escape from his preying sadness, he found himself, almost without his own will, involved. The following is an extract from one of his letters written while the task was in progress :

“ You wish to hear from me at any interval of epic frenzy. An interval presents itself, but whether calm or not is perhaps doubtful. Is it possible for a man to be calm who for

three weeks past has been perpetually occupied in slaughter; letting out one man's bowels, smiting another through the gullet, transfixing the liver of another, and lodging an arrow in a fourth? Read the thirteenth book of the Iliad, and you will find such amusing incidents as these the subject of it, the sole subject. In order to interest myself in it, and to catch the spirit of it, I had need discard all humanity. It is a woe-ful work; and were the best poet in the world to give us at this day such a list of killed and wounded, he would not escape universal censure, to the praise of a more enlightened age be it spoken. I have waded through much blood, and through much more I must wade before I shall have finished. I determine, in the meantime, to account it all very sublime, and for two reasons: first, because all the learned think so; and, secondly, because I am to translate it. But were I an indifferent bystander, perhaps I should venture to wish that Homer had applied his wonderful powers to a less disgusting subject; he has in the Odyssey, and I long to get at it."

Homeric translation is a work that, notwithstanding such considerations, has, chiefly for conventional reasons, proved singularly attractive to men of letters and accomplishments. It would occupy no little space to give only the names of the English-speaking men of letters who, in whole or in part, have executed translations of Homer. To characterize and discriminate their performances, would need a separate volume. To illustrate the characterizations, with sufficiently copious specimen passages, would ask a small library. Mr. Matthew Arnold has written a whole essay, and a long one, on the subject of translating Homer.

It would be out of place for us in a book like this, even were we so disposed, as we are not, to attempt any thing like a destructive or depreciating criticism of Homer. But it will entertain perhaps, and perhaps stimulate, our readers, if we transfer to these pages a statement of the case against Homer, once made by the present writer, rather as a kind of

playful exercise of mind, than as an expression of serious opinion. It was entitled, "A Perverse View of Homer." And here, in part, it is:

"All the wrong-headed literary Hibernian that is latent and potential in even the best-born and best-bred idolater of scholastic tradition among us, will be in imminent peril of getting roused, if this lavish outlay of Homeric devotion goes many degrees further. It gives one's equanimity, one's appreciative balance, a dangerous tilt to survey the importing booksellers' Homeric shelves—the perpetual Chapman, Pope, Cowper, of course. But besides, there are Professor Blackie's three portly and scholarly and sensible tomes, and Newman, and Worsley, and Norgate—*ipsissimus* Norgate; not to mention Derby and Gladstone and Matthew Arnold—all fresh from the press of a single nation, and all sacred to the same imposing convention of acquired and scholastic taste.

"We keep, we flatter ourselves, a tolerably well-regulated mind in general, and we shall not deny that our own prevailing mood is one of sympathy with the contagious Homeric enthusiasm. But then, the perverse humor, too, wants its expression. It was but a little while ago that, with a genuine gush of admiring sentiment for Homer, we undertook to read him to a friend of ours—a cultivated man of liberal tastes, but without special Greek culture. The circumstances were all favorable, for it was a radiant summer morning, and our friend and we sat together on a vine-clad porch, fronting a magnificent landscape. We began with a presage of victory swelling our breast. Byrant's 'Iliad' was sparkling in its 'green radiance,' fresh from the binder's hands. But our friend honestly questioned whether such poetry was poetry to the unsophisticated modern mind; admitted that he did not enjoy it; peremptorily challenged us to discharge ourselves of the influence of our Greek, and own up that our own natural taste was like his—in short, suddenly, with

a few backward strokes of the disenchanting wand, quite translated us from the right feeling with which we began, into the perverse mood with which we are now writing, and which emboldens us to set down the following paragraphs.

“How far is admiration of Homer, with us English-speakers, natural and genuine, and how far is it either an artificial taste, or absolutely an affectation? This might be determined partly by the census. Why not? Let our census-takers be instructed to inquire in each family of the land, not how many members of each *like* Homer, nor how many copies of Homer each *possesses*; but how many members have *read* Homer, in whole or in part, and in how large part. Then let deduction be fairly made for those who have read Homer purely as task-work in school, and the result would approximately show how well grounded is the assumption that Homer is still a popular poet. We have a curious skepticism about the matter. We suspect that, Homer being a kind of common ground for men of college culture, removed, like all the ancient classics, beyond the possible access of envy or of jealousy or of rivalry; being, moreover, magnetized to the modern imagination with that strange influence which haunts the shadows of antiquity; and, still further, and perhaps most influential of all, being saturated to the Greek student with the delightful memories and associations of his boyhood at school, sweet without the bitter, as recalled in after life—the truth, we suspect, is that Homer is indebted more than he, simple Ionic soul, not once ‘dreaming of things to come,’ ever had any idea of being, to the combination of such purely casual influences for the apparently remarkable range and reach of his fame.

“A consummate story-teller—let his audience be Greeks and Pagans—with exhaustless resources of memory and invention; an incomparable melodist, with a certain innate buoyancy toward poetry; a master delineator of life and nature, with a happy knack of divining similitudes—all this

Homer may cheerfully enough be acknowledged to be. But when you rank him with the sacred few greatest poets that the world has seen, (*quære,*) do you not, unawares, oppress him with the burthen of an honor unto which he was not born?"

For association and contrast with the foregoing sportive bit of literary iconoclasm, the reader may be pleased to see a very different passage of writing, a passage from the pen of one of the noblest severely moral and didactic essayists in our language. John Foster, in his profoundly thoughtful and wholesomely suggestive essay, entitled, "The Aversion of Men of Taste for Evangelical Religion," assigns as one reason for that hostile sentiment, operative in the case of the majority of cultivated men, the influence of early education in schools where it is presumable that so large a share of the most impressible period of youth was devoted to the ancient classic authors with their pagan ideas of morals and religion. Read Foster's solemnly eloquent words, and consider how much it is incumbent on parents and teachers to do, to counteract the insensible insidious influence of such an immersion and saturation of the young mind and conscience and heart, in an atmosphere of thought and representation so alien and hostile to the spirit of Christianity.

Foster:

"Among the poets, I shall notice only the two or three pre-eminent ones of the Epic class. Homer, you know, is the favorite of the whole civilized world; and it is many centuries since there needed one additional word of homage to the prodigious genius displayed in the Iliad. The object of inquiry is, what kind of predisposition will be formed toward Christianity in a young and animated spirit, that learns to glow with enthusiasm at the scenes created by the poet, and to indulge an ardent wish, which that enthusiasm will probably awaken, for the possibility of emulating some of the principal characters? Let this susceptible youth, after having



mingled and burned in imagination among heroes, whose valor and anger flame like Vesuvius, who wade in blood, trample on dying foes, and hurl defiance against earth and heaven; let him be led into the company of Jesus Christ and his disciples, as displayed by the evangelists, with whose narrative, I will suppose, he is but slightly acquainted before. What must he, what can he, do with his feelings in this transition? He will find himself flung as far as 'from the center to the utmost pole;' and one of these two opposite exhibitions of character will inevitably excite his aversion. Which of them is that likely to be, if he is become thoroughly possessed with the Homeric passions?

"Or if, reversing the order, you will suppose a person to have first become profoundly interested by the New Testament, and to have acquired the spirit of the Saviour of the world, while studying the evangelical history, with what sentiments will *he* come forth from conversing with heavenly mildness, weeping benevolence, sacred purity, and the eloquence of divine wisdom, to enter into a scene of such actions and characters, and to hear such maxims of merit and glory, as those of Homer? He would be still more confounded by the transition, had it been possible for him to have entirely escaped that deep depravation of feeling which can think of crimes and miseries with little emotion, and which we have all acquired from viewing the prominent portion of the world's history as composed of scarcely any thing else. He would find the mightiest strain of poetry employed to represent ferocious courage as the greatest of virtues, and those who do not possess it as worthy of their fate, to be trodden in the dust. He will be taught, at least it will not be the fault of the poet if he be not taught, to forgive a heroic spirit for finding the sweetest luxury in insulting dying pangs, and imagining the tears and despair of distant relations. He will be incessantly called upon to worship revenge, the real divinity of the Iliad, in comparison of which the

Thunderer of Olympus is but a subaltern pretender to power. He will be taught that the most glorious and enviable life is that to which the greatest number of other lives are made a sacrifice; and that it is noble in a hero to prefer even a short life, attended by this felicity, to a long one which should permit a longer life also to others. The terrible Achilles, a being whom if he had really existed, it had been worth a temporary league of the tribes, then called nations, to reduce to the quietness of a dungeon or a tomb, is rendered interesting even amidst the horrors of revenge and destruction, by the intensity of his affection for his friend, by the melancholy with which he appears in the funeral scene of that friend, by one momentary instance of compassion, and by his solemn references to his own impending and inevitable doom. A reader who has even passed beyond the juvenile ardor of life, feels himself interested, in a manner that excites at intervals his own surprise, in the fate of this fell exterminator; and he wonders, and he wishes to doubt, whether the moral that he is learning be, after all, exactly no other than that the grandest employment of a great spirit is the destruction of human creatures, so long as revenge, ambition, or even caprice, may choose to regard them under an artificial distinction, and call them *enemies*. But this, my dear friend, is the real and effective moral of the Iliad, after all that critics have so gravely written about lessons of union, or any other subordinate moral instructions, which they discover, or imagine in the work. Who but critics ever thought or cared about any such drowsy lessons? Whatever is the chief and grand impression made by the whole work on the ardent minds which are most susceptible of the influence of poetry, *that* shows the real moral; and Alexander, and Charles XII., through the medium of 'Macedonia's madman,' correctly received the genuine inspiration. . . . .

"If it were not too strange a supposition that the most characteristic parts of the Iliad had been read in the

presence and hearing of our Lord, and by a person animated by a fervid sympathy with the work—do you not instantly imagine him expressing the most emphatical condemnation? Would not the reader have been made to know that in the spirit of that book he could never become a disciple and a friend of the Messiah? But then if he believed this declaration, and were serious enough to care about being a disciple and friend of the Messiah, would he not have deemed himself extremely unfortunate to have been seduced through the pleasures of taste and imagination, into habits of feeling which rendered it impossible, till their predominance should be destroyed, for him to receive the only true religion and the only Redeemer of the world? To show *how* impossible it would be, I wish I may be pardoned for making another strange, and indeed a most monstrous supposition, namely, that Achilles, Diomede, Ulysses, and Ajax had been real persons, living in the time of our Lord, and had become his disciples; and yet, (excepting the mere exchange of notions of mythology for Christian opinions,) had retained entire the state of mind with which their poet has exhibited them. It is instantly perceived that Satan, Beelzebub, and Moloch might as consistently have been retained in heaven.

. . . “Yet the work of Homer is, notwithstanding, the book which Christian poets have translated, which Christian divines have edited and commented on with pride, at which Christian ladies have been delighted to see their sons kindle into rapture, and which forms an essential part of the course of a liberal education over all those countries on which the Gospel shines. And who can tell how much that passion for war which, from the universality of its prevalence, might seem inseparable from the nature of man, may have been, in the civilized world, re-enforced by the enthusiastic admiration with which young men have read Homer and similar poets, whose genius transforms what is, and ought always to appear, purely horrid to an aspect of grandeur.”

We have kept our readers away from the Iliad perhaps too long. But we have been saying things that we thought needful to say, and we said them when they were naturally suggested, a rule of introduction for ideas generally better, in the prosecution of such purposes as our own in the present work, than any rule more formal and precise. What the reader thus far has seen of the Iliad itself, is simply the poet's introduction, or statement of his theme. That theme is the anger of Achilles. It is not the siege of Troy. It is not the sack of the city. It is simply the wrath of great Achilles. It is a very curious circumstance, such being the real state of the case, that critics should universally, almost or quite, have assumed that Homer's example fixed the law of the epic requiring the epic to begin with a plunge *in medias res*, that is, into the midst of the action to be presented. This, in point of fact, is Virgil's method, and after Virgil, Milton's. But Homer really does nothing of the sort. On the contrary, having first merely announced the subject of his poem, Homer, instead of taking the famous plunge into the midst of things, goes back a little way, not afterward, but in the very outset, and relates, with some retrospective glimpses, the *occasion* of that wrath of which he is to sing. The mistake of critics has apparently arisen from their unconsciously forgetting what Homer proposes to do, and substituting in their minds, for the strictly limited theme that Homer really treats, that larger subject which, except as it were incidentally, he does not treat at all, namely, the siege of Troy. In the same way, probably, is to be accounted for the error in naming the poem "Iliad." "Iliad," as we have seen, the poem is not.

The occasion of the resentment of Achilles is, as has been said, the arbitrary and despotic taking away from him by Agamemnon of a highly prized female captive. Agamemnon had been incited to this piece of injustice by the necessity laid upon him of giving up a captive of his own on the claim

of her father, priest of Apollo. Agamemnon would at the same time both make his own loss good, and let Achilles feel the hand of his power. The overbearing Agamemnon had been brought to the point of surrendering the priest's daughter, through the visiting of a fearful plague upon the army, declared by Calchas, the soothsayer, to be the result of the outrage done to a priest of Apollo. The descent of the avenging divinity Apollo on behalf of his priest to inflict the pestilence upon the Greeks, is described in lines which are among the most famous in the Iliad. We give them in the translation of Bryant, whose version we shall chiefly use in proceeding with this account of the Iliad. We use Bryant's version not only because it is as good as any, or better, but because it is American. Bryant's preface to his translation is well worthy to be examined carefully by every reader of ours that may have access to it. It is a noble, manly, Christian piece of writing.

The present writer has elsewhere remarked upon the contrast existing at many points between Homer and Bryant, as follows :

“Mr. Bryant, as an interpreter of Homer, had the disqualification of being intensely contrasted with him in the quality of his genius, and, so far as we can judge, in the quality of his personal character. Homer lived in a world full of Greek life and light and laughter and song. ‘Milk’ was ‘white’ and ‘blood’ was ‘red,’ and neither the meanest nor the highest flower that blows ever gave him a thought that was too deep for a lucky compound adjective to express. He was not proud and self-conscious in the vocation of his genius. He was well content to be a minstrel. He did not aspire to be a poet. He had capacity for it, but no ambition. He was sometimes a poet. But it was always, as it were, in his own despise. He was generally quite satisfied to be the accepted ballad-wright of petty princes—the minstrel-laureate of their savage tricks and brutal brawls. Brawn and muscle, trap-

pings and steeds, spears and shields, tilts and tourneys, were the sufficient matter of his song. To set these forth in brave style, he made the sacred aspects of nature and the august solemnities of religion, such as religion was to him, menial and servile. He describes the multitudinous march of serried waves advancing to deliver their 'surging charges' against a rocky coast—but it is without a thought of the awful sublimity of the scene. He desires only to make his picture life-like. The forming battle-line of the Greeks, filing forward to the war, resembles it. At another time the flight and clangor of cranes answer his purpose of lively narration as well, to describe the movement of an army to battle. Nothing is too great and nothing is too mean to be contraband of his use, if it will only render the particular matter in hand a shade more real to the apprehension of his volatile auditor. In short, Homer lacks dignity, and consequently lacks the sense which proportions the respect that is due to the graduated hierarchies of the universe of persons and of things. How different in all these respects Bryant is from Homer, no one familiar with Bryant's poetry needs to be told. Grave, sedate, meditative, dignified—Bryant is a poet in the highest sense of the highest vocation to which nature can ever anoint a man. It shows a quality in him not to have been guessed from his previous performance, that he should be able to stoop so gracefully, as in this translation he does, from his height of moral elevation above the plane of Homer. We do not think he does stoop all the way down. Homer is raised unconsciously a few degrees to meet him."

The foregoing remarks seemed a desirable hint in advance to readers, for the guidance of their judgment in justly appreciating Homer, and the work of his translator as well.

Here are the promised lines descriptive of Apollo's descent:

Bryant :

Down he came,  
Down from the summit of the Olympian mount,  
Wrathful in heart ; his shoulders bore the bow  
And hollow quiver ; there the arrows rang  
Upon the shoulders of the angry god,  
As on he moved. He came, as comes the night,  
And, seated from the ships aloof, sent forth  
An arrow ; terrible was heard the clang  
Of that resplendent bow.

Cowper :

The God  
Down from Olympus with his radiant bow  
And his full quiver o'er his shoulder slung  
Marched in his anger ; shaken as he moved  
His rattling arrows told of his approach.  
Gloomy he came as night ; sat from the ships  
Apart, and sent an arrow. Clang'd the cord  
Dread-sounding, bounding on the silver bow.

Cowper has a foot-note apologizing for the last line, the singularity of which, he says, is the result of his attempt "to produce an English line, if possible, somewhat resembling in its effect the famous original one." Those of our readers who learn to pronounce Greek may like to judge for themselves of Cowper's success. Here, then, is the Greek line :

*Δεινὴ δὲ κλαγγὴ γέενε' ἀργυρέοιο βιοῖο.*

Cowper's "Gloomy he came as night," commencing a line, was, perhaps, inspired by Milton's "Gloomy as night," similarly placed in the magnificent description ("Paradise Lost," Book VI) of the Divine Son's advance to overthrow the embattled rebel angels ; as also, not improbably, Milton's image and phrase were themselves derived from Homer. The passage in Milton is worth being set in comparison with the passage in Homer ; the vaunted Homeric sublimity may thus be rated by the reader more nearly at its true relative value :

So spake the Son ; and into terror changed  
His countenance, too severe to be beheld,  
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.  
At once the Four spread out their starry wings  
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs

Of his fierce chariot rolled, as with the sound  
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host.  
He on his impious foes, right onward drove,  
Gloomy as night ; under his burning wheels  
The steadfast empyrean shook throughout,  
All but the throne itself of God.

If this writing of ours were indeed what perhaps some of our readers, not unnaturally, we confess, may be beginning to fear that it is, an essay on Homer, instead of what we beg to reassure our friends it really is going to be, a presentation of the matter of the *Iliad* accompanied with specimen citations—if, we say, this were what it is not, we should wish, by all means, to go on and compare the respective sequels of the two passages thus brought together from Homer and from Milton. This we hope our readers will do for themselves. But we, for our part, stay our hand, and push on with the story of our poem.

In view of the wide-wasting pestilence, visited by Apollo on their encampment, a council of the Greeks is called by Achilles, to whom Calchas, the soothsayer, declares that the daughter of Apollo's priest must be restored to her father. This angers Agamemnon, who takes his reprisal, as has been said, upon Achilles. The two chieftains engage in a war of words, far more full of rancor than of dignity. Achilles finally swears a great oath, that, in resentment of Agamemnon's wrong to him, he, for his part, will fight no more in a quarrel that never was his own.

We felt like passing thus, in the merciful silence of mere allusion, the unworthy wordy jangle of Agamemnon and Achilles. It is by no means an inspiring strain of poetry or sentiment. But, on the whole, our readers might justly consider themselves entitled to see Homer in his lower moods, as well as in his higher, and we will accordingly let the two great representative Greek chieftains have it out between them in these pages.

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Bryant's Homer, have kindly consented to let us make the free use we here do of that important copyright publication. However, for the double purpose of not trenching too far upon their liberality, and of affording our readers a full appetizing taste of that variety whereof Cowper speaks in a line of his so much more crowded with truth than with poetry,

Variety's the very spice of life,

we decide to have Achilles and Agamemnon rate each other in Pope's translation instead of in Bryant's. Pope is, perhaps, a more gifted, as well as a more practiced, termagant in verse than is Bryant. Our readers will lose nothing of spirit, whatever they may lose of literal adherence to Homer, by this temporary change of handling from Bryant to Pope, a change, however, which they cannot but feel to be very great.

Agamemnon first vents his humor on Calchas for declaring that he, Agamemnon, must give up Chryseis, whom, (incited, let us hope, to over-statement, by the vexation of the moment,) the mighty monarch openly acknowledges he values more than his lawful wife, and then demands some indemnity for the loss of his prize. Upon this Achilles speaks:

"Insatiate king!" (Achilles thus replies.)

"Fond of the pow'r, but fonder of the prize!

Wouldst thou the Greeks their lawful prey should yield,

The due reward of many a well-fought field?

The spoils of cities razed, and warriors slain,

We share with justice, as with toil we gain:

But to resume whate'er thy avarice craves,

(That trick of tyrants,) may be borne by slaves—

Yet if our chief for plunder only fight,

The spoils of Ilion shall thy loss requite,

Whene'er, by Jove's decree, our conqu'ring pow'rs

Shall humble to the dust her lofty tow'rs."

Then thus the king: "Shall I my prize resign

With tame content, and thou possess'd of thine?

Great as thou art, and like a god in fight,

Think not to rob me of a soldier's right.

At thy demand shall I restore the maid?

First let the just equivalent be paid,

Such as a king might ask; and let it be

A treasure worthy her, and worthy me.

Or grant me this, or with a monarch's claim  
 This hand shall seize some other captive dame.  
 The mighty Ajax shall his prize resign,  
 Ulysses' spoils, or e'en thy own, be mine ;  
 The man who suffers, loudly may complain ;  
 And rage he may, but he shall rage in vain.  
 But this when time requires. It now remains  
 We launch a bark to plow the watery plains,  
 And waft the sacrifice to Chrysa's shores,  
 With chosen pilots, and with lab'ring oars.  
 Soon shall the fair the sable ship ascend,  
 And some deputed prince the charge attend.  
 This Creta's king, or Ajax shall fulfill,  
 Or wise Ulysses see performed our will ;  
 Or, if our royal pleasure shall ordain,  
 Achilles' self conduct her o'er the main ;  
 Let fierce Achilles, dreadful in his rage,  
 The god propitiate, and the pest assuage."

At this, Pelides, frowning stern, replied :  
 " O tyrant, arm'd with insolence and pride !  
 Inglorious slave to interest, ever joined  
 With fraud, unworthy of a royal mind !  
 What gen'rous Greek, obedient to thy word,  
 Shall form an ambush, or shall lift the sword ?  
 What cause have I to war at thy decree ?  
 The distant Trojans never injured me :  
 To Phthia's realms no hostile troops they led,  
 Safe in her vales my warlike coursers fed ;  
 Far hence removed, the hoarse-resounding main,  
 And walls of rock, secure my native reign,  
 Whose fruitful soil luxuriant harvests grace,  
 Rich in her fruits, and in her martial race.  
 Hither we sail'd, a voluntary throng,  
 T' avenge a private, not a public wrong :  
 What else to Troy th' assembled nations draws,  
 But thine, ungrateful, and thy brother's cause ?  
 Is this the pay our blood and toils deserve,  
 Disgraced and injured by the man we serve ?  
 And dar'st thou threat to snatch my prize away,  
 Due to the deeds of many a dreadful day ?  
 A prize as small, O tyrant ! match'd with thine,  
 As thy own actions if compared to mine.  
 Thine in each conquest is the wealthy prey,  
 Though mine the sweat and danger of the day.  
 Some trivial present to my ships I bear,  
 Or barren praises pay the wounds of war.  
 But know, proud monarch, I'm thy slave no more ;  
 My fleet shall waft me to Thessalia's shore.  
 Left by Achilles on the Trojan plain,  
 What spoils, what conquests, shall Atrides gain ?"

To this the king : " Fly, mighty warrior, fly ;  
Thy aid we need not, and thy threats defy.  
There want not chiefs in such a cause to fight,  
And Jove himself shall guard a monarch's right.  
Of all the kings (the gods' distinguished care)  
To pow'r superior none such hatred bear :  
Strife and debate thy restless soul employ,  
And wars and horrors are thy savage joy.  
If thou hast strength, 'twas Heav'n that strength bestow'd,  
For know, vain man ! thy valor is from God.  
Haste, launch thy vessels, fly with speed away ;  
Rule thy own realms with arbitrary sway :  
I heed thee not, but prize at equal rate,  
Thy short-lived friendship, and thy groundless hate.  
Go, threat thy earth-born Myrmidons ;—

(Pope's use of the word "Myrmidons" in this line has given rise to a sense of the term in English which it never bore in Greek. "Myrmidons" was no epithet of reproach. It was, in fact, simply the proper name of the people over whom Achilles ruled as king. "Earth-born" is Pope's adjective here, not Homer's. It probably makes on modern readers the impression of opprobrium implied, somewhat as if it were, "base-born;" whereas, to the ancient Greek, it conveyed the compliment of a lineage imputed that went back to immemorial antiquity. Pope has, in effect, to the English mind misunderstanding him, curiously perverted his original. But enough of parenthesis.)

Go threat thy earth-born Myrmidons ; but here  
'Tis mine to threaten, prince, and thine to fear.  
Know, if the god the beauteous dame demand,  
My bark shall waft her to her native land ;  
But then prepare, imperious prince ! prepare,  
Fierce as thou art, to yield thy captive fair :  
E'en in thy tent I'll seize the blooming prize,  
Thy loved Briseïs, with the radiant eyes.  
Hence shalt thou prove my might, and curse the hour,  
Thou stood'st a rival of imperial pow'r ;  
And hence to all our host it shall be known,  
That kings are subject to the gods alone."

Achilles heard, with grief and rage opprest,  
His heart swell'd high and labor'd in his breast.  
Distracting thoughts by turns his bosom ruled,  
Now fired by wrath, and now by reason cool'd :

That prompts his hand to draw the deadly sword,  
 Force through the Greeks, and pierce their haughty lord ;  
 This whispers soft, his vengeance to control,  
 And calm the rising tempest of his soul.  
 Just as in anguish of suspense he stay'd,  
 While half unsheath'd appear'd the glittering blade,  
 Minerva swift descended from above,  
 Sent by the sister and the wife of Jove,  
 (For both the princes claim'd her equal care ;)  
 Behind she stood, and by the golden hair  
 Achilles seized ;—

The to us somewhat singular way that Pallas took of calling Achilles's attention, namely, plucking him from behind by a lock of his hair, may serve to explain what very likely has puzzled some of our readers in the first and, perhaps, the most beautiful, of Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese," a series, so called by her in modest concealment of their really autobiographical character. The representation,

A mystic Shape did move  
 Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair,

seems, unless you understand the classic allusion implied, a mar to the otherwise perfect finish of the sonnet. And Mrs. Browning, noble genius as she is, does not gratify us with perfection of outward form in her verse so often that we can afford to lose a single instance for want of knowing fully what she means. A somewhat similar classicism is Milton's in his "Lycidas,"

Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears.

We resume the text of Homer :

to him alone confest ;  
 A sable cloud conceal'd her from the rest.  
 He sees, and sudden to the goddess cries,  
 (Known by the flames that sparkle from her eyes ;)  
 " Descends Minerva, in her guardian care,  
 A heav'nly witness of the wrongs I bear  
 From Atreus' son ? Then let those eyes that view  
 The daring crime, behold the vengeance too."  
 " Forbear ! " (the progeny of Jove replies.)  
 " To calm thy fury I forsake the skies :

Let great Achilles, to the gods resign'd,  
To reason yield the empire o'er his mind.  
By awful Juno this command is giv'n ;  
The king and you are both the care of heaven.  
The force of keen reproaches let him feel.  
But sheath, obedient, thy revenging steel,  
For I pronounce (and trust a heav'nly pow'r)  
Thy injured honor has its fated hour,  
When the proud monarch shall thy arms implore,  
And bribe thy friendship with a boundless store.  
Then let revenge no longer bear the sway,  
Command thy passions, and the gods obey."  
To her Pelides: "With regardful ear,  
'Tis just, O goddess! I thy dictates hear:  
Hard as it is, my vengeance I suppress:  
Those who revere the gods, the gods will bless."  
He said, observant of the blue-eyed maid;  
Then in the sheath returned the shining blade.  
The goddess swift to high Olympus flies,  
And joins the sacred senate of the skies.  
Nor yet the rage his boiling breast forsook,  
Which thus redoubling on Atrides broke:  
"O monster! mixed of insolence and fear,  
Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer!  
When wert thou known in ambush'd fights to dare,  
Or nobly face the horrid front of war?  
'Tis ours, the chance of fighting fields to try,  
Thine to look on, and bid the valiant die.  
So much 'tis safer through the camp to go,  
And rob a subject, than despoil a foe.  
Scourge of thy people, violent and base!  
Sent in Jove's anger on a slavish race,  
Who, lost to sense of generous freedom past,  
Are tamed to wrongs, or this had been thy last.  
Now by this sacred scepter hear me swear,  
Which nevermore shall leaves or blossoms bear,  
Which severed from the trunk (as I from thee)  
On the bare mountain left its parent tree;  
This scepter, formed by tempered steel to prove  
An ensign of the delegates of Jove,  
From whom the power of laws and justice springs,  
(Tremendous oath! inviolate to kings:)  
By this I swear, when bleeding Greece again,  
Shall call Achilles, she shall call in vain.  
When flushed with slaughter, Hector comes to spread  
The purpled shore with mountains of the dead,  
Then shalt thou mourn th' affront thy madness gave,  
Forced to deplore, when impotent to save:  
Then rage in bitterness of soul, to know  
This act has made the bravest Greek, thy foe."

He spoke ; and furious hurl'd against the ground  
 His scepter starred with golden studs around,  
 Then sternly silent sat. With like disdain,  
 The raging king return'd his frowns again.

Nestor, a very aged chieftain from Pylos, intervenes at this point, vainly endeavoring to reconcile the two wranglers. Nestor is a striking figure in the Iliad. We give, returning to Bryant for the purpose, Homer's lines descriptive of Nestor, and then Nestor's well-meaning, garrulous, somewhat egotistic address. Readers will not fail to notice how exactly in character for an old man is what Nestor is represented as saying :

But now uprose  
 Nestor, the master of persuasive speech,  
 The clear-toned Pylian orator, whose tongue  
 Dropped words more sweet than honey. He had seen  
 Two generations that grew up and lived  
 With him on sacred Pylos pass away,  
 And now he ruled the third. With prudent words  
 He thus addressed the assembly of the chiefs :  
 "Ye gods ! what new misfortunes threaten Greece !  
 How Priam would exult and Priam's sons,  
 And how would all the Trojan race rejoice,  
 Were they to know how furiously ye strive,—  
 Ye who in council and in fight surpass  
 The other Greeks. Now hearken to my words,—  
 Ye who are younger than myself—for I  
 Have lived with braver men than you, and yet  
 They held me not in light esteem. Such men  
 I never saw, nor shall I see again,—  
 Men like Pirithoüs and like Druas, lord  
 Of nations, Cæneus and Evadius,  
 And the great Polypheme, and Theseus, son  
 Of Aegeus, likest to the immortal Gods.  
 Strongest of all the earth-born race were they,  
 And with the strongest of their time they fought,  
 With Centaurs, the wild dwellers of the hills,  
 And fearfully destroyed them. With these men  
 Did I hold converse, coming to their camp  
 From Pylos in a distant land. They sent  
 To bid me join the war, and by their side  
 I fought my best, but no man living now  
 On the wide earth would dare to fight with them.  
 Great as they were, they listened to my words  
 And took my counsel. Hearken also ye,  
 And let my words persuade you for the best.

Thou, powerful as thou art, take not from him  
The maiden ; suffer him to keep the prize  
Decreed him by the sons of Greece ; and thou,  
Pelides, strive no longer with the king,  
Since never yet did Jove to sceptered prince  
Grant eminence and honor like to his.  
Atrides, calm thine anger. It is I  
Who now implore thee to lay by thy wrath  
Against Achilles, who, in this fierce war,  
Is the great bulwark of the Grecian host."

Agamemnon fulfills his threat of taking away Briseïs from Achilles, Achilles sulkily submitting. But the spoiled man-grown boy in his distress betakes himself to his mother, the sea-goddess Thetis. She comes to Achilles at his call, and soothes him, mother-like. She engages to visit Olympus, and see what can be done with Jupiter for him.



ACHILLES.

Jupiter we say, but Zeus is the Greek word. The Latin names of the personages common to the Roman with the Greek mythology, have generally prevailed in English use. Greek scholars, some of them, insist that the divinities, supposed generally to be the same in the Greek and the Roman mythology, are really different. Several Hellenic scholars, notably Grote, have sought to restore the Greek names. The attempt, if it succeeds, will succeed slowly against great odds. We prefer, upon the whole, to follow here the established English usage. Still, in our own metrical translations, few in number, of Homeric verse, we, as will be observed, by exception adhere to Homer's own terms. Our readers will thus see something of the difference in effect produced—for Bryant, on his part, conservatively retains the naturalized Latin forms in his translation. The difference will be still further observable when we take up the *Odyssey*. For the translator whose work we shall use in presenting that far more interesting and far sweeter poem, has chosen with Grote to go back to the Greek names for the Homeric personages.

Thetis prevailed with Jupiter to promise that he would have the Trojans get the better of the Greeks as long as her son Achilles chose to stay angry. The passage descriptive of the accustomed nod with which Jupiter sealed his promise is a celebrated one. Here is a closely literal translation :



JUPITER.

Zeus spake, and with his dark brows gave the nod :  
 The ambrosial locks therewith streamed from the king's  
 Immortal head ; Olympus great it shook.  
 These two, thus having counseled, parted ; she  
 Leapt thereupon into the deep sea-brine  
 From bright Olympus—to his dwelling Zeus.  
 The gods together all rose from their seats  
 Before their sire, nor any durst abide  
 Him coming, but they all to meet him stood.  
 So he there sat him down upon his throne ;  
 Nor seeing him was Here not aware  
 That with him had deliberated plans  
 The daughter of the Ancient of the sea,  
 Thetis of silver foot: With cutting words,  
 Straightway the son of Kronos, Zeus, she hailed.

Bryant translates as follows :

As thus he spake, the son of Saturn gave  
 The nod with his dark brows. The ambrosial curls  
 Upon the Sovereign One's immortal head  
 Were shaken, and with them the mighty mount  
 Olympus trembled. Then they parted, she  
 Plunging from bright Olympus to the deep,  
 And Jove returning to his palace home ;  
 Where all the gods, uprising from their thrones,  
 At sight of the Great Father, waited not  
 For his approach, but met him as he came.

And now upon his throne the Godhead took  
 His seat, but Juno knew—for she had seen—  
 That Thetis of the silver feet, and child  
 Of the gray Ancient of the Deep, had held  
 Close council with her consort. Therefore she  
 Bespake the son of Saturn harshly, thus—

We, for our part, long accustomed to assume as of course that this "nod" of Zeus or Jupiter must have been impressive, even sublime, now make the confession that we have, upon experiment, been unable to realize in our imagination the gesture actually rendered, without feeling some effect of



the ridiculous. We wonder if Homer was a humorist, much misunderstood, in his representation.

We are ashamed to say that Juno hereupon gave Jupiter a severe lecture. Jupiter put himself upon his dignity—such dignity as was Jupiter's, it allowed him to bandy words with his brilliant but shrewish wife—and threatened to flog her outright if she did not hold her tongue. Juno bit her lips in repressed rage, which Vulcan, her lame son, sought not in vain to soothe. He turned cup-bearer for the occasion to the gods, and amused them all with his grotesque airs as a waiter. This passage, too, is famous. Literally translated, it reads as follows :

He spake ; the goddess, white-armed Here, smiled ;  
And smiling she accepted with her hand  
The goblet from her son. But he from right  
To left to all the other gods poured out  
Sweet nectar, drawing from the mixing-bowl ;  
An inextinguishable laughter then was roused,  
Among the blessed gods, when they beheld  
Hephæstus brisking through the palace halls.  
So all day long unto the setting sun  
They feasted then, nor of an equal feast  
Failed the desire in aught, not of the harp  
Exceeding beautiful which Phœbus held,  
Or of the Muses who with beautiful voice  
Alternate, sang responsive each to each.  
But when the sun's resplendent light was set  
Desiring to lie down they homeward went,  
Each where for each the far-renowned lame  
Hephæstus built a house with cunning skill.  
The Olympian Flasher of the Lightning, Zeus,  
Went to his couch where erst he went to lie  
When sweet sleep came on him ; ascending there  
He slept, and Here, golden-throned, beside.

Bryant translates :

He spake, and Juno, the white-shouldered, smiled,  
And smiling took the cup her son had brought ;  
And next he poured to all the other gods  
Sweet nectar from the jar, beginning first  
With those at the right hand. As they beheld  
Lame Vulcan laboring o'er the palace floor,  
An inextinguishable laughter broke  
From all the blessed gods. So feasted they

All day till sunset. From that equal feast  
 None stood aloof, nor from the pleasant sound  
 Of harp, which Phœbus touched, nor from the voice  
 Of Muses singing sweetly in their turn.

But when the sun's all-glorious light was down,  
 Each to his sleeping-place betook himself;  
 For Vulcan, the lame god, with marvelous art,  
 Had framed for each the chamber of his rest.

And Jupiter, the Olympian Thunderer,  
 Went also to his couch, where 't was his wont,  
 When slumber overtook him, to recline.  
 And there, beside him, slept the white-armed queen  
 Juno, the mistress of the golden throne.

So closes the first book of the Iliad. The next book re- counts how Jupiter sends a deceiving dream to Agamemnon to induce that chieftain to make a vain assault on the Trojans. Agamemnon calls the Greeks to council, and, to try their spirit, proposes a return to Greece. To his confusion, the Greeks incontinently agree, and rush tumultuously to their ships. Ulysses comes to the rescue, and saves the cause. Aristocrat as he was, he made a distinction. The leaders and the men of mark he addressed courteously, and used with them the art of moral suasion. The rank and file he took in hand to chastise with great and literal blows of his staff or scepter. One in particular of the latter class got an exemplary punishment. This unhappy wight, by name Thersi'tes, is described as an ill-looking person, who had some conceit of being smart with his tongue. Stalwart Ulysses, eloquent though he could be when he chose, disdained to waste words on this plebeian, but reduced Thersites by the strict physical argument—to the infinite amusement of the mercurial Greeks, whose love of humor overbore their popular sympathy, and (re-enforced, perhaps, by an instinct of awe toward the kingly office) made them readily side with the stronger. The book closes with a catalogue of the Greek forces assembled. This last detail, dry enough to the modern reader, was very important to the interest of the poem with the Greek audiences that used to hear it recited by the roam-

ing bard. A poem could hardly contain too much personal allusion, when the mention of a name was going to flatter somewhere a local or a family pride, among hearers whose gratification would make the fortune of the minstrel and his lay. Milton has imitated the Homeric catalogue of the Greeks, in his roll-call of the fallen angels, named by him after the various idol gods of the East.

The machinery of the *Iliad*, that is, the introduction of supernatural agencies into the action of the poem, is, to us who read in the light of present views, a feature fatal to any genuine interest in the story. Just when the plot promises to be a little complicated and stimulating to curiosity, one finds it immensely provoking, to have an impertinent strolling divinity from Olympus or from Neptune's realm come in and solve at once any difficulty, with an interference to which the idea of natural probability sets no limits. Dreams and prodigies and divine interventions thus hopelessly spoiling the *Iliad* for us as a story, we may still read the poem with the interest of an enlightened wonder willing to know what absurdities were humbly taken for granted as true, by the wisest and wittiest race of all pagan antiquity. If any body says, "Yes, but the Bible, but Christianity—is not Christianity as full as is Olympianism, of visions and miracles and divine interventions? Where is the difference?" we reply, Well, one difference at least is here: Christianity has come to something and Olympianism has come to nothing.

The second book has no fighting in it. The most noteworthy thing it contains is perhaps the episode about Thersites. Of this we need present to our readers in the poet's own words only the description which he gives of that poor fellow's personal appearance. Bryant does not render this passage with quite the sympathetic humor that Cowper has succeeded in transfusing into his corresponding lines. We give Cowper's version (in part) as a parallel for Bryant's. But first our own strictly literal rendering:

The rest sat down, and in the seats were quelled.  
 Thersites only still kept clamoring on,  
 Licentious-tongued ; who many a shameless phrase  
 Knew in his mind, hap-hazard, lawlessly  
 To brawl with kings;—whate'er might seem to him  
 To be droll for the Greeks. The ugliest man  
 That came to Ilium ; bandy-legged he was,  
 Lame in one foot ; and his bent shoulders twain  
 Hugged o'er his chest together, while above  
 Peaked of head was he, and thereupon  
 A thin-worn plush of flossy hair adhered.

**Bryant :**

All others took their seats and kept their place ;  
 Thersites only, clamorous of tongue,  
 Kept brawling. He, with many insolent words,  
 Was wont to seek unseemly strife with kings,  
 Uttering whate'er it seemed to him might move  
 The Greeks to laughter. Of the multitude  
 Who came to Ilium, none so base as he,—  
 Squint-eyed, with one lame foot, and on his back  
 A lump, and shoulders curving toward the chest ;  
 His head was sharp, and over it the hairs  
 Were thinly scattered.

**Cowper :**

Cross-eyed he was, and, halting, moved on legs  
 Ill-paired ; his gibbous shoulders o'er his breast  
 Contracted, pinched it ; to a peak his head  
 Was molded sharp, and sprinkled thin with hair  
 Of starveling length, flimsy and soft as down.



PARIS.

The third book is tantalizing. It introduces a duel between Paris the thief, and Menelaus the husband, of Helen. The reader rejoices in the justice of settling the whole miserable business, by wager of battle between the two men chiefly concerned, especially as there is a comfortable feeling inspired that effeminate Paris will now get his deserts at the hands of manful Menelaus. But at the crisis of the duel, presto, in steps Venus and whisks Paris off to his bed-

chamber in the palace of Priam. You feel cheated of your satisfaction, nearly as much as Menelaus did of his.

Homer is famous for his similes. Our readers must see of these a good number of specimens. Two occur at the opening of the present book. Bryant renders them into beautiful English blank verse as follows :

Now when both armies were arrayed for war,  
Each with its chiefs, the Trojan host moved on  
With shouts and clang of arms, as when the cry  
Of cranes is in the air, that, flying south  
From winter and its mighty breadth of rain,  
Wing their way over ocean, and at dawn  
Bring fearful battle to the pigmy race,  
Bloodshed and death. But silently the Greeks  
Went forward, breathing valor, mindful still  
To aid each other in the coming fray.

As when the south wind shrouds a mountain top  
In vapors that awake the shepherd's fears,—  
A surer covert for the thief than night,—  
And round him one can only see as far  
As one can hurl a stone,—such was the cloud  
Of dust that from the warriors' trampling feet  
Rose round their rapid march and filled the air.

There is, in this book, a charmingly conceived scene between Priam and his lovely daughter-in-law, Helen, in which the poet, with excellent art, makes Helen point out to the aged prince, from the city wall on which they stand together, the various illustrious Greek chiefs to be recognized from their elevated point of prospect. Helen, for all her fault, wins on the reader by her appearance in this scene. She seems sufficiently conscious of her guilty past, and expresses deep remorse. Priam, on his side, is tender and magnanimous, clearing her and accusing fate. Those of our readers familiar with Tennyson will recall that stanza in his "Dream of Fair Women," in which Helen, not named, is introduced as saying :

"I would the white, cold, heavy-plunging foam,  
Whirled by the wind, had rolled me deep below,  
Then when I left my home."

These lines were perhaps suggested by the following verses, put into Helen's mouth by Homer as now addressed to Priam :

Dear second father, whom at once  
I fear and honor, would that cruel Death  
Had overtaken me before I left,  
To wander with thy son, my marriage bed.

There is, however, farther on in the Iliad, a much closer parallel to Tennyson's lines. This occurs in the sixth book, in a conversation between the brother-in-law, Hector, and Helen. Poor Helen takes with Hector the same attitude of lowliness and self-reproach that she assumes here with Priam. We may anticipate enough to introduce the lines at this point. Helen says to Hector :

Would that some violent blast when I was born  
Had whirled me to the mountain wilds, or waves  
Of the hoarse sea, that they might swallow me,  
Ere deeds like these were done !

The stanzas descriptive of Helen's beauty, that precede the verses quoted above, in the "Dream of Fair Women," are of a memory-haunting, charm-like quality. Readers that happen not as yet to know them, will greatly enjoy becoming acquainted with them in their Tennyson.

Priam sees first a Greek hero whom he describes as

Gallant and tall. True there are taller men,  
But of such noble form and dignity  
I never saw : in truth a kingly man.

He learns from Helen that this



Is the wide-ruling Agamemnon, son  
Of Atreus, and is both a gracious king  
And a most dreaded warrior. He was once  
Brother-in-law to me, if I may speak—  
Lost as I am to shame—of such a tie.

Homer says aged Priam replied to this, first by bending on Helen a look of reassuring admiration, and next by contributing a bit of old man's reminiscence,

which, good as it is in the poet's telling, our readers can spare. He then espies Ulysses and asks who it is.

That is Ulysses, man of many arts,  
Son of Laertes, reared in Ithaca,  
That rugged isle, and skilled in every form  
Of shrewd device and action wisely planned.



ULYSSES.

Old An-té-nor, the Nestor he of Troy, here has a reminiscence of his own to put in, which, as our readers are to get further acquainted with Ulysses in the *Odyssey*, they will like to see:

This Ulysses once  
Came on an embassy, concerning thee,  
To Troy with Menelaus, great in war;  
And I received them as my guests, and they  
Were lodged within my palace, and I learned  
The temper and the qualities of both.  
When both were standing 'mid the men of Troy,  
I marked that Menelaus's broad chest  
Made him the more conspicuous, but when both  
Were seated, greater was the dignity  
Seen in Ulysses. When they both addressed  
The council, Menelaus briefly spake  
In pleasing tones, though with few words,—as one  
Not given to loose and wandering speech,—although  
The younger. When the wise Ulysses rose,  
He stood with eyes cast down, and fixed on earth,  
And neither swayed his scepter to the right  
Nor to the left, but held it motionless,  
Like one unused to public speech. He seemed  
An idiot out of humor. But when forth  
He sent from his full lungs his mighty voice  
And words came like a fall of winter snow,  
No mortal then would dare to strive with him  
For mastery in speech. We less admired  
The aspect of Ulysses than his words.

Our readers should study in collation Tennyson's poem "Ulysses," of which, however, we may have more to say by and by, when we deal with the *Odyssey*.

Beholding Ajax then the aged king  
Asked yet again: Who is that other chief  
Of the Achains, tall, and large of limb,—  
Taller and broader-chested than the rest?

Helen satisfies his curiosity, and adds that she could tell the names of the other chiefs among the Greeks. Two, however, she misses. These were Castor and Pollux, twin brothers of her own. Helen wonders at not seeing them, and asks self-reproachingly,

Shun they to fight among the valiant ones  
Of Greece, because of my reproach and shame?

Homer, with frugal explanation, pathetically says:

She spake; but they already lay in earth  
In Lacedæmon, their dear native land.

Further conversation is prevented by the bustle of immediate preparation for the combat between Paris (called Alexander) and Menelaus. As has been noted, the combat has but a disappointing interest for readers not believers in Olympianism. Laughing Venus intervenes, and, true to her character, contrives an assignation between her old admirer Paris—Paris, remember, had accorded to Venus the palm of beauty, in the famous competition among the goddesses for that honor; read Tennyson's poem "*Ænone*," for a noble modern and modernizing treatment of the subject (*Ænone* was Paris's deserted lover)—between Paris and Helen in their apartment at home. The absurd machinery aside, this inglorious event of the duel well sets forth the soft voluptuous personal character of the Trojan carpet-knight. Christianized taste forbids a full reproduction here of the sequel, as Homer describes it. And so ends the third book—with a most unwarlike interlude affording an effective foil to the blood and fury of what is to follow.

Our readers are students, and they will remember that we are not here undertaking to represent Homer in full, but only to represent him in such part as he occupies place in the usual course of preparation for entrance to college. However, we are going to be a little more liberal than our strict undertaking would call upon us to be. We are going to run



through the whole of Homer with our readers, making great strides, with occasional great skips, as we go. We have already accomplished as much as is generally required of the college matriculate. Homer is however resumed in the college course itself, for about one term of study. We shall find the college course in Greek so burdened with books for representation, as to be well-nigh impracticable for management within the compass of a single volume like the present. To do that well-nigh impracticable thing is, however, the task we set to ourselves. We accordingly adopt the expedient of anticipating a little and getting Homer off our hands in this first volume. Our readers must not expect a connected account of all the incidents that crowd the pages of Homer. We shall simply give choice or remarkable passages, with so much narrative only as may serve to show their setting in the text of the Iliad.

The Iliad was to the Greek a great world, in which might be found a verse or a passage appropriate to almost every occasion of life. The teeming invention of the poet overwhelms his reader with such a profusion of incident, of dialogue, of description, of simile, of detail in every kind, that the plot of the poem as a whole is almost lost in the general effect. Only at last does the great figure of Achilles loom, amid the confusion and broil, in proportions heroic enough to lord it over the whole field of the action—some-what as, to the still distant spectator approaching Cologne, appears the mass of the famous cathedral to do, over the entire aggregate of all the city besides. Perhaps it was the art of the poet, to build every thing else for the sake of having something worthy to be dwarfed by Achilles with the contrast of his mighty valor and emprise. If there is any unity to the plot other than this, it has not, so far as the present writer knows, been discovered. First Achilles gets angry. Then he sulks in his tent till the Greeks have their fill of trying to do without him. Battle, council, stratagem,

dialogue, plot on the plains of Troy, counter-plot on Olympus—these, whirled about and mixed in a vast vortex, occupy the interval of days before Achilles reappears upon the scene. There are twenty-four books of the Iliad, and up to within eight books of the end, the action proceeds without further participation in it than has been indicated above, on the part of Achilles. The development of the plot is not meantime forwarded at all, except as the necessity of Achilles to the success of the Greeks is exhibited. Achilles comes back, and, through eight books on to the catastrophe, Achilles is the Iliad. There is nothing that does not yield itself to the wind of such commotion as that fierce warrior raises about him wherever he goes.

We do not in the least mean that the poem stands still all this time. The farthest from it possible. It moves incessantly, but it does not get on. It is full of incident, indeed, and incident, too, that, barring the distressing imminency, never absent, of Olympian intervention, may interest the reader. The case, however, let it be noticed, is such that we here are left at our liberty to select passages from the poem, quite unembarrassed by apprehension of endangering, through omission, our reader's perfect understanding of the story.

The fourth book shall supply us another simile, one of the most nobly conceived and most nobly expressed of all that occur in the Iliad. Homer is describing the advance of the Achaians to battle. He likens it to the multitudinous assault of ocean on a precipitous shore. We first present a literal, almost word-for-word translation :

As when upon a many-echoing shore,  
Billow fast following billow of the sea  
Is roused beneath the thronging western wind,  
Upon the deep at first it towers its height,  
And next, shattered against the continent, booms  
Mightily, and round the crags its curling crest  
Upreats, and spouts its spray of brine afar,  
So ranks fast following ranks of Danaans then  
Ceaselessly on and on thronged to the war.

Bryant:

As when the ocean-billows, surge on surge,  
Are pushed along to the resounding shore  
Before the western wind, and first a wave  
Uplifts itself, and then against the land  
Dashes and roars, and round the headland peaks  
Tosses on high and spouts its spray afar,  
So moved the serried phalanxes of Greece  
To battle, rank succeeding rank. . . .

We have a mind to take our readers a little into confidence about this matter of Homeric translation. We can perhaps best do so by treating a particular instance. The foregoing example will be as good as any for our purpose.

Homer uses compound adjectives with a freedom in which the genius of our language hardly allows us to imitate him. The shore here is "many-echoing." That coinage at least brings us as near to the Greek as we can get in the English. The conservative severity of Bryant's taste in diction perhaps made him abstain from neologism and so say "resounding." Homer's word is "billow," not "billows." He does not repeat the word, much less say, first, "billows," then, "wave on wave." He says simply "billow," but follows it with a graphic adjective, for which we have no single equivalent word in our language. This adjective implies that the billow is following fast and hard upon another billow in advance. In our literal translation, we seek to reproduce the Homeric effect by an assemblage of words whose sound will sort with the sense, while they also exactly render the original. We say "billow fast following billow." Homer has in this passage the same verb in two different forms of it, once in the first member, and again in the second member, of his simile. The effect is to bring out strikingly the correspondence of the two members. The west wind urges the billows—the Greeks are urged, they urge themselves. This symmetry and balance of expression, we imitate, by using the word "throng," first as an active transitive verb, and then as a verb active intransitive. We say, "the throng-

ing western wind," and we say, the Danaäns "thronged to the war." "Danaäns," by the way, is Homer's word here, not Greeks—Greeks, as has been said, the Greeks never called themselves. Homer does not proceed by saying, "and first a wave." He keeps to his one "billow fast following billow" originally introduced, and that billow, not lost sight of, it is which "at first comes to its height." This billow does not "dash" in Homer. It *is* dashed or shivered—and roars in consequence, or, better, delivers a sound like a great groan—a boom. The original word is onomatopoeic, that is, has a sound answering to the sense. "Roar," too, is onomatopoeic, but that word is not similarly onomatopoeic. The chief elements of the onomatopoeic effect in the Greek word, are the sounds of b and m, less metallic and ringing than the r's in roars. "Boom," with its duller muffled sound, reproduces the effect—perhaps by a richer vowel quality even improves it. It is not against the land simply, but against the land conceived of as the whole mainland or continent, that the billow is broken. This enhances the majesty of the image, and justifies Homer's adverb "greatly" or "mightily." Homer is realistic and minute enough to say "spray of brine"—so naming the sea, as we do, by its saltness—if, and there can be little doubt of it, such be the etymology of that word for sea which he here uses. Finally, Homer employs again that same pregnant adjective to describe the advancing ranks of Danaäns, which he had before employed to describe the "billow *fast following* billow."

On the whole, suitable study of Homer's work in the present passage would convince any thoughtful reader that the diviner and composer of that simile must have been a poet very near to nature and the heart of truth—in so far, that is to say, as he was disposed to try his hand at all.

We shall not repeat our experiment of such minute information about the niceties of Homeric translation. Our readers will now be somewhat better able to appreciate how

many varying degrees of approach to perfection there may be among various excellent renderings of Homer. Bryant's version of this passage is noble. It is good enough, that is, faithful enough. The merit of the English versification we do not extol, because it needs no extolling. It is transcendent. To produce a metrical translation of the whole poem, marked throughout by the painful accuracy which we have ourselves attempted in these few verses, would cost a lifetime, rather than five years of an old age like the beautiful old age of Bryant. It is worth noting that in his first edition, Bryant said "file succeeding file," but changed it in a subsequent edition to "rank succeeding rank." This was on the suggestion of a periodical reviewer of his work. The circumstance well illustrates the amenableness to correction, characteristic of an elevated mind conscious enough of its strength not to be afraid of disparaging itself by accepting suggestion.

Book fifth introduces *Æ-ne'as*, the Trojan hero of Virgil's poem, the *Æneid*. Because our readers are to cultivate this personage's acquaintance in studying that, the great epic of the Romans, they will naturally like to see something of what Homer has to say about him. They will at the same time have an opportunity, such as ought completely to satisfy them, of tasting the revolting details of mutual human butchery, with which Homer regaled the refined savages, or savage people of refinement, for whom he made his poem.

A general battle is raging in which Greek *Di'o-med* performs prodigies of strength and valor. He has a companion, now no matter whom, that says to him,

"There comes *Æneas*, glorying that he sprang  
From the large-souled *Anchises*,—borne to him  
By *Venus*. Mount we now our car and leave  
The ground, nor in thy fury rush along  
The van of battle, lest thou lose thy life."

Perish the thought! somewhat long-windedly exclaims in substance the valiant *Diomed*. He has so much confidence

of getting the better not only of Æneas but of Pan'darus, too, Æneas's companion, that he gives particular directions to his friend about making prize of Æneas's chariot-horses, whose pedigree he has leisure to give with great particularity while the encounter is preparing. Those horses were of stock presented by Jove himself to Troy, in exchange for Ganymede, the Trojan youth whom the monarch of Olympus snatched off to be cup-bearer to the gods. The hostile chariots are within speaking distance of each other, and the opposing pairs of combatants bluster and swagger in words while they begin to fight. Pandarus hits Diomed and gloats prematurely over having wounded him. Diomed assures him of his mistake and says he perceives that one of his two foes will have to "pour out his blood to glut the god of war."

He spake, and cast his spear. Minerva kept  
 The weapon faithful to its aim. It struck  
 The nose, and near the eye; then passing on  
 Betwixt the teeth, the unrelenting edge  
 Cleft at its root the tongue; the point came out  
 Beneath the chin. The warrior from his car  
 Fell headlong; his bright armor, fairly wrought,  
 Clashed round him as he fell; his fiery steeds  
 Started aside with fright; his breath and strength  
 Were gone at once. Æneas, with his shield  
 And his long spear, leaped down to guard the slain,  
 That the Achaians might not drag him thence.  
 There, lion-like, confiding in his strength,  
 He stalked around the corpse, and over it  
 Held his round shield and lance, prepared to slay  
 Whoever came, and shouting terribly.

Tydidēs raised a stone,—a mighty weight,  
 Such as no two men living now could lift;  
 But he, alone, could swing it round with ease.  
 With this he smote Æneas on the hip,  
 Where the thigh joins its socket. By the blow  
 He brake the socket and the tendons twain,  
 And tore the skin with the rough, jagged stone.  
 The hero fell upon his knees, but stayed  
 His fall with his strong palm upon the ground;  
 And o'er his eyes a shadow came like night.

Then had the king of men, Æneas, died,  
 But for Jove's daughter, Venus, who perceived  
 His danger instantly,—his mother, she

Who bore him to Anchises when he kept  
His beeves, a herdsman. Round her son she cast  
Her white arms, spreading over him in folds  
Her shining robe, to be a fence against  
The weapons of the foe, lest some Greek knight  
Should at his bosom aim the steel to take  
His life. And thus the goddess bore away  
From that fierce conflict her beloved son.

Nor did the son of Capanus forget  
The bidding of the warlike Diomed,  
But halted his firm-footed steeds apart  
From the great tumult, with the long reins stretched  
And fastened to the chariot. Next, he sprang  
To seize the horses with fairflowing manes,  
That drew the chariot of Æneas. These  
He drave away, far from the Trojan host,  
To the well-greaved Achæians, giving them  
In charge, to lead them to the hollow ships,  
To his beloved friend Deipylus,  
Whom he of all his comrades honored most,  
As likeliest to himself in years and mind.  
And then he climbed his car and took the reins,  
And, swiftly drawn by his firm-footed steeds,  
Followed Tydides, who with cruel steel  
Sought Venus, knowing her unapt for war,  
And all unlike the goddesses who guide  
The battles of mankind, as Pallas does,  
Or as Bellona, ravager of towns.  
Overtaking her at last, with long pursuit,  
Amid the throng of warring men, the son  
Of warlike Tydeus aimed at her his spear,  
And wounded in her hand the delicate one  
With its sharp point. It pierced the ambrosial robe,  
Wrought for her by the graces, at the spot  
Where the palm joins the wrist, and broke the skin,  
And drew immortal blood,—the ichor,—such  
As from the blessed gods may flow; for they  
Eat not the wheaten loaf, nor drink dark wine;  
And therefore they are bloodless, and are called  
Immortal. At the stroke the goddess shrieked,  
And dropped her son. Apollo in his arms  
Received and in a dark cloud rescued him,  
Lest any of the Grecian knights should aim  
A weapon at his breast to take his life.  
Meantime the brave Tydides cried aloud:—  
“Leave wars and battle, goddess. Is it not  
Enough that thou delude weak womankind?  
Yet, if thou ever shouldst return, to bear  
A part in battle, thou shalt have good cause  
To start with fear, when war is only named.”

He spake ; and she departed, wild with pain,  
 For grievously she suffered. Instantly  
 Fleet-footed Iris took her by the hand  
 And led her from the place, her heart oppressed  
 With anguish and her fair cheek deathly pale.  
 She found the fiery Mars, who had withdrawn  
 From that day's combat to the left, and sat,  
 His spear and his swift coursers hid from sight,  
 In darkness. At his feet she fell, and prayed  
 Her brother fervently, that he would lend  
 His steeds that stood in trappings wrought of gold :—  
 " Dear brother, aid me ; let me have thy steeds  
 To bear me to the Olympian mount, the home  
 Of gods, for grievously the wound I bear  
 Afflicts me. 'Twas a mortal gave the wound,—  
 Tydides, who would even fight with Jove."  
 She spake ; and Mars resigned to her his steeds  
 With trappings of bright gold. She climbed the car,  
 Still grieving, and, beside her, Iris took  
 Her seat, and caught the reins and plied the lash.  
 On flew the coursers, on, with willing speed,  
 And soon were at the mansion of the gods  
 On high Olympus. There the active-limbed,  
 Fleet Iris stayed them, loosed them from the car,  
 And fed them with ambrosial food.

Venus, of course, like any mortal child, makes straight to her mother, Di-o'ne. Dione caresses her, and having learned how she came by her hurt, goes off into a soothing account of like mishaps that in time past have befallen other of the gods. She further promises Venus that Diomed shall rue his rashness, going, quite in the spirit of earthly Homeric personages, forward to a time in the future when Diomed's wife shall wake the servants of her house to wail their master dead. We have, by way of contrast to the comico-tragic of this scene between Venus and her mother, a little Olympian pleasantry from Juno and Pallas, at Venus's expense. With these strokes of change in mood, Homer shows his art, which is dramatic as much as epic—if not more. Not improbably, Milton was unconsciously influenced by the example of Homer to introduce these touches of sarcastic humor into his *Paradise Lost*, which critics have perhaps too absolutely condemned.



She spake, and wiped the ichor from the hand  
Of Venus ; at her touch the hand was healed  
And the pain left it. Meantime, Pallas stood,  
With Juno, looking on, both teasing Jove  
With words of sarcasm. Blue-eyed Pallas thus  
Addressed the god : " O Father Jupiter,  
Wilt thou be angry at the word I speak?—  
As Venus, wheedling some Achaian dame  
To join the host she loves, the sons of Troy,  
Caressed the fair, arrayed in gay attire,  
A golden buckle scratched her tender hand."  
As thus she spake, the Father of the gods  
And mortals, calling golden Venus near,  
Said, with a smile : " Nay, daughter, not for thee  
Are tasks of war ; be gentle marriage rites  
Thy care ; the labors of the battle-field  
Pertain to Pallas and the fiery Mars."

Thus with each other talked the gods, while still  
The great in battle, Diomed, pursued  
Æneas, though he knew that Phœbus stretched  
His arm to guard the warrior. Small regard  
Had he for the great god, and much he longed  
To strike Æneas down and bear away  
The glorious arms he wore ; and thrice he rushed  
To slay the Trojan, thrice Apollo smote  
Upon his glittering shield. But when he made  
The fourth assault, as if he were a god,  
The archer of the skies, Apollo, thus  
With menacing words rebuked him : " Diomed,  
Beware ; desist, nor think to make thyself  
The equal of a god. The deathless race  
Of gods is not as those who walk the earth."

He spake ; the son of Tydeus, shrinking back,  
Gave way before the anger of the god  
Who sends his shafts afar. Then Phœbus bore  
Æneas from the tumult to the height  
Of sacred Pergamus, where stands his fane ;  
And there Latona and the archer-queen,  
Diana, in the temple's deep recess,  
Tended him and brought back his glorious strength.

Apollo frames an image of Æneas for Greeks and Trojans to fight around, under the illusion that it is really that doughty knight himself. While this by-play, half puppet, and half human, is going on, Apollo exhorts Mars to stir up the spirit of the Trojans, which that fiery divinity does with great effect. Meantime, presto, Æneas, in his own literal person, re-ap-

pears on the field, renewed in strength after his wound. On the side of the Greeks—

The Ajaces and Ulysses and the son  
Of Tydeus roused the Achaians to the fight.  
For of the strength and clamor of the foe  
They felt no fear, but calmly stood, to bide  
The assault ; as stand in air the quiet clouds  
Which Saturn's son upon the mountain tops  
Piles in still volumes when the north wind sleeps,  
And every ruder breath of blustering air  
That drives the gathered vapors through the sky.  
Thus calmly waited they the Trojan host,  
Nor thought of flight.

Our readers there have one of the finest of Homer's similes, finely rendered by Bryant. Remember, it is repose, not strength, that the comparison sets forth. The soft and fluid substance of the massy clouds at rest, furnishes no image of force, but it furnishes a perfect image of calm. The simile which we subjoin follows in the text after the interval of some thirty-five lines, not here given.

As two young lions, nourished by their dam  
Amid the thickets of some mighty wood,  
Seizing the beeves and fattened sheep, lay waste  
The stables, till at length themselves are slain  
By trenchant weapons in the shepherd's hand,  
So by the weapons of Æneas died  
These twain ; they fell as lofty fir-trees fall.

The foregoing simile to us modern readers seems brutal in sentiment, as it literally is in terms. We give it, however, for it illustrates not only the brutal thing described, but the brutal spirit too of the describer—yes, and not less the equally brutal spirit of those for whom the description was made. We use all freedom in imputing brutality, why should we not ? but let us duly consider that the brutality imputed is the brutality of paganism in general, rather than that of these pagans in particular. Christianity was a great deliverance—it is well not to forget how great.

We skip some space filled with sickening horrors of fight,

and begin again at the point at which Hector, raised by the art of the poet to godlike proportions of courage and power, is brought face to face with Diomed, who hitherto has had it all very much his own way. Homer has glorified Diomed for the sake of glorifying Hector, as now he glorifies Hector for the sake of glorifying to the height that Achilles, by whom in due time Hector will be vanquished. Hector must have looked formidable indeed, for

Him when the valiant Diomed beheld,  
He trembled; and, as one who, journeying  
Along a way he knows not, having crossed  
A place of drear extent, before him sees  
A river rushing swiftly toward the deep,  
And all its tossing current white with foam,  
And stops and turns, and measures back his way,  
So then did Diomed withdraw, and spake :

but we are not going to reproduce Diomed's speech. Suffice it to say that Hector carried all before him. Juno saw and took it to her heart. She enlisted Pallas on her side, and they two, with their own hands, harnessed the steeds of Jove to the chariot, and started from heaven, by way of Olympus, for the field of conflict. The description of this action and this equipage is very brilliant in Homer, and it is very brilliantly translated by Bryant. But we must begin with the start itself of the goddesses on their ethereal drive :

Juno swung the lash  
And swiftly urged the steeds. Before their way,  
On sounding hinges, of their own accord,  
Flew wide the gates of heaven, which evermore  
The Hours are watching,—they who keep the mount  
Olympus, and the mighty heaven, with power  
To open or to close their cloudy veil.  
Thus through the gates they drave the obedient steeds,  
And found Saturnius, where he sat apart  
From other gods, upon the loftiest height  
Of many-peaked Olympus.

Our readers will recognize here the original of some of Milton's conceptions in his *Paradise Lost*. The pagan poet,

throughout this entire passage, one of the most splendid in the Iliad, appears to no mean advantage in comparison with the Christian. If Milton surpasses Homer, it is after all not so much Milton himself, as it is Milton's place in history. Homer had no Bible, and he lived before Christ. Besides, Homer was first and Milton was second.

Jupiter on Olympus gave the goddesses leave to go as they wished. Juno lost no time :

With the scourge she lashed the steeds,  
And not unwillingly they flew between  
Earth and the starry heaven. As much of space  
As one who gazes on the dark blue deep  
Sees from the headland summit where he sits—  
Such space the coursers of immortal breed  
Cleared at each bound they made with sounding hoofs ;  
And when they came to Ilium and its streams,  
Where Simois and Scamander's channels meet,  
The white-armed goddess Juno stayed their speed,  
And loosed them from the yoke, and covered them  
With darkness. Simois ministered, meanwhile,  
The ambrosial pasturage on which they fed.

Arrived among the Greeks, Pallas moves about, and with eloquence pitched in various keys, the key of sarcasm being one, and a marked one, rouses their spirit for renewed battle. Diomed answers so much to her mind, that she confesses outright her admiration and approval of his character. She bids him make for no less a personage than the god Mars himself, whom we are pleased to note that she speaks of in terms of just detestation, though she thus speaks rather for the reason that he now fights on the wrong side, than that he loves so well to fight, on whatever side. Pallas, we say, bids Diomed boldly engage great Mars. She will stand by him and see him safely through. Mars hurls the first spear, but Pallas parries the blow :

The valiant Diomed  
Made with his brazen spear the next assault,  
And Pallas guided it to strike the waist  
Where girded by the baldric. In that part

She wounded Mars, and tore the shining skin,  
And drew the weapon back. The furious god  
Uttered a cry as of nine thousand men,  
Or of ten thousand rushing to the fight.  
The Greeks and Trojans stood aghast with fear,  
To hear that terrible cry of him whose thirst  
Of bloodshed never is appeased by blood.

As when, in time of heat, the air is filled  
With a black shadow from the gathering clouds,  
And the strong-blowing wind, so furious Mars  
Appeared to Diomed, as in a cloud  
He rose to the broad heaven and to the home  
Of gods on high Olympus. Near to Jove  
He took his seat in bitter grief, and showed  
The immortal blood still dropping from his wound,  
And thus, with winged words, complaining said :

Mars gets little comfort from Jove, who sets him down much as he deserves. However, the Olympian father tells his physician to heal the wound. The sequel is thus described :

As when the juice  
Of figs is mingled with white milk and stirred,  
The liquid gathers into clots while yet  
It whirls with the swift motion, so was healed  
The wound of violent Mars. Then Hebe bathed  
The god, and robed him richly, and he took  
His seat, delighted, by Saturnian Jove.  
Now, having forced the curse of nations, Mars,  
To pause from slaughter, Argive Juno came,  
With Pallas, her invincible ally,  
Back to the mansion of imperial Jove.

The fifth book ends here. It is idle to deny that, grant Homer his absurd machinery, we have in the foregoing an incomparably spirited narrative, an incomparably lofty and sustained flight of poetry. Nothing can exceed, or certainly nothing yet ever has exceeded, the freedom, the power, the ease, the grace, with which this earliest of all uninspired poets that we know, moves here through the shifting scenes of his story—with which, the facility unchanged, he rises or sinks, according as his action proceeds in heaven or on earth. Homer's sublimity, in fact, is so ideal, that it is almost lost and forgotten in the lightness and the grace with which its

highest flights are accomplished. We have been bold to disparage; let us be just to applaud.

The sixth book continues the contest. The meddling gods, however, have withdrawn from the field. The pages reek with blood. It is a little relief of unexpected pathetic sentiment, to come upon lines like these following, in the midst of disgusting description of carnage. Diomed has met the son of Hippolochus, and, with much braggadocio, challenged him to combat and doomed him to death. He stays, however, to ask who it is that he is about to have the satisfaction of killing. The son of Hippolochus replies, but we shall give only the melancholy reflection with which his reply begins. For this brief bit of sentiment, peculiarly charming in Homer as here relieved so artistically against a bloody ground of kaleidoscopic massacre, we shall use the translation of Cowper. We know from Cowper's correspondence that he had a special admiration of the passage—he quotes it (with apology) in the original Greek, to his correspondent, and remarks upon it thus, "Beautiful as well for the affecting nature of the observation as for the justness of the comparison and the incomparable simplicity of the expression." Now we almost feel that so much introduction will have prepared our readers only for disappointment in seeing the lines themselves. Undoubtedly the lines do derive much of their effectiveness from the setting in which they occur. But at any rate here they are, in Cowper's rendering, better for this once than Bryant's:

Why asks brave Diomed of my descent?  
 For, as the leaves, such is the race of man.  
 The wind shakes down the leaves, the budding grove  
 Soon teems with others, and in spring they grow.  
 So pass mankind. One generation meets  
 Its destined period, and a new succeeds.

More tinklingly, in his fatally facile heroic rhyme, Pope renders:

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,  
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground ;  
Another race the following spring supplies,  
They fall successive, and successive rise :  
So generations in their course decay,  
So flourish these, when those have passed away.

No one can dispute the merit of Pope's Homer as a marvel of literary workmanship. Bentley, however, an English scholar of Pope's time, a scholar, too, unsurpassed in the annals of modern scholarship, expressed the general opinion of competent authorities as to Pope's fidelity to the Greek, when he bluntly said to the translator himself, "It is a pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but you must not call it Homer." In comparison with this celebrated sentence of Bentley's on Pope's work, put the following expression of John Foster's, written by him in his early manhood, while therefore the influence of Pope's literary school was naturally still strong upon him, that influence being not yet counterworked in the public mind, as afterward it was to be, by Thomson first, then by Cowper, and finally by Wordsworth. Foster writes to a friend, in 1791: "Perhaps you have seen Cowper's Homer. I still cannot but wish that he had been differently employed. On reading a few passages I thought, This may possibly be Homer himself, but, if it is, Pope is a greater poet than Homer."

The foregoing lines from Homer, by the way, must call to every reader's mind, Isaiah's "We all do fade as a leaf, and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away." Isaiah's comparison is, however, not quite the same as Homer's. Homer's is larger, less obvious, more elaborate. There is more imagination in it. Isaiah was intent on a moral aim. He was a prophet. Homer was only a poet. It is sentiment on the part of the Greek. It is practical earnestness on the part of the Hebrew. The two contrasted passages well illustrate the difference between what Mr. Matthew Arnold calls Hebraism on the one hand, and what he calls Hellenism on the other.

It is the antithesis of ethics and æsthetics, of religion and taste.

The son of Hippolochus, Glaucus is his name, most obligingly enters upon a circumstantial account of his extraction, in the course of which it becomes apparent that these two threatening foes are ancestrally allied to each other as mutual guests, or guest-friends. The upshot is as delightful as it is sudden and unlooked for. "Let us exchange our arms," exclaims the truculent Diomed, effusively,

That even these may see that thou and I  
Regard each other as ancestral guests.

It seems that Glaucus's armor was of gold, while Diomed's was of baser brass or bronze; but we will trust that there was no sordid motive of thrift, to alloy the bluff cordiality of the Greek in his proposal of exchange.

Hector, the chief Trojan hero, had retired within the city walls to visit his mother the quēen, Priam's consort, for the purpose of engaging her, together with the venerable matrons of Troy, to make supplications and offerings and vows to Minerva on behalf of the beleaguered town. The meeting of the mother and her son is tenderly and beautifully described. Hector confronts Paris, and chides him sharply. There is, too, a meeting of Hector with Helen, in which the heroic brother-in-law bears himself with knightly tenderness toward the self-condemning woman. But what has chiefly impressed itself upon the imagination and the heart of Homer's admirers is the famous passage descriptive of the parting of Hector and Andromache his wife, bringing with her their little child,

Hectorides, his infant darling boy,  
Beautiful as a star,

as Cowper translates with picturesque felicity. (Our readers will, perhaps, by this time have observed that the ending *i-des*, added to a man's name, has the meaning *son* of the man so named.) We give the passage, as usual, in Bryant's translation:



The father on his child  
Looked with a silent smile. Andromache  
Pressed to his side meanwhile, and, all in tears,  
Clung to his hand, and, thus beginning, said :  
    " Too brave ! thy valor yet will cause thy death.  
Thou hast no pity on thy tender child,  
Nor me, unhappy one, who soon must be  
Thy widow. All the Greeks will rush on thee  
To take thy life. A happier lot were mine,  
If I must lose thee, to go down to earth,  
For I shall have no hope when thou art gone,—  
Nothing but sorrow. Father have I none,  
And no dear mother. Great Achilles slew  
My father when he sacked the populous town  
Of the Cilicians,—Thebé with high gates.  
'Twas there he smote Eëtion, yet forebore  
To make his arms a spoil ; he dared not that,  
But burned the dead with his bright armor on,  
And raised a mound above him. Mountain nymphs,  
Daughters of Ægis-bearing Jupiter,  
Came to the spot and planted it with elms.  
Seven brothers had I in my father's house,  
And all went down to Hades in one day.  
Achilles the swift-footed slew them all  
Among their slow-paced bullocks and white sheep.  
My mother, princess on the woody slopes  
Of Placo<sup>s</sup>, with his spoils he bore away,  
And only for large ransom gave her back.  
But her Diana, archer queen, struck down  
Within her father's palace. Hector, thou  
Art father and dear mother now to me,  
And brother and my youthful spouse besides.  
In pity keep within the fortress here,  
Nor make thy child an orphan, nor thy wife  
A widow. Post thine army near the place  
Of the wild fig-tree, where the city-walls  
Are low and may be scaled. Thrice in the war  
The boldest of the foe have tried the spot,—  
The Adjaces and the famed Idomeneus,  
The two chiefs born to Atreus, and the brave  
Tydides, whether counseled by some seer.  
Or prompted to the attempt by their own minds."

Then answered Hector, great in war : " All this  
I bear in mind, dear wife ; but I should stand  
Ashamed before the men and long-robed dames  
Of Troy, were I to keep aloof and shun  
The conflict coward-like. Not thus my heart  
Prompts me, for greatly have I learned to dare  
And strike among the foremost sons of Troy,  
Upholding my great father's fame and mine ;

Yet well in my undoubting mind I know  
 The day shall come in which our sacred Troy,  
 And Priam, and the people over whom  
 Spear-bearing Priam rules, shall perish all.  
 But not the sorrows of the Trojan race,  
 Nor those of Hecuba herself, nor those  
 Of royal Priam, nor the woes that wait  
 My brothers many and brave,—who all at last,  
 Slain by the pitiless foe, shall lie in dust,—  
 Grieve me so much as thine, when some mailed Greek  
 Shall lead thee weeping hence, and take from thee  
 Thy day of freedom. Thou in Argos then  
 Shalt, at another's bidding, ply the loom,  
 And from the fountain of Messeis draw  
 Water, or from the Hypereian spring,  
 Constrained unwilling by thy cruel lot.  
 And then shall some one say who sees thee weep,  
 ' This was the wife of Hector, most renowned  
 Of the horse-taming Trojans, when they fought  
 Around their city.' So shall some one say,  
 And thou shalt grieve the more, lamenting him  
 Who haply might have kept afar the day  
 Of thy captivity. O, let the earth  
 Be heaped above my head in death before  
 I hear thy cries as thou art borne away!"  
 So speaking, mighty Hector stretched his arms  
 To take the boy; the boy shrank crying back  
 To his fair nurse's bosom, scared to see  
 His father helmeted in glittering brass,  
 And eying with affright the horse-hair plume  
 That grimly nodded from the lofty crest.  
 At this both parents in their fondness laughed;  
 And hastily the mighty Hector took  
 The helmet from his brow and laid it down  
 Gleaming upon the ground, and, having kissed  
 His darling son, and tossed him up in play,  
 Prayed thus to Jove and all the gods of heaven:  
  
 So speaking, to the arms of his dear spouse  
 He gave the boy; she on her fragrant breast  
 Received him, weeping as she smiled. The chief  
 Beheld, and, moved with tender pity, smoothed  
 Her forehead gently with his hand, and said:

Once more, and now for almost the last time, we give our readers a chance to compare handlings of the same passage by different translators. We confine ourselves to the latter part of the foregoing extract. First, here is our own very

carefully literal version. Of this, as of our other fragments of translation here presented, if Bentley, reversing his comment to Pope, could say, "Very poor poetry, my dear sir," he would be obliged, at least, also to admit, "but it does translate Homer:"

So having said, resplendent Hector reached  
To take his child. But backward he, the child,  
Toward the fair-girdled nurse's bosom drew,  
Crying, abashed at the dear father's looks,  
And frightened by his mail; he saw the crest  
Of horse-hair from the summit of the helm  
Terribly waving, eying it; outright  
Both the dear father and queen mother laughed.  
Straight from his head resplendent Hector took  
The helm, and placed it glittering on the ground.  
When he besides had kissed his darling son  
And tossed him in his hands, alike to Zeus  
And to the other gods praying, he spoke:

So having said, he gave into the hands  
Of the dear wife the boy; she, tearfully  
Smiling, to her sweet bosom took him then.  
Regarding her the husband pitied her;  
Both with his hand he soothed her, and he spoke:

Pope rhymes it freely thus; on the whole, in his case we insert the omitted prayer—Mr. Pope has made of it so characteristically pretty a bit of rhetorical verse, though assuredly you could not call it Homer:

Thus having spoke, the illustrious chief of Troy  
Stretched his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy,  
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,  
Scared at the dazzling helm and nodding crest.  
With secret pleasure each fond parent smiled,  
And Hector hasted to relieve his child,  
The glitt'ring terrors from his brows unbound,  
And placed the beaming helmet on the ground.  
Then kissed the child, and lifting high in air,  
Thus to the gods preferred a father's prayer:  
"O thou! whose glory fills the ethereal throne,  
And all ye deathless powers! protect my son!  
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,  
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,  
Against his country's foes the war to wage,  
And rise the Hector of the future age!

So when triumphant from successful toils,  
 Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,  
 Whole hosts may hail him with deserved acclaim,  
 And say, this chief transcends his father's fame ;  
 While pleased amidst the general shouts of Troy,  
 His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy."  
 He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,  
 Restored the pleasing burden to her arms ;  
 Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,  
 Hushed to repose, and with a smile surveyed.  
 The troubled pleasure soon chastised by fear,  
 She mingled with the smile a tender tear.  
 The softened chief with kind compassion viewed,  
 And dried the falling drops, and thus pursued.

Of the same passage, we are able to lay before our readers a translation from the hand of Mrs. Browning, who was no less a scholar than a woman of genius. She is close to Homer in spirit, but she jars her metres violently :

Thus Hector spake, and stretched his arms to his child.  
 Against the nurse's breast, with childly cry,  
 The boy clung back, and shunned his father's face,  
 And feared the glittering brass and waving hair  
 Of the high helmet, nodding horror down.  
 The father smiled, the mother could not choose  
 But smile too. Then he lifted from his brow  
 The helm, and set it on the ground to shine :  
 Then, kissed his dear child—raised him with both arms,  
 And thus invoked Zeus and the general gods :

With which prayer, to his wife's extended arms  
 He gave the child ; and she received him straight  
 To her bosom's fragrance—smiling up her tears.  
 Hector gazed on her till his soul was moved ;  
 Then softly touched her with his hand and spake.

Mrs. Browning modestly styles her version a paraphrase, but it is really a pretty close rendering. A few remarks on the preceding passage, with the various forms given it by the translators quoted from, will perhaps not be amiss. Our readers will not forget that they are students, engaged in trying to come as near to Homer in English as they would enjoy facilities for doing if they were reading him in his own Ionic Greek at school or in college. From a volume by the

present writer, entitled, "A Free Lance in the Field of Life and Letters," which includes, with other essays, one on Mr. Bryant's Iliad, we transfer the brief notes that it seems desirable here to supply to our readers. The bits of original translation given in these pages are transferred from the same book :

"Mr. Bryant does not hesitate, when it will serve his verse, to exchange an epithet. Indeed, he justifies the practice in his preface. Here he substitutes 'mighty,' as descriptive of Hector, for 'brilliant' or 'resplendent'—an Homeric adjective which seems to be strictly physical, not at all moral, in its reference. Hector is sometimes spoken of as 'large,' like the other heroes of the Iliad. The word 'mighty' vaguely implies something different from great size—imports into the expression a moral quality not present in the Greek. We are disposed to admit Mr. Bryant's principle; but the most characteristic feature of Hector's personal appearance is not his size—it is his sheeny look. One epithet descriptive of this Mr. Bryant himself translates with inimitable felicity—'Hector of the beamy helm.' Hector always thus enters the field of tournament as a phenomenon of glittering exterior. Something, therefore, no doubt is lost to the authentic effect by this particular exchange of adjectives. 'The lofty crest' should be 'the top of the crest' or helm. Mr. Bryant has the courage to translate 'laughed,' where some translators have felt it incumbent upon them to soften to 'smiled.' But Mr. Bryant supplies 'in their fondness' as a kind of justifying interpretation of the parental levity under the circumstances. The fact is, that Homer not only says 'laughed,' with perfect equanimity, but strengthens the strong word by an adverb—*εκ*. This intensive, in fact, is the original poet's apology for what might superficially seem an unseasonable surrender to gayety on the part of Hector and Andromache at that fateful moment. The pent emotion of the two loving hearts found

simultaneous excuse in a common occasion for letting itself out. It was translated, on the way to expression, according to a wont of high-wrought emotion, into an apparently contrary language. Instead of weeping, it laughed—a consummate touch of nature in Homer that so many good poets ought not to have overlooked. Another trifling point wherein Homer's translators departing from Homer depart also from nature, is in making Hector toss his boy up in his 'arms' instead of his 'hands.' The great Hector was a warrior and not a nurse. His hands were large enough and strong enough to toss his infant son. It would not be man-like to have done it with his arms. Bryant escapes the mistake—perhaps by not rendering the word."



AJAX.

Ajax among the Greeks takes the honors of the seventh book. A huge tall man, of gigantic strength, and any amount of animal courage. Conceive him wielding and hurling a vast stone at his antagonist in battle, and you have Ajax as he appears in Homer—a tremendous catapult, brawn dispensing with brain. A knightly fellow nevertheless, made such by his immeasurable courage. He

fights Hector in single combat, chosen by lot thus to respond to the Trojan champion's challenge. Both heroes do mightily, but night closes down on a drawn battle between them. After trying their best, each to perforate the other with a spear, and then, in default of that, each to crush the other with a missile mass of rock, they exchange compliments and souvenirs, and get them back, the twain, severally to their own. It is a gallant story, of its own sort—a very poor sort. You are reminded of Scott's "Lady of the Lake"—but the later is the better, morally—"saner" even, if Mr.

Matthew Arnold will let us say it, who thinks that Greek and Roman literature is sufficiently saner than our modern, to be a good cure, if well studied. Antenor, on the Trojan side, is for surrendering Helen. Paris will not hear a word of it. His stolen booty, however, he will restore, and, generous soul, add to it of his private wealth. The Greeks spurn the offer, but the two hosts under truce take care of their dead. The visage of war now relents and actually is wet with tears. Thank Homer for letting his warriors weep! Well, they weep selfishly not so very seldom, but here are gracious human tears of remorse over the slain. The Greeks, for their part, drowned their sorrows that night in feast and wine—Jove meantime thundering ominously. The revelers were awe-struck. They spilled from their cups in pious libation to the Thunderer and so—continued to drink.

The eighth book gives us another session of the Olympian gods in council. Jupiter forbids to his subordinate divinities further meddling in the fight. He balances his scales in the heavens, to exhibit the fortune that he has decreed for the combatants. The Trojan scale goes up, which, contrary to what would be our notion of fitness in the matter, indicates that Troy was to gain. Milton, imitating Homer, reverses, however, the indication, in that celebrated passage of the *Paradise Lost*. Our readers will recall the passage, but they will too thank us for saving them the trouble to look it up in their Milton. Satan has invaded Eden to tempt Adam and Eve. He is there found and confronted by Gabriel. Satan prepares for fight, but "the Eternal"

Hung forth in heaven his golden scales, yet seen  
Betwixt Astræa and the Scorpion sign,  
Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,  
The pendulous round earth with balanced air  
In counterpoise; now ponders all events,  
Battels, and realms: in these he put two weights,  
The sequel each of parting and of fight:  
The latter quick upflew and kick'd the beam.

This Gabriel saw and said to Satan,

“ Look up,  
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign,  
Where thou art weigh'd, and shown how light, how weak,  
If thou resist. The Fiend look'd up, and knew  
His mounted scale aloft : nor more ; but fled  
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.”

One is not to regard Milton as in these things borrowing from Homer, much less plagiarizing from him. The true state of the case rather is that, by long unchallenged convention among scholars and men of taste, it had already in Milton's time come to be considered an elegancy in any modern poem, to contain allusion, accommodation, adaptation,—whatever form might happen, of recognition paid to the fame and genius of Homer. One deeply versed in Homer is at frequent intervals, in reading Milton especially, but not a few other English poets likewise, conscious of a separate pleasure, derived from association with the verse of the Greek. An Homeric turn even of expression will, to the properly cultivated sense, communicate a certain indefinable gratification. We are not saying that this is admirable, or that it is not foolish. We are only saying that this is the fact. For our own part, we confess that we are ourselves too guilty in the matter, to be suitable judges as to whether the weakness is purely a weakness or not. Pure weakness or not, it is one of the traits of the classical scholar, and our readers have a right to be made aware of it as such. They can then cultivate it, or eschew it, for themselves, as they please.

We shall content ourselves with giving for specimen from the eighth book the celebrated closing lines. These have an added interest for poetry-lovers, from the fact that Wordsworth made Pope's brilliantly false rendering of them text and illustration of some remarks, in his famous preface, concerning the poetic art and concerning poetic appreciation, which have exerted no little beneficent influence on subse-



quent taste and subsequent production in poetry. Besides this, Tennyson, not improbably moved thereto by Wordsworth's hint, has made the lines in question the subject of experiment of his own in Homeric translation. The present writer will not soon forget the choice emphasis of tone and look, with which he heard Mr. Bryant once, in reply to inquiry, pronounce his simple commendation, "Very fine," on this Tennysonian fragment. Bryant's own admirable rendering was already at the time before the public. We must show our readers what Wordsworth had to say of Pope's rendering. But first, of course, Pope's rendering itself, which we put after Bryant's, between that and Tennyson's. This sandwiching contrast will enable our readers to relish still better the intrinsically piquant flavor of Wordsworth's criticism. Those who know Wordsworth only as the placid poet of contemplation, will be surprised to see what pungent prose he could write upon occasion.

Bryant :

So, high in hope, they sat the whole night through  
In warlike lines, and many watch-fires blazed.  
As when in heaven the stars look brightly forth  
Round the clear-shining moon, while not a breeze  
Stirs in the depths of air, and all the stars  
Are seen, and gladness fills the shepherd's heart,  
So many fires in sight of Ilium blazed,  
Lit by the sons of Troy, between the ships  
And eddying Xanthus : on the plain there shone  
A thousand ; fifty warriors by each fire  
Sat in its light. Their steeds beside the cars—  
Champing their oats and their white barley—stood,  
And waited for the golden morn to rise.

Pope :

The troops exulting sat in order round,  
And beaming fires illumin'd all the ground.  
As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night !  
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,  
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,  
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene ;  
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,  
And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole,

O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,  
 And tip with silver every mountain's head ;  
 Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,  
 A flood of glory bursts from all the skies :  
 The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,  
 Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.  
 So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,  
 And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays :  
 The long reflections of the distant fires  
 Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires.  
 A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,  
 And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field.  
 Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,  
 Whose umber'd arms, by fits, thick flashes send.  
 Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn,  
 And ardent warriors wait the rising morn.

Tennyson .

And these all night upon the bridge of war  
 Sat glorying ; many a fire before them blazed :  
 As when in heaven the stars about the moon  
 Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,  
 And every height comes out, and jutting peak  
 And valley, and the immeasurable heavens  
 Break open to their highest, and all the stars  
 Shine, and the shepherd gladdens in his heart :  
 So many a fire between the ships and stream  
 Of Xanthus blazed before the towers of Troy,  
 A thousand on the plain ; and close by each  
 Sat fifty in the blaze of burning fire ;  
 And champing golden grain, the horses stood  
 Hard by their chariots, waiting for the dawn.

The closely observant reader will note that Tennyson's version contains two lines, "And every height comes out," etc., which have no equivalent in Bryant's. This difference is due to a difference in text. Bryant, in making his omission, follows the best authority. We now quote Wordsworth's stricture on Pope's paraphrase :

"To what a low state knowledge of the most obvious and important phenomena had sunk, is evident from the style in which Dryden has executed a description of night in one of his tragedies, and Pope his translation of the celebrated moonlight scene in the Iliad. A blind man, in the habit of attending accurately to descriptions casually dropped from

the lips of those around him, might easily depict these appearances with more truth. Dryden's lines are vague, bombastic, senseless; those of Pope, though he had Homer to guide him, are throughout false and contradictory. The verses of Dryden, once highly celebrated, are forgotten; those of Pope still retain their hold upon public estimation—nay, there is not a passage of descriptive poetry, which at this day finds so many and such ardent admirers. Strange to think of an enthusiast, as may have been the case with thousands, reciting those verses under the cope of a moonlight sky, without having his raptures in the least disturbed by a suspicion of their absurdity!"

By this time, we imagine some of our readers, a little bewildered by so much that is not Homer, but only about Homer, and not very directly about Homer at that, asking themselves, and wishing they could ask us, Why not go right forward, giving us just the poem itself, without all this interruption of comment, allusion, and incidental remark? A question we admit which fairly deserves to be answered.

Our answer will resemble somewhat the famous pleadings in the well-invented case of the potash kettle, which its owner found to be cracked and good-for-nothing, on getting it back, after having lent it to a neighbor. The lender brought suit against the borrower, and the borrower defended by the following remarkably exhaustive line of pleadings. First, he never borrowed the kettle; second, it was cracked when he got it; third, it was whole when he carried it home. The different specifications might not be very consistent one with another; but nobody could deny that, if each should be independently established, there would be made out a highly satisfactory defense. So, our two points in reply to the conjectured question of our readers, may not exactly agree together, but, no matter for that, they will both of them work famously to our purpose, each one by itself.

In the first place, then, let it once more be recollected

that what we seek, in the present series of volumes, is to make as good as we can to our readers their presumed lack of school and college training in Latin and Greek literature. Very well; the instruction of the class-room always supplies more or less of collateral information, like what we here give our readers, in elucidation and illustration of the text that is studied. The best teachers are those who do this the most liberally, provided always that they do it also the most wisely. Our first head of satisfaction to our readers accordingly is, that we do here what classical teachers do, in school and in college.

Our second head shall boldly march and fight, independent of its leader—for we now claim that we do here what classical teachers ought indeed to do, but in fact often do not. The failure, where failure occurs, is due to various causes, which we will not try to enumerate. A distinguished friend of the present writer said once to him, on being shown an elegantly written review of Bryant's Iliad from no less scholarly a hand than that of the late Professor Hadley, "There now, I am indignant." "Why? Isn't it good enough to suit you?" "Good enough! Yes, indeed; it is too good." "Well, what is the matter, then?" "Why, this is the matter. I was Professor Hadley's pupil in Homer at Yale College, and for all that he taught me in the class-room, I should never have dreamed that he considered Homer's Iliad anything but so much Greek, to be ground out very fine with grammar and dictionary. As for its being literature, and being poetry—Professor Hadley never led me to guess that *he* knew the Iliad in any such relation. And here this noble review shows me how fine and true his literary appreciation of Homer really was. I am indignant."

Now we, of course, are far from assuming that our friend, distinguished as he is, did his teacher justice. Perhaps, in fact, Professor Hadley taught more than his to-be-distinguished pupil learned. However the merits of that case may

stand, we, at all events, should be sorry to have any of our friendly pupils find just reason hereafter to accuse us, their very zealous instructor, of neglecting to treat Homer for them somewhat largely, of neglecting to point out in a variety of ways his relation to literature in general.

What we have now said, and said at the risk of falling under an application of the neat French proverb, *Qui s'excuse s'accuse*, [he who offers an excuse, brings himself under accusation,] has a prospective, as well as a retrospective, reference. For just here, having in a few separate instances, led our readers to note a little the niceties of Homeric translation, and having put before them, for the purpose, several renderings by different hands of the same passages, to serve to them as means of independent comparison, and so of intelligent judgment, we wish further to say a word or two, in a more general way, of Homeric versification, and of the conditions that make up the problem of transferring him out of his original Greek into an alien language.

Technically described, Homer's verse is dactylic hexameter; that is, the standard, the characteristic, foot is the dactyl, and of the feet there are six in each line. A dactyl is a foot of three syllables, of which the first is long, and the other two are short. The name comes from the Greek word for finger, *daktulos*, (*δάκτυλος*.) (The *v* is changed to *y* when a Greek word is transliterated into English.) The finger has three joints, of which the first, that nearest the wrist, is long, and the others are short. Hence the name dactyl for the foot. Now, the English ear is not trained to note nicely different lengths of sound in syllables. We go by accent, not by quantity, in our versification. Still, it is true that the melody of English verse does depend greatly on quantity. Of that point, however, it would be out of place here to speak, further than just thus to note the fact. The main, universally recognized law of English versification is, accent instead of quantity. Quantity, by the way, means not number of letters,

but length or continuance of sound. Number of letters, of course, makes, in part, length of sound in syllables. Thus, *strength* is a longer sound than *ch*, made longer by its having seven consonant letters (or five, if we call the digraphs, *ng* and *th*, letters) to be supported by the single vowel sound *ē*, the same in both words.

This broad difference, of accent against quantity, between Greek verse and English, makes one of the chief technical difficulties in translating into English verse from Greek. We have in English verse what we call dactyls; that is, words, or successions of syllables not in the same word, in which one accented syllable is followed by two others not accented. The word *quantity* itself is a very good English dactyl. It happens, too, that in this case the length of sound in *quan* is about equal to that in both the other syllables taken together. Try pronouncing the word over and over, and you will probably decide that you occupy about as much time in saying *quan*, with its accent, as you occupy in saying *-tity*. Such is the law in Greek or Latin prosody, two short syllables are equivalent in quantity to one long.

Very well; you know now what the Greek dactyl is, and you might suppose that you could begin at once to scan Homer's verse, without more ado. But you would immediately encounter difficulties. The lines would refuse to divide themselves off, of their own accord, into feet, of three syllables each, regularly succeeding one another, six feet to a line. The number of syllables would be found to vary from one line to another, after a fashion extremely puzzling to the uninitiated. This variation is due to several causes. One cause is, that the dactylic hexameter always contains an uncertain number of feet, called spondees—an uncertain number, but invariably at least one, the last. The foot next to the last must be a dactyl. (There are exceptions even to this nearly universal law.) Beyond these two fixed things, namely, that the last foot must be a spondee, and the next to the last a

dactyl, there is almost nothing for you to depend upon, in scanning dactylic hexameter. We say almost nothing, but of course we mean only that you cannot be sure whether any given foot of the first four will turn out to be a dactyl or a spondee. One or the other of these two, either dactyl or spondee, every foot of dactylic hexameter must necessarily be. Comfort yourselves with that. But which, dactyl or spondee? this is the perpetually recurring question.

“Spondee—what, pray, is that?” we hear you ask. Why, to be sure. Well, a spondee is a foot of two syllables only, but these two syllables are both long, which makes the spondee equivalent to the dactyl in quantity. The spondee might accordingly take the place of the dactyl throughout the line, and the line would have the same measure, or meter, to use the technical term, as if the feet were all dactyls. But there must be at least one dactyl in the line, or the line loses its peculiar character, ceases to be dactylic. (In those extremely rare cases of dactylic hexameter, in which even the fifth foot is a spondee, the line is called a spondaic line.)

The merely English-reading student may understand how this can be, that is, how one foot of a certain kind in a line, can impress its own peculiar character upon that line, by considering the case of anapæstic verse in English. Take Bryant's “Song of the Stars.” That begins:

When the ra | diant morn | of crea | tion broke,  
And the earth | in the smile | of God | awoke.

This is anapæstic verse; that is, verse made up of feet, three syllables long, accented on the last. But notice, when you reach the last foot of the first of the foregoing lines, you have in that two syllables only. This last foot, accented on the second of its two syllables, is called an iambus. The iambus may replace the anapæst anywhere in the line, without the line's losing its anapæstic character, provided only there remain still one anapæst in the line. The second of the

two lines above has two iamboes. A following line reads: "And orbs | of beau | ty and spheres | of flame." This has iamboes throughout, with one exception, *-ty and spheres*, which one anapæstic exception, however, determines the line to be anapæstic. More regular, of course, is the verse that is *uniformly* anapæstic, like Byron's "Destruction of Sennacherib." But it is easy to feel how the presence of one anapæst in a line controls the movement of that line, makes the line anapæstic. Just so one dactyl saves the dactylic character of an hexameter in which it has place.

Perhaps the best way for our readers to get the true effect of dactylic hexameter, is to read some specimens of the verse in English. Longfellow's *Evangeline* is a classic poem written in dactylic hexameter. Dactylic hexameter is not an easy form of versification in English. We have in our language very few natural spondee, with which the dactylic monotony of the movement can be interrupted and diversified. There are a few spondaic words, chiefly compounds, such as *seaside, horseback, greenwood, turnstile*, well, we do not strike naturally upon a very poetical vocabulary of them, but these examples will answer the purpose of illustration. Good luck, or much art, may often make spondee by bringing together two monosyllables of mutually equivalent full weight or length. We just now did this ourselves, half unconsciously, when we wrote, "good luck," "much art," spondaic combinations both. But to go on making good dactyls, and good spondee, and good permutations of the two, line after line, throughout a long poem, in English, is no light task. The very critical insist that it never yet has been, that in fact it cannot be, done. But to do it, and at the same time translate Homer correctly and poetically—*hoc opus, hic labor est*, which is Virgil for saying, "That is an undertaking for you, that a toil." Several attempts have been made to render the *Iliad* into English dactylic hex-



ameter. But no such translation has yet proved very popular. In the German language, on the contrary, to produce dactylic hexameter is comparatively easy. The best version of Homer existing in any modern language is, perhaps, that of the German Voss, done in dactylic hexameter. Here were scholarship, taste, genius, art, patience, working together in a remarkable felicity of assemblage in one man, and he a man whose vernacular, the German, takes as kindly to the dactylic hexameter, almost as kindly, as do the Greek and Latin themselves.

Mr. Collins, in his series of "Ancient Classics for English Readers," published by Lippincott & Co., gives, in the volume on Homer's Iliad, four hexameters by Mr. Landor, translating the passage descriptive of the debarkation of Ulysses, arrived with Chryseis about to be restored to her father the priest of Apollo. The translator follows his original in beginning every line with "out :"

Out were the anchors cast, and the ropes made fast to the steerage ;  
Out did the sailors leap on the foaming beach of the ocean ;  
Out was the hecatomb led for the skillful marksman Apollo,  
Out Chryseis arose from the ship that sped through the waters.

Let our readers try scanning these lines, highly praised by Mr. Collins as translation, and impliedly as versification ; they will perceive how far from ideally perfect, fairly creditable English hexameter may be. In the first line, after "Out were the," which does very well as a dactyl, you have to make "anchors" a spondee. In the second line, "sailors" has similarly to be lengthened in its second syllable, "foaming," also. "Skillful" in the third line has to be read as a spondee. "Marksman" comes near being a natural spondee, but that has to go with the A- following, to compose a dactyl. In the last line, "ship that," in which "that" ought to be very light and short, has, however, to be humored into a spondee. "Sped through" would be a good spondee, but it must needs attach the following "the," and with that

make a poor dactyl. These imperfections are not specifications of fault found with Mr. Landor's hexameters. They are merely instances to show the difficulty of producing dactylic hexameter in English. Even in Greek, perhaps our readers are able by this time to bear it, even in Greek we say, the poet has to enjoy the freedom of putting a trochee (foot of two syllables, first long, second short) at the end of his hexameter, and calling that foot a spondee.

We have by no means indicated all the embarrassments that attend the scanning of Homer. The grammars may be consulted for the list of these, and for the several solutions of them all. Practically, however, the embarrassments all of them yield readily to bold and persistent experiment. Learn once to scan but a few lines, and the secret of the movement will of its own accord imperceptibly communicate itself to you, without your learning all the technical rules. If any of our kind readers have felt this explanation about scanning to be a little hard and dry and scholastic, let them consider that part of the necessary work of preparatory students in Greek and Latin, is to learn the structure of the verse that they translate. We could have made our explanation seem easier, by giving more copious illustrations. But to do that would have taken too much space, and we have given all the illustrations that are really needed. If all is not plain to you, when you have carefully read what precedes, try reading it again, and then perhaps even once more. You will, we trust, see that the illustrations supplied are sufficient, when sufficiently attended to.

Now we wonder whether we have so managed this somewhat long digression, as to have got our readers to follow continuously with us on to the present point. Tell us, have you not skipped at all? Bravo, and now permit us to tell you why we did not do, as some of the more thoughtful of you have possibly been surprised that we did not, namely, put all such discursive matter to one side by itself, for in-

stance, in an introduction, or in an appendix. The simple reason is, that, whatever we have thus thought fit to say we wanted you to read, the whole of it; and read it we were pretty sure you would not, unless it took its place in the text, as if it had a right there, as indeed, trust us, dear friends, it has. Perhaps you have not read it, as it is, but almost certainly you would not have read it, if we had hidden it away in an appendix, or, again, if we had thrust it into your faces to begin with, in an introduction. We chose the time when we hoped you might have become sufficiently interested in such a matter, to be carried without disgust through a little tedium of detail. Have we hit the happy moment? We hope so, and now, behold, for this volume at least, we have done with digression. We must apply hydraulic condensation once more, and finish the Iliad with much-in-little dispatch.

A formal embassy is sent to Achilles, with munificent inducements offered to tempt him back to the fight. To appease his indignant wrath, Agamemnon makes the most humiliating concessions, in vain. Achilles, in the loftiest, courtliest manner, disdains to be entreated. Patroclus, his warm friend, begs to borrow the armor of Achilles, and go in his stead. He goes and is slain. Achilles rouses to a frenzy of grief and rage. He chafes that he must wait for a new suit of panoply which his mother, Thetis, gets the armorer god, Vulcan, to forge for him over night. This panoply, when finished, is a miracle of dint-proof mail. The chief splendor is the shield, which Homer exhausts all his art to describe. From Pope's translation of this long passage, Webster, with very happy adaptation to his use, quoted the closing lines, in the peroration to his famous Seventh of March speech, likening to that shield of Achilles the empire of the Union of these States, then by the admission of California, just broadened out to stretch from sea to sea:

Now the broad shield complete the artist crowned  
 With his last hand and poured the ocean round ; -  
 In living silver seemed the waves to roll  
 And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole.

This whole celebrated description, as translated with unsurpassed beauty and brilliancy by our American Bryant, we give for our farewell extract from the Iliad. Poets, also when they are only translating, have their moods of special felicity, and this is translator Bryant in one of the very highest of such moods with him—the present writer would not feel that he needed it, but he once, in fact, received from Bryant himself the assurance that this was the case :

And first he forged the huge and massive shield,  
 Divinely wrought in every part,—its edge  
 Clasped with a triple border, white and bright.  
 A silver belt hung from it, and its folds  
 Were five ; a crowd of figures on its disk  
 Were fashioned by the artist's passing skill,  
 For here he placed the earth and heaven, and here  
 The great deep and the never-resting sun  
 And the full moon, and here he set the stars  
 That shine in the round heaven,—the Pleiades,  
 The Hyades, Orion in his strength,  
 And the Bear near him, called by some the Wain,  
 That, wheeling, keeps Orion still in sight,  
 Yet bathes not in the waters of the sea.  
 There placed he two fair cities full of men.  
 In one were marriages and feasts ; they led  
 The brides with flaming torches from their bowers,  
 Along the streets, with many a nuptial song.  
 There the young dancers whirled, and flutes and lyres  
 Gave forth their sounds, and women at the doors  
 Stood and admired. Meanwhile a multitude  
 Was in the forum, where a strife went on,—  
 Two men contending for a fine, the price  
 Of one who had been slain. Before the crowd  
 One claimed that he had paid the fine, and one  
 Denied that aught had been received, and both  
 Called for the sentence which should end the strife.  
 The people clamored for both sides, for both  
 Had eager friends ; the heralds held the crowd  
 In check ; the elders, upon polished stones,  
 Sat in a sacred circle. Each one took,  
 In turn, a herald's scepter in his hand,  
 And, rising, gave his sentence. In the midst

Two talents lay in gold, to be the meed  
Of him whose juster judgment should prevail.  
Around the other city sat two hosts  
In shining armor, bent to lay it waste,  
Unless the dwellers would divide their wealth,—  
All that their pleasant homes contained,—and yield  
The assailants half. As yet the citizens  
Had not complied, but secretly had planned  
An ambush. Their beloved wives meanwhile,  
And their young children, stood and watched the walls,  
With aged men among them, while the youths  
Marched on, with Mars and Pallas at their head,  
Both wrought in gold, with golden garments on,  
Stately and large in form, and over all  
Conspicuous, in bright armor, as became  
The gods: the rest were of an humbler size.  
And when they reached the spot where they should lie  
In ambush, by a river's side, a place  
For watering herds, they sat them down, all armed  
In shining brass. Apart from all the rest  
They placed two sentries, on the watch to spy  
The approach of sheep and hornèd kine. Soon came  
The herds in sight; two shepherds walked with them,  
Who, all unweeting of the evil nigh,  
Solaced their task with music from their reeds.  
The warriors saw and rushed on them, and took  
And drave away large prey of beeves, and flocks  
Of fair white sheep, whose keepers they had slain.  
When the besiegers in their council heard  
The sound of tumult at the watering-place,  
They sprang upon their nimble-footed steeds,  
And overtook the pillagers. Both bands  
Arrayed their ranks and fought beside the stream,  
And smote each other. There did Discord rage,  
And Tumult, and the great De-royer, Fate.  
One wounded warrior she had seized alive,  
And one unwounded yet, and through the field  
Dragged by the foot another, dead. Her robe  
Was reddened o'er the shoulders with the blood  
From human veins. Like living men they ranged  
The battle-field, and dragged by turns the slain.  
There too he sculptured a broad fallow field  
Of soft rich mould, thrice plowed, and over which  
Walked many a plowman, guiding to and fro  
His steers, and when on their return they reached  
The border of the field the master came  
To meet them, placing in the hands of each  
A goblet of rich wine. Then turned they back  
Along the furrows, diligent to reach  
Their distant end. All dark behind the plow

The ridges lay, a marvel to the sight,  
Like real furrows, though engraved in gold.

There, too, the artist placed a field which lay  
Deep in ripe wheat. With sickles in their hands  
The laborers reaped it. Here the handfuls fell  
Upon the ground; there binders tied them fast  
With bands, and made them sheaves. Three binders went  
Close to the reapers, and behind them boys,  
Bringing the gathered handfuls in their arms,  
Ministered to the binders. Staff in hand,  
The master stood among them by the side  
Of the ranged sheaves and silently rejoiced.  
Meanwhile the servants underneath an oak  
Prepared a feast apart; they sacrificed  
A fatling ox and dressed it, while the maids  
Were kneading for the reapers the white meal.

A vineyard also on the shield he graved,  
Beautiful, all of gold, and heavily  
Laden with grapes. Black were the clusters all;  
The vines were stayed on rows of silver stakes.  
He drew a blue trench round it, and a hedge  
Of tin. One only path there was by which  
The vintagers could go to gather grapes.  
Young maids and striplings of a tender age  
Bore the sweet fruit in baskets. Midst them all,  
A youth from his shrill harp drew pleasant sounds,  
And sang with soft voice to the murmuring strings.  
They danced around him, beating with quick feet  
The ground, and sang and shouted joyously.

And there the artist wrought a herd of beeves,  
High-horned, and sculptured all in gold and tin.  
They issued lowing from their stalls to seek  
Their pasture, by a murmuring stream, that ran  
Rapidly through its reeds. Four herdsmen, graved  
In gold, were with the beeves, and nine fleet dogs  
Followed. Two lions, seizing on a bull  
Among the foremost cattle, dragged him off  
Fearfully bellowing; hounds and herdsmen rushed  
To rescue him. The lions tore their prey,  
And lapped the entrails and the crimson blood.  
Vainly the shepherds pressed around and urged  
Their dogs, that shrank from fastening with their teeth  
Upon the lions, but stood near and bayed.

There also did illustrious Vulcan grave  
A fair, broad pasture, in a pleasant glade,  
Full of white sheep, and stalls, and cottages,  
And many a shepherd's fold with sheltering roof.

And there illustrious Vulcan also wrought  
A dance,—a maze like that which Dædalus  
In the broad realm of Gnossus once contrived

For fair-haired Ariadne. Blooming youths  
And lovely virgins, tripping to light airs,  
Held fast each other's wrists. The maidens wore  
Fine linen robes: the youths had tunics on  
Lustrous as oil, and woven daintily.  
The maids wore wreaths of flowers; the young men swords  
Of gold in silver belts. They bounded now  
In a swift circle,—as a potter whirls  
With both his hands a wheel to try its speed,  
Sitting before it,—then again they crossed  
Each other, darting to their former place.  
A multitude around that joyous dance  
Gathered, and were amused, while from the crowd  
Two tumblers raised their song, and flung themselves  
About among the band that trod the dance.  
Last on the border of that glorious shield,  
He graved in all its strength the ocean-stream.

The story of the end is soon told. Panoplied from Vulcan's forge, Achilles rages through the field of fight, killing retail and wholesale, until every living Trojan but Hector is driven within the city walls. Hector is smitten with panic, and flees before his foe three times about the circuit of the walls, watched, with violently contrasted emotions, by his countrymen on the one hand, and by the hostile Greeks on the other. Achilles at last kills him, but not before he has turned to bay, with courage recovered in vain. The ignoble victor, with gratuitous indignity to the dead, ties the corpse to his chariot, and, driving furiously, drags it head downward in the dust. This is after the mean-spirited Greeks have come up, and, each one with several malice, gashed the lifeless body with numerous additional wounds. It is a dreadful story. We withhold from our readers further detail of its horrors. The worst we have spared them.

At the suit of poor Priam, aged father to Hector, the savage Achilles does relent at last to let the dishonored body be carried off to Troy. The poem closes with the funeral of Hector.

The latter part of the poem, thus rapidly summarized, is very fine in its own horrible way. There are reliefs too of exquisite pathos interspersed throughout.

Let not any one feel disappointed of his due, that we thus hastily dismiss the Iliad from our hands. The fact is, that we have already given our readers opportunity of seeing much more of the poem than the college matriculate, nay, than the college graduate, will ordinarily have seen in the course of his regular class-room work. Talk with an enlightened graduate of college about Homer's Iliad, you reader that have gone with tolerable heed over these pages thus far, and see if you need feel very much ashamed of the degree of intelligence on the subject that you have attained. Still, you may wisely be modest and moderate, for the college-bred man, at least if he is an exceptionally well-educated representative of his class, will have gained, through his distinctive linguistic study, some valuable information, as also some valuable discipline of mind, that you must consent necessarily to have foregone.

Should any of our more inquisitive readers have a curiosity to see scholarship brought to bear, in popularized and available illustration of the Iliad, they will do well to possess themselves of Anthon's edition of the Greek text, published by Harper & Brothers. Anthon, as editor of text-books, has been severely, perhaps not always unjustly, criticised by some, but it is his meet praise that he did contrive to make his books at once entertaining and enlightening to whoso would use them properly.

Gladstone has a primer on Homer in a series issued in this country by Appleton & Co.—a very interesting monograph, especially its authorship being considered. This primer is designed to meet the wants of those who read English only, and have no concern for Greek scholarship. Lippincott & Co.'s volume on the Iliad in "Ancient Classics," is very good. Bryant's translation of the entire poem is a book that almost any reader with leisure for so long a task of reading would be sure to enjoy.

It is curious now to recall that we do not know, even



within half a millennium, when Homer lived. We do not know where he was born. We do not know his name. Homer we call him, but Homer very likely is a name for the man's vocation, rather than for the man. It is much as if we said, The Poet. So the Greeks often did name Homer, "the poet." To them he was *the* poet by eminence.

But this name, of whose bearer we know so little, what a power it has been, what a power it yet is, in the world of letters! We could go on now from this point and write a volume about Homer's literary influence; but, after mentioning that there are certain shorter pieces which go under the name of Homeric Hymns, though probably not of Homeric authorship, and that there are in ancient Greek one or two amusing burlesque parodies of Homer, (of which the *Battle of the Frogs and Mice* is the best known,) we proceed to present in brief the *Odyssey* to our readers. For this purpose, admonished by the narrowing limits of our room, we for a moment lay aside the pen to take up the scissors. Charles Lamb, the English essayist of amiable fame, once undertook to tell the story of the *Odyssey* in short. We should like to incorporate here entire that gentle genius's abstract and rendering of the poem. Our readers too might be more than willing to have the means of guessing how differently they would have fared, if their present guide in this Homeric path had been able to lead them through the *Iliad*, as well as through the *Odyssey*, by disappearing himself, having only handed them over to the conduct of Charles Lamb. To be entirely frank, however, we are bound in conscience to say that Lamb's handling of the *Odyssey*, though certainly respectable, seems to us to lack the charm that it might have been expected to derive from his rare and beautiful literary quality. It reads like the hack work of a book-maker, rather than like the free and joyous exercise of one writing from an inward impulse that urged him to communicate his thought. Hawthorne would have done Lamb's task better than Lamb.

But we must be briefer than using Lamb would suffer us to be. So we cut a page or two out of Prof. Jebb's "Primer of Greek Literature"—this for the plot and story of the poem—and then with specimen extracts, too few, in versified translation, reluctantly cry, "*Claudite jam rivos*," (Virgilian Latin for "There now, that will do,") and shut down the gates on our flowing and urgent stream. But let not our readers fail to impress themselves deeply with the spirit, nay even with the form, of Tennyson's "Lotos-eaters," and his "Ulysses." Those exquisite poems are Homer, reaching out so far his hand of power to lay it on the genius of our times. Here is Prof. Jebb's reduction of the *Odyssey*; twenty-four books of Greek dactylic hexameter, think of it, in a little page or two of English prose:

"The *Odyssey* means the *Poem of O-dys'seus*, (or, as the Romans called him, U-lys'ses,) who was the king of the island of Ith'a-ca, and the cleverest of all the Greek princes who fought against Troy. When Troy was taken, Odysseus and his followers sailed for Ithaca. But on their way they were driven to the land of the *Cy-clo'pes*, a savage race of one-eyed giants; and here Odysseus put out the eye of the Cyclops Pol'y-phe'mus, after that monster had eaten six of the hero's comrades. Now Po-sei'don, the god of the sea, was the father of Polyphemus, and Poseidon, in revenge, doomed Odysseus to wander far and wide over the sea to strange lands. When the *Odyssey* begins, it is ten years since the fall of Troy, and Odysseus is still far away from home in the island of *O-gyg'i-a*, at the center of the sea. For seven years the nymph Ca-lyp'so, ('concealment,') who loves him, has detained him there against his will. Meanwhile his wife, Pen-el'o-pe, in Ithaca, has been courted by more than a hundred suitors, lawless, violent men, who feast riotously in the house of Odysseus, as if it were their own. She tried to gain time by pretending that she wished to finish a fine winding-sheet, which she was weaving, before she made her choice; and every night she

took down what she had woven by day. But when she had done thus for three years, the suitors found out the trick, and became more urgent than ever. And now Telemachus, the son of Odysseus, is urged by the friendly goddess Athene to go in search of his father to Pylos, in the Peloponnesus, where he is entertained by king Nestor, and then to Sparta, where he is the guest of king Menelaus.

“Here our story goes back to Odysseus. The god Hermes tells Calypso from Zeus that she must let him go, and she obeys. Odysseus sails from her island on a sort of raft which he has made for himself. His old enemy, the sea-god Poseidon, presently spies him, and wrecks his raft; but a sea-goddess, Ino, gives him a magic scarf which buoys him up, and he comes safe to the island of the Phæ-a’ci-ans, a rich and happy people near to the gods and famous as seamen, whose orchards bear fruit all the year round. The king Al-cin’o-us entertains Odysseus, who relates all his strange adventures; how (before he came to Calypso’s isle) he and his companions visited the isle of the enchantress Cir’ce, who changed the others into swine, while he himself was saved by a charmed herb called *moly*, and persuaded her to restore his friends to the human form; how they passed by the shore of the sweet-singing Sirens, and between Scylla and Charyb’dis; and how at last all his comrades perished because they had slain the sacred oxen of the sun-god.

“Then a Phæacian crew take Odysseus back to Ithaca in a ship. His faithful swineherd Eu-mæ’us does not know him, for A-the’ne has disguised him as an old beggar-man; but his old dog, Argus, knows his master, who has been twenty years away; he wags his tail and drops his ears as the beggar-man comes near, and dies. Meanwhile Telemachus comes back from his search. Athene reveals his father to him, and father and son arrange a plan of vengeance on the suitors. Odysseus, still disguised, has an audience of Penelope, pretending to bring news of her husband, but narrowly escapes

being discovered through his old nurse, Eu'ry-cle'a, recognizing a scar as she is washing his feet. Penelope, inspired by Athene, now says that she will wed that suitor who can send an arrow from the bow of the hero Eu'ry-tus—an heirloom in the house—through the helve-holes of twelve pole-axes put one behind another in the hall. Not one of the suitors can even string the bow. But the disguised Odysseus bends it easily, and sends an arrow clean through the holes. This is the signal for the slaughter of the suitors. Odysseus showers his arrows on them, and finally, helped by Telemachus and two trusty servants, slays them all. Now at last he reveals himself to his wife, and tells her the story of his journeys. The twenty-fourth book tells how the god Hermes led the shades of the suitors beneath the earth; how Odysseus in Ithaca was made known to his father La-er'tes; how he overcame the kinsfolk of the suitors who sought to avenge them; and how he was reconciled to his people."

Such, in Professor Jebb's abstract, is the story of the Odyssey. With the omission of the incidents in detail, and with the absence of the charm of Homer's manner, the fascination is, we feel, pretty well exorcised out of the plot. We must try to make up as well as we can to our readers their unavoidable loss, by relating some of the most memorable of the episodes of Ulysses's wanderings, giving them these in full by means of a translation. What translation shall we use?

We have, of course, our choice among many different translations of the Odyssey. George Chapman rendered the poem, in his free and dashing style. Pope, with that fatal facility of his in rhymed heroics, reeled off, in paraphrase of the Odyssey, an endless succession of elegantly turned couplets, full of exquisite felicity in phrase, full of spirit too, only not the Greek's spirit, full in fact of every merit, except the merit of truth to nature and fidelity to Homer. Cowper followed Pope in translating the Odyssey, as he had followed

him in translating the Iliad. Blank verse was his medium. It is a pity that in translating Homer, Cowper suffered himself to be corrupted from the admirable simplicity and modulated smoothness of verse that characterize his work in the "Task," to an almost barbarous imitation of Milton's manneristic pomp of Latinized diction and inverted construction. The result is, two laboriously and meritoriously poor, unreadable poems. Mr. Philip Stanhope Worsley, in 1861, performed a feat in translation of the Odyssey which, but that he actually did perform it, we should certainly have pronounced to be impossible. He produced a long poem in the Spenserian stanza, which is at the same time a fine poem in English, and a decidedly successful presentation of the Odyssey. Many a trace indeed that Cowper would yield, of the Homeric in form, the classical scholar misses in Worsley—hardly, however, any trace that, be he man of taste as well as classical scholar, he misses with regret. With sufficiently numerous reminders throughout, of Homeric words and phrases, Mr. Worsley's idiom is still mainly the idiom of English, not of Greek. But the Homeric spirit is transfused with scholarly sense and conscientious fidelity. One notices, no doubt, something introduced of archaism in English diction, which adulterates the effect a little from perfect purity of normal modern impression. But there is an onward movement so strong and urgent, that you do not feel the flow of narrative to be interrupted by the transition from stanza to stanza, and you are conscious all the time of being involved in an ambient atmosphere of real poetry. In truth, there is, perhaps, at this point detected the vice of too much virtue. That is, Mr. Worsley is not always willing to be tame when his original is tame, and to be humbly realistic when his original is so. For instance, if Homer gives the area of a garden as four acres, Mr. Worsley will perhaps avoid that arithmetical statement and leave it to his reader's imagination to estimate the acreage. Of course avoidances like this

on Mr. Worsley's part, if they were frequent, as they are not, would prevent him from representing fully the spirit, as they would likewise from representing the form, of Homer. But occasions for abatement of praise are few indeed, and you are fairly forced to acknowledge that Mr. Worsley has achieved a splendid feat of poetry and translation.

Mr. Worsley, who, by the way, is an Englishman, of Oxford, in the preface to his first volume, discussing the question, what form of English versification is best for translation of Homer, remarks that Cowper's experiment and failure seem to have proved blank verse unfit for the purpose. Ten years later, Mr. Bryant was to demonstrate that Mr. Worsley's conclusion was false, however valid his premise. For Mr. Bryant certainly produced a readable rendering of the *Odyssey*, (as well as of the *Iliad*,) and he produced it in blank verse. One would like well to know what judgment so accomplished a scholar and poet as Mr. Worsley, by the token of his own work, has shown himself to be, would pronounce upon Mr. Bryant's success. For our own part, comparing Cowper and Worsley and Bryant, we find that Cowper is the most conscientiously faithful to Homer, that Worsley is the most poetical and ideal, while Bryant is the most smoothly idiomatic and intelligible. In Cowper, you are often offended with a *quasi*-Miltonic stiffness; in Worsley, you are a little taxed to follow the sense through the always skillfully managed, but sometimes unavoidably complex, involution of the verse; while in Bryant you find yourself now and then confessing that, with all its merit, the translation is just a trifle tame.

On the whole, we decide to start off with an extract from Worsley. Almost all our readers have at some time—they need not acknowledge it aloud, but they will have to admit it to themselves—have at some time made their modest experiments in writing poetry. Poetry! no! do you exclaim? Well, verse then, or rhyme, to make the necessary concession to your modesty. Few, however, we may suppose, have ever

tried their hand at writing in the Spenserian stanza. Those who have done this know how difficult a form of versification it is. Take the following stanza, chosen at random, from Mr. Worsley's work. Ulysses describes a certain voyage of his :

All the day long the silvery foam we clave,  
Wind in the well-stretched canvas following free,  
Till the sun stooped beneath the western wave,  
And darkness veiled the spaces of the sea.  
Then to the liminary land came we  
Of the sea-river, streaming deep, where dwell,  
Shrouded in mist and gloom continually,  
That people, from sweet light secluded well,  
The dark Cimmerian tribe, who skirt the realms of hell.

There, read that over two or three times to get the movement of it. Of course, you read it aloud. All poetry should be read aloud. Now observe the order of the rhyming. The first line with third; the second with fourth, fifth, and seventh; the sixth with eighth and ninth. The ninth and last is an Alexandrine; that is, a line of twelve syllables, or six feet, to round the stanza at the close. It is no light task of the poetic art to make such a stanza. Coleridge has a characteristic sentence, on what he calls the "wonderfulness of prose." The wonderfulness of poetry is all that, and much, very much, more, to boot. Consider now that Mr. Worsley's task was not to produce one stanza, but hundreds on hundreds of them, and that these together must constitute a continuous poem, through which a stream of narrative shall flow unchecked from beginning to end. However, not to make the feat too remarkable, let it be granted that, the mind once habituated to express itself in this, (as would be the case in any other measure,) the movement becomes constantly easier, until there is approach to unconscious spontaneity in it. At any rate, here, what care we, readers and author, for Mr. Worsley's achievement? Our business is with Homer's Odyssey, and not with the difficulties of English versification. Most true; but we shall enjoy Homer all the more, and un-

derstand him all the better, if we pay some heed to a few technical points belonging to the way which Homer's translator has chosen for presenting him to us. Moreover, those who have thought it worth their while to become readers of such a book as this, will be very willing to take on, as they go forward, a little knowledge and culture that they did not exactly anticipate, so these be fairly germane and proper to the work immediately in hand. To love poetry is already culture of a very fine and high grade. To love poetry wisely, you need to know it well. Count not the time lost that you spend in dwelling on choice lines and stanzas of verse. Brood over poetry with long fondness and delight. There is comfort in it, and blessing, for heart as well as mind.

The Spenserian stanza is so named as having received its first, or first chief, currency in English from Edmund Spenser's adoption of it for his great poem of the "Faery Queen." Spenser found it in the Italian language. It was a happy invention, a happy naturalization. Thomson, he of "The Seasons," wrote his "Castle of Indolence" in this stanza. Beattie's "Minstrel" is in verse of the same form. But the great late writer to wreak himself upon expression in this stately stanza is Lord Byron. Read "Childe Harold," especially the last two cantos of it, if you want to feel the Spenserian stanza in its power as well as in its beauty. Mr. Worsley too himself exhibits a marvelous mastery of this verse. We only ask our readers, if at first they find it a little difficult to read and follow in its rhythm and its sense, to persevere, till they get the key to it. We assure them that they will not be disappointed at last. Mr. Worsley's translation is a really remarkable reconciliation of flowing narrative with harmonious numbers, idiomatic phrase, grace of expression, real poetical atmosphere, and scholarly closeness to the original.

Our readers are not so very much mistaken, if they shall already have divined that we are likely to give them Worsley,



for the most part, in citation from the *Odyssey*. We pay our friends a compliment in doing this. For Bryant, we well know, would be somewhat easier to understand at sight, especially since his style has by this time become in a degree familiar. But Worsley, in taxing them more, will perhaps reward them better. At any rate, we choose Worsley, with much confident hope that our readers will approve our choice. We are sure, at least, that Worsley's *Odyssey* is not harder to follow, in hearing it when read aloud, than is Scott's "Lady of the Lake," for example, or his "Marmion." Only get a little used to the new movement and style.

To begin, we do as epic poets are traditionally said to do, we plunge into the midst of things. Ulysses, returning from Troy, and escaped now from his seven years' captivity in the isle of his unloved lover, the nymph Calypso, has been wrecked once more, and cast this time on the coast of the country of the Phæ-a'ci-ans. He is all alone, and in wretched plight indeed, stripped of his very clothes. But his goddess-friend Athene, or Pallas-Athene, (or Minerva—the reader must now familiarize himself with the Greek names of personages instead of the Latin, as Worsley employs the former, in accordance with modern, more scholarly taste,) has a plan for him. She is going to raise him up a patroness, in the person of no less a lady than the daughter of the Phæaciān king. Nausic'a-a is the maiden's name. Her father is Al-cin'o-us, synonym for luxury and state. After a fashion familiar to Olympian divinities, Pallas's plan proceeds by deceit. She assumes the appearance of an intimate friend of Nausicaa's, and invites that princess out on a sort of picnic excursion, that strikes one as a bit odd for the daughter of a king, a very wealthy, luxurious king at that. Nausicaa is prompted by Pallas to get a turn-out from her indulgent father, summon a train of attendant virgins, go forth to a rural river-side, and there do a job of long-neglected clothes-washing. She will naturally choose the very spot where forlorn Ulysses lies in

a deep sleep, recovering from the fatigue and the pain of his long wrestle with the sea. Thus much is enough for making every thing plain in what here follows, from the sixth book and the seventh of Worsley's translation of the *Odyssey*. We begin with the stanza describing Pallas's visit to the chamber of Nausicaa, paid for the purpose of rousing her to make the necessary excursion to the river :

Near to the princess two handmaidens slept,  
Loved by the Graces, a right beauteous pair,  
Couched on each side the gleaming doors. Thence swept  
Athene, fleet as unsubstantial air,  
And by the pillow of the virgin fair  
Paused, like the child of ship-famed Dymas seen,  
Equal in age, and her companion dear.  
Such seemed the goddess both in form and mien,  
And with these words addressed the daughter of the queen :

“ Nausicaa, wherefore did thy mother bear  
Child so forgetful? This long while doth rest  
Like lumber in the house much raiment fair.  
Soon must thou wed and be thyself well drest,  
And find thy bridegroom raiment of the best.  
These are the things whence good repute is born,  
And praises that make glad a parent's breast.  
Come, let us both go washing with the morn,  
So shalt thou soon have clothes becoming to be worn.

Know, thy virginity is not for long,  
Whom the Phæacian chiefs already woo,  
Lords of the land whence thou thyself art sprung.  
Soon as the shining Dawn comes forth anew,  
For wain and mules thy noble father sue,  
Which to the place of washing shall convey  
Girdles and robes and rugs of splendid hue.  
This for thyself were better than essay  
Thither to walk—the place is distant a long way.”

Forthwith, her rede delivered, the Stern-eyed  
Did to the mansions of Olympus go.  
There, as they tell, the gods securely bide  
In regions where the rough winds never blow,  
Unvisited by mist or rain or snow,  
Veiled in a volant ether, ample, clear,  
Swept by the silver light's perpetual flow ;  
Wherein the happy gods from year to year  
Quaff pleasure. To those bowers Athene made repair.

Scarce had she gone when bright-throned Morning came ;  
And, rising from her couch magnificent,  
Fair-robed Nausicaa wondered at the dream,  
And through the wide house to her parents went  
Forthwith, her matter to make evident.  
One by the hearth sat, with her maids around,  
And on the skeins of yarn, sea-purpled, spent  
Her morning toil. Him to the council bound,  
Called by the lordly chiefs, just issuing forth she found.

Standing beside him, fondly thus she spake :  
“ Dear father, could you lend a wagon tall,  
Fair-wheeled and well-equipped, that I may take  
Robes to the stream and wash them? for they all  
Lie lustreless, defiled within our hall.  
Thee most of all beseemeth in our state,  
When the Phæacian chiefs their councils call,  
Clothed in clean garments to attend debate.  
Moreover five dear sons live here within thy gate,

“ Two having wives, three in youth's flower unwed,  
Who in the choral dances would appear  
In clothes new-washed—this care is mine.” So said  
Nausicaa, shamed to hint in her sire's ear  
Her marriage-hour. But he the fact saw clear,  
And answered : “ Loan of mules will I concede,  
Or if aught else, dear child, thy heart may cheer.  
Go—a tall wain, the servants for thy need,  
Fair-wheeled, with upper framework shall equip with speed.”

Forthwith the servants to his word obey,  
And for her use the rolling wain prepare,  
And yoke the mules with all the speed they may.  
Soon from her chamber the bright raiment fair  
Forth to the lustrous wain Nausicaa bare.  
And in a roomy chest her mother stored  
All kind of delicate food and viands rare,  
And eke sweet wine did plenteously afford,  
Which in a well-sewn goatskin for their use she poured.

Such needments she purveyed with eager toil,  
Till now the virgin-princess clomb the wain  
Fair-shining, and a golden cruise of oil  
Into her hands her mother gave right fain,  
Her to anoint and her attendant train.  
She then the reins took and the scourge did ply.  
Onward the mules loud-clattering trouled amain,  
As each his restless fellow would outvie,  
And robes and princess bore and all her company.

So when they came to the fair-flowing river,  
 Which feeds good lavatories all the year,  
 Fitted to cleanse all sullied robes soever,  
 They from the wain the mules unharnessed there,  
 And chased them, free to crop their juicy fare  
 By the swift river, on the margent green ;  
 Then to the waters dark the vestments bare,  
 And in the stream-filled trenches stamped them clean,  
 Urging the welcome toil with emulation keen.

Which having washed and cleansed they spread before  
 The sunbeams, on the beach, where most did lie  
 Thick pebbles, by the sea-wave washed ashore.  
 So having left them in the heat to dry  
 They to the bath went down, and by and by,  
 Rubbed with rich oil, their mid-day meal essay,  
 Couched on green turf, the river rolling nigh ;  
 And thence, unveiling, they rise up to play,  
 While the white-armed Nausicaa leads the choral lay.

Such as adown the Erymanthian hill,  
 Or tall Taygetus, with arrows keen  
 Moves the fair Artemis, on chase to kill  
 Boars and the flying deer—around their queen,  
 Daughters of Zeus, the rural nymphs, are seen  
 At pastime; (gladdening sight hath Leto there ;)  
 She by the face and forehead towers, I ween,  
 Right easy to be known, but all are fair—  
 So did that virgin pure amid her train appear.

But when she thought to yoke the mules and fold  
 The raiment, then Athene cast to wake  
 Odysseus, that the maid he might behold  
 Ere she returned, and following in her wake  
 To the Phæacian town her guidance take.  
 Just then by a false aim she flung the ball  
 Far in the swirling river : the maidens brake  
 Into a long loud scream, whose echoing call  
 Odysseus roused. He sitting thus debated all :

“ Ay me ! what mortal souls inhabit here ?  
 Despiteful, wild, unjust ?—or love they well  
 The stranger, and the immortal gods revere ?  
 Surely but now the female cry did swell  
 Of virgin nymphs who in the mountains dwell,  
 Or haunt the cradles whence the rivers flow,  
 Or green slope of the fountain-trickling dell—  
 Am I with men that human language know ?  
 Come, I will soon explore what cheer these coasts bestow.”

The situation from this point becomes, quite innocently so, a little equivocal. The ancient taste was more tolerant than is the modern, of nudities in life as well as in art. In art, indeed, we Christians have full easily learned to let stark nakedness confront us, while we stare at it with well-schooled faces blankly unashamed. Poetry is art, but somehow poetry is, with us, on this point, happily more sensitive as yet than are sculpture and painting; and only Walt Whitman, and Mr. Swinburne, and Oscar Wilde, and such, show us flesh-tints ruddy-veined with lusty blood, in their verse. Homer is, after the ethics of his age, not impure; is, that is to say, as clean at heart as Shakspeare, for example. And, of course, Mr. Worsley veils the too great frankness of his original with much delicacy. Still, we may as well omit some stanzas now, and simply say that Odysseus, (so henceforward for a while we will call our old friend Ulysses,) having got himself 'fairly bathed, is clad from Nausicaa's supply of raiment, river-washed and sun-dried, and is besides invested with a peculiar air, (aura, we feel like calling it,) of nobleness, at the gift of his invaluable friend Pallás-Athene. The next following stanza depicts this supernatural effect. He-phæs'tus is a Greek alias, under which our readers must recognize their former acquaintance Vulcan :

As when some artist, fired with plastic thought,  
Silver doth overlay with liquid gold,  
One by Hephæstus and Athene taught  
Fair-shining forms, instinct with love, to mold,  
She thus his shoulders did with grace enfold  
And glorious head. Then silent by the main  
He, clothed in beauty, glistening to behold,  
Sat—whom the princess marked with wonder fain,  
And thus admiring spake amid the bright-haired train :

“White-armed attendants, hear and I will speak.  
Not wholly hated by the gods, I trow,  
This man to the Phæacian race doth seek.  
To me he seemed a little while ago  
Strange, formless, and uncouth, who now doth show

Like to the gods who in Olympus dwell,  
 Fain would I in our isle such husband know,  
 Or that to linger here might please him well!  
 But come, set food and drink his famine-pangs to quell."

She ended, and they hearing straight obey,  
 And by divine much-toiled Odysseus set  
 Good sustenance, his hunger to allay,  
 And wine. He ravenously drank and ate—  
 Foodless long time, nor had his lips been wet  
 Save with the sea. White-armed Nausicaa fair  
 Folded each tunic, robe, and coverlet,  
 And stowed them in the wain and yoked the pair  
 Of mules hard-hooved and thus bespake Odysseus there :

"Stranger, bestir thyself to seek the town,  
 That to my father's mansion I may lead  
 Thee following, there to meet the flower and crown  
 Of the Phæacian people. But take heed,  
 (Not senseless dost thou seem in word or deed,)  
 While 'mid the fields and works of men we go,  
 After the mules, in the wain's track, to speed,  
 Girt with this virgin company, and lo!  
 I will myself drive first, and all the road will show.

"When we the city reach—a castled crown  
 Of wall encircles it from end to end,  
 And a fair haven, on each side the town,  
 Framed with fine entrance doth our barks defend,  
 Which, where the terrace by the shore doth wend,  
 Line the long coast; to all and each large space,  
 Docks, and deep shelter, doth that haven lend;  
 There, paved with marble, our great market-place  
 Doth with its arms Poseidon's beauteous fane embrace.

"All instruments marine they fashion there,  
 Cordage and canvas and the tapering oar;  
 Since not for bow nor quiver do they care,  
 But masts and well-poised ships and naval store,  
 Wherewith the foam-white ocean they explore  
 Rejoicing. There I fear for my good name,  
 For in the land dwell babblers evermore,  
 Proud, supercilious, who might work me shame  
 Hereafter with sharp tongues of cavil and quick blame.

"Haply would ask some losel, meeting me,  
 'Where did she find this stranger tall and brave?  
 Who is it? He then will her husband be—  
 Perchance some far-off foreigner—whom the wave  
 (For none dwell near us) on our island drave.

Or have her long prayers made a god come down,  
Whom all her life she shall for husband have?  
Wisely she sought him, for she spurns our town,  
Though wooed by many a chief of high worth and renown.'

"So will they speak this slander to my shame ;  
Yea, if another maid the like display,  
Her I myself should be the first to blame,  
If in the public streets she should essay  
To mix with men before her marriage-day,  
Against her father's and her mother's will.  
Now, stranger, well remember what I say,  
So may'st thou haply in good haste fulfill  
Thy journey, with safe conduct, by my father's will :—

"Hard by the roadside an illustrious grove,  
Athene's, all of poplar, thou shalt find.  
Through it a streaming rivulet doth rove,  
And the rich meadow-lands around it wind.  
There the estate lies, to my sire assigned,  
There his fat vineyards from the town so far  
As a man's shout may travel. There reclined,  
Tarry such while, and thy approach debar,  
Till we belike within my father's mansion are.

"Then to the town Phæacian, and inquire  
(Plain is the house, a child might be thy guide)  
Where dwells Alcinous, my large-hearted sire.  
Not like the houses reared on every side  
Stands that wherein Alcinous doth abide,  
But easy to be known. But when the wall  
And court inclose thee, with an eager stride  
Move through the noble spaces of the hall,  
And with firm eye seek out my mother first of all.

"She in the firelight near the hearth doth twine,  
Sitting, the purpled yarn ; her maids are seen  
Behind her ; there my sire, enthroned, his wine  
Quaffs like a god ; both on the pillar lean ;  
Him passing urge thy supplication keen  
My mother's knees enclasping. If but she  
Think kindness in her heart, good hope, I ween,  
Remains, however far thy bourne may be,  
That country, friends, and home thou yet shalt live to see."

She ended, and the mules with glittering lash  
Plied, who soon leave the river in their rear.  
Onward continuously their swift feet flash.  
She like an understanding charioteer  
Scourged them with judgment, and their course did steer

So to precede Odysseus and the rest.  
 And the sun fell, and they the grove came near.  
 There on the earth sat down with anxious breast  
 Odysseus, and in prayer the child of Zeus addressed :

“ Virgin, whose eyelids slumber not nor sleep,  
 Hear, child of Zeus ! who in the time forepast  
 Heardest me not, when in the ruinous deep  
 Poseidon whirled me with his angry blast.  
 Let me find pity in this land at last ! ”  
 So prayed he, and Athene heard ; but she  
 Not yet revealed herself in form ; so vast  
 Loomed in her eyes her uncle’s fierce decree  
 Against divine Odysseus, ere his land he see.

There the much-toiled divine Odysseus prayed.  
 She onward passed to the Phæacian town,  
 Drawn by the mules. But when the royal maid  
 Came to her father’s halls of high renown,  
 She by the porch drew rein. Thither came down  
 Her brothers, circling her, a lucid ring ;  
 They of Phæacian youth the flower and crown,  
 Like gods to look at. Soon unharnessing  
 The mules, into the house the raiment clean they bring.

She to her chamber straight ascended. There  
 Eurymedusa old, the chamber-dame,  
 Kindled the fire—who o’er the ocean-mere  
 Borne in swift ships from land Apeira came,  
 Thenceforth assigned by right of regal claim  
 To king Alcinous, like a god revered  
 In his own land, the first in name and fame.  
 She in the halls white-armed Nausicaa reared,  
 And now the fire lit well, and sweet repast prepared.

Twas then Odysseus toward the city bent  
 His steps. Athene, in her friendly care,  
 Rolled a thick mist around him as he went,  
 Lest of the citizens some scorner there  
 Should meet him, and assail with gibe and stare,  
 And urge rude question of his name and place.  
 Just at the entrance of the city fair  
 Pallas-Athene met him face to face,  
 Pitcher in hand, and like a girl in years and grace.

Near him she stood, and he inquired anon :  
 “ Would you, dear child, vouchsafe to be my guide  
 To king Alcinous’ palace ? I, undone  
 With perils, and in sore affliction tried,  
 Come hither, over seas exceeding wide,



From a far land ; nor know I how to make  
One friend among the folk that here reside,  
Who might show mercy for a stranger's sake."  
Whom the stern-eyed Athene answering thus bespake :

"Father, the house thou seekest I well know,  
For the king dwelleth near my blameless sire.  
Hist, not a word !—and I the way will show.  
Bend not thine eyes on any, nor aught inquire.  
The people brook not strangers, nor aspire  
To love the outlandish guest. Their trust is still  
In the swift ships wherewith the deep they tire ;  
There hath Poseidon lent them wondrous skill,  
Fleet as a wing their barks, or thought flashed from the will."

This spoken, toward the mansion of the king  
Pallas-Athene with quick steps did fare,  
He in the track divine still following.  
Nor the ship-famed Phæacians were aware  
Of stranger in their mid streets pacing there.  
For so Athene, bright-haired goddess dread,  
Appointed to befall, who always bare  
Good-will within her breast toward him she led.  
She round his stately form a mist divine now shed.

Much did Odysseus, as he passed, admire  
The smooth wide havens, and the glorious fleet  
Wherewith those mariners the great deep tire,  
Yea, and the spaces where their heroes meet,  
And the long lofty wondrous walls, complete  
With bastion fair and towery palisade.  
All these he viewed, till at the last his feet  
She at the king's illustrious mansion stayed.  
Him then in words bespake the stern-eyed goddess-maid :

"This is the palace which you bade me show.  
Here the Zeus-nurtured princes sit reclined  
Feasting ; now enter, and all fear forego,  
Since it is always on the bold in mind,  
Strange though his stock, that fortune shines most kind.  
Our lady queen (Arete is her name)  
Sitting within the halls you first will find,  
Sprung from a line of parentage, the same  
With that, wherefrom the king himself, Alcinous, came.

• "First to Poseidon Periboia bare  
Nausithous—she of brave Eurymedon  
The youngest, and of women far most fair.  
Her father once high sovereignty did own  
O'er the proud race of Giants, and had sown

Storms of red ruin through the land, nor yet  
 Died in their crime the infatuate crowd alone ;  
 He also fell ; but her Poseidon met,  
 Loved, and Phæacian king Nausithous did beget.

“ And he Rhexenor and Alcinous. Lo !  
 The first new-wed, within his halls serene,  
 Shot by Apollo with his silver bow,  
 Died, and one child, a daughter, left, I ween,  
 Arete, whom Alcinous made his queen,  
 And loved and honored, as no wives elsewhere,  
 Such as in these days on the earth are seen,  
 Find honor ; yea, like reverence she doth bear  
 From children, house, and people as her rightful share.

“ Oft as she walks along the stately street,  
 Her all the people like a goddess hail  
 Beholding, and with salutations greet,  
 Since of a noble mind she doth not fail.  
 Yea, where she list good kindness to entail,  
 Even of men the quarrels to unbind  
 Not seldom her well-tempered words avail.  
 Good hope then hast thou, so the queen be kind,  
 Thy high-roofed house and friends and fatherland to find.”

So the stern-eyed Athene spake to him,  
 Then leaving Scheria, lovely isle, anon,  
 The broad and barren ocean-fields did skim,  
 And moving o'er the plain of Marathon  
 And through the streets of Athens, wide-wayed town,  
 Entered Erectheus' well-built house at last.  
 Odysseus to Alcinous' halls paced on,  
 And in his breast his stormy heart beat fast,  
 He pausing ere his feet the brazen threshold passed.

For, like the sun's fire or the moon's, a light  
 Far streaming through the high-roofed house did pass  
 From the long basement to the topmost height.  
 There on each side ran walls of flaming brass,  
 Zoned on the summit with a blue bright mass  
 Of cornice ; and the doors were framed of gold ;  
 Where, underneath, the brazen floor doth glass  
 Silver pilasters, which with grace uphold  
 Lintel of silver framed ; the ring was burnished gold.

And dogs on each side of the doors there stand,  
 Silver and gold, the which in ancient day  
 Hephæstus wrought with cunning brain and hand,  
 And set for sentinels to hold the way.  
 Death cannot tame them, nor the years decay.

And from the shining threshold thrones were set,  
Skirting the walls in lustrous long array,  
On to the far room where the women met,  
With many a rich robe strewn and woven coverlet.

There the Phæacian chieftains eat and drink,  
While golden youths on pedestals upbear  
Each in his outstretched hand a lighted link,  
Which nightly on the royal feast doth flare.  
And in the house are fifty handmaids fair ;  
Some in the mill the yellow corn grind small,  
Some fly the looms, and shuttles twirl, which there  
Flash like the quivering leaves of aspen tall ;  
And from the close-spun web, the trickling oil will fall.

For as Phæacian men surpass in skill  
All mortals that in earth's wide kingdoms dwell  
Through the waste ocean, whereso'er they will,  
The cleaving keel obedient to impel—  
So far their women at the loom excel ;  
Since all brave handiwork and mental grace  
Pallas-Athene gave them to know well.  
Outside the courtyard stretched a planted space  
Of orchard, and a fence environed all the place.

There in full prime the orchard-trees grow tall,  
Sweet fig, pomegranate, apple fruited fair,  
Pear and the healthful olive. Each and all  
Both summer droughts and chills of winter spare ;  
All the year round they flourish. Some the air  
Of zephyr warms to life, some doth mature.  
Apple grows old on apple, pear on pear,  
Fig follows fig, vintage doth vintage lure,  
Thus the rich revolution doth for aye endure.

With well-sunned floor for drying, there is seen  
The vineyard. Here the grapes they cull, there tread.  
Here falls the blossom from the clusters green ;  
There the first blushings by the suns are shed.  
Last, flowers forever fadeless—bed by bed ;  
Two streams ; one waters the whole garden fair ;  
One through the courtyard near the house is led,  
Whereto with pitchers all the folk repair.  
All these the god-sent gifts to king Alcinoüs were.

Standing, Odysseus gazed his fill, then passed  
The entrance, and behold ! the chieftains pour  
Wine to the keen-eyed Argus-slayer, the last  
Ere they retire for sleep. He onward bore,  
Wrapt in Athene's mist, and paused before

Arete and Alcinous. There the queen  
 He clasping by the knees crouched on the floor ;  
 Then the mist melted, which did erewhile screen  
 His form, and all stood breathless when the man was seen.

He suppliant spake : " Arete, at thy knees,  
 Before thy husband and thy guests, I bow,  
 Child of divine Rhexenor ! O to these  
 May Heaven grant glory in their lifetime now,  
 And children after them with wealth endow,  
 Heirs of the office which the people gave !  
 But ye kind issue to my prayers allow !  
 Ship to convey me to my home I crave,  
 Who, friendless many a year, grieve sore by land and wave."

There he made end, and on the hearthstone sate  
 Amid the ashes, by the fire ; but all  
 Silent and stirless in their places wait,  
 And a wide lull pervades the festival ;  
 Till at the last among them in the hall  
 Spake hero Echeneüs ; eldest he  
 Of the Phæacian chiefs, and therewithal  
 Gifted with words and grave authority—  
 He now, their firm well-wisher, spake advisingly :

" Alcinous, this is neither fair nor just  
 That suppliant stranger on thy hearthstone sit,  
 Low in the embers and defiled with dust.  
 All wait thy word, expecting what is fit.  
 Come, to a silver throne our guest admit,  
 Then from the heralds mingled wine demand,  
 That to the Thunderer we may offer it,  
 Who by the awful suppliant still doth stand,  
 And let the house-dame bring what food she finds at hand."

When the divine strength of Alcinous heard,  
 He rose and took the stranger's hand anon,  
 Hand of Odysseus proved in deed and word,  
 And made him rest upon a glittering throne,  
 Displacing brave Laodamas his son,  
 Who always sat there, at his father's side,  
 His best-beloved ; and of the handmaids one  
 From golden urn, well-chased and beautified,  
 Over a silver basin poured the lustral tide,

And spread before him the well-polished board  
 Whereon the staid house-dame provision set,  
 Whate'er of best the palace might afford.  
 So the divine Odysseus drank and ate ;  
 Nor did the king Alcinous ought forget,

But turned him to the herald, and thus spake :  
“ Wine mix for all, Pontonous ! Resteth yet  
That we to Thunderer Zeus libations make,  
Who still waits near at hand for awful suppliant’s sake.”

So he the wine mixed, and to each did bear.  
When they had poured and drunk, Alcinous said :  
“ Hear me, Phæacian chiefs, while I declare  
The meaning of my mind. Hence now to bed ;  
And, with more elders hither summoned,  
To-morrow we our guest will entertain  
Here in the halls, and sacrifices spread  
Before the gods, and convoy o’er the main  
Remember, that at last forgetting grief and pain,

Hence to his native land, however far,  
Safe in our guidance he may sail the sea  
Rejoicing, and no danger may debar,  
Nor midway onset of calamity,  
His foot from landing. There high Destiny  
Must rule her own, whose thought can no one scan,  
And he must bear the doom and the decree  
Which at his hour of birth the dark Fates span,  
When first his mother knew that she had borne a man.

“ But if that he descended from the skies,  
Immortal offspring of immortal race,  
Then to the gods some other scheme devise.  
For oft the gods here meet us face to face,  
Oft use our glorious hecatombs to grace,  
And sitting feast, as we ourselves, at will ;  
Yea, if one find them in a lonely place,  
No mask they wear ; for we are near them still,  
Like the Cyclopean race and Giants rude of skill.”

But wary-wise Odysseus made reply :  
“ Alcinous, far be such a thought from me !  
Not one like those who hold the realms on high  
In form or feature dost thou chance to see,  
But mortal, as on earth poor mortals be.  
Yea, most my case may I with theirs compare.  
Whom most ye know bowed down with misery.  
’Twere all too long the vast sum to declare  
Of sorrow, pain, and toil, the gods have made me bear.

“ But let me feed in peace, though sore distrest.  
Nothing more shameless is than Appetite,  
Who still, whatever anguish load our breast,  
Makes us remember in our own despite  
Both food and drink. Thus I, thrice wretched wight,

Carry of inward grief surpassing store,  
 Yet she constrains me with superior might,  
 Wipes clean away the memory-written score,  
 And takes whate'er I give, and taking craveth more.

"Ye with the morning in these halls convene,  
 And lend safe escort o'er the barren main ;  
 Yea, let life leave me, when I once have seen  
 My land, my servants, and my home again !"  
 He ended, and they all assent, right fain,  
 To lend whate'er the stranger may require,  
 For that his word with fate accordeth plain.  
 So having poured, and drunk their heart's desire,  
 All to their several chambers for the night retire.

Then was divine Odysseus left behind ;  
 But god-like King Alcinous in the hall  
 Still with Arete near his guest reclined ;  
 And the attendants, at their master's call,  
 Each means, each remnant, of the festival  
 Clear with quick hands ; and then the queen began,  
 Whose eyes on that familiar raiment fall  
 The which herself and her own women span.  
 She, turning, in winged words did thus accost the man :

"Stranger, this question will I first essay—  
 Who and whence art thou ? and of whom didst crave  
 These garments ? for methought I heard thee say  
 Thou camest hither wandering o'er the wave ?"  
 Then said the wary-wise Odysseus brave :  
 "Hard is it, queen, in sequence due to show  
 My griefs ; so many the celestials gave ;  
 But this one matter, this one tale of woe,  
 I will to-night set forth which thou art fain to know.

"Far in the deep sea lies an island fair,  
 Ogygia named. A bright-haired goddess dread,  
 Daughter of Atlas, doth inhabit there,  
 Wily Calypso, aye unvisited  
 Alike by god and man. Me fate hath led  
 Lone to that hearth o'erwhelmed with anguish dire ;  
 For in the middle ocean's wine-dark bed  
 Zeus, as I wandered, the Olympian Sire,  
 From heaven my swift ship clave in sunder with white fire.

"There all the rest of my companions died,  
 But I for nine days ever onward sweep,  
 Whirled by the waters, on a keel astride,  
 Till the tenth night spread blackening o'er the deep.  
 Then from this nymph did I salvation reap,

Who took me to herself and cared for me,  
Yea, thought to hold me in her island-keep,  
Blest with an ageless immortality ;  
Nathless the inward heart could not persuaded be.

“ Seven years I tarrying stained with many a tear  
Vestments immortal by Calypso lent ;  
But when came on the eighth revolving year,  
Whether it were that Zeus a message sent  
Or that Calypso changed her own intent,  
Homeward she bade me o'er the seas repair.  
So on a well-compacted bark I went ;  
She corn and wine gave, and apparel fair,  
And in my lee made stream a soft sweet harmless air.

“ Ten days and seven my gentle course I keep ;  
But on the eighteenth, for the first time seen,  
Loomed shadowy elevation in the deep,  
Your earth—right glad was then my heart, I ween.  
Ah ! wretched ! yet remained exceeding teen !  
Since dark Poseidon a long swerveless blast  
Launched on my ship, now furrowing wide ravine ;  
Now through the deep upheaving mountains vast,  
Till to the bark I groaning failed to cling at last.

“ Her the wild storms break up ; but I swam through  
The great sea-gorge, till near to this your land  
Whirled by the waters and the wind I drew.  
Then had the waves on your ungentle strand,  
Rock-fenced, where vainly I had striven to stand,  
Dashed me ; but I with the retiring flood  
Swam backward ; and at last a spot to land,  
Found, smooth of rocks, and overhung with wood,  
Even at the river's mouth, wind-sheltered, calm, and good.

“ There did I throw myself, recovering heart,  
And in that stound ambrosial night came on.  
I from the rain-fed river moved apart,  
And, of the woodland chambers choosing one,  
Piled the dead leaves about my lair anon.  
God sent a measureless rest my soul to steep,  
While in the leaves I lay, with toil foredone,  
Night, morning, noon, until the day was deep.  
When the sun fell mine eyes looked up from their sweet sleep.

“ And soon the handmaids of thy daughter find  
With her, like goddess in their midst, at play.  
Then spake I suppliant ; nor of prudent mind  
Failed she at all ; yea, hardly one would say  
That youth these matters could so nicely weigh.

Always the young lack wisdom ; but *she* sent  
Both corn and wine my cravings to allay,  
And washed me in the river, and garments lent.  
Herein the truth I tell, albeit with anguish spent."

Him them Alcinous answering thus addressed :  
" Stranger, my daughter was not all so wise,  
Who brought you not at once to be our guest,  
When to her first you prayed in suppliant guise."  
To whom the sage Odysseus straight replies :  
" Blame not for me thy faultless child ; indeed  
She pressed me ; but my soul did aye advise  
Me of thy royal anger to take heed,  
For we, the sons of men, were ever a jealous breed."

To whom Alcinous : " Stranger, no such heart,  
To fume at nothing, in my breast I bear.  
Rather, I ween, let justice hold her part.  
Yet, Father Zeus, Athene, Phœbus, hear !  
Would of my child thou wert the husband dear ;  
Such as I see thee, and with heart like mine !  
House, wealth, and lands, so thou but tarry here,  
I promise ; yet shall none by force incline  
Thy purpose ; nor to such Zeus lend his will divine !

" But the supreme fulfillment of thy way,  
Whereby the end of travail thou may'st reap,  
Know that until to-morrow I delay.  
Thou all the while shalt lie subdued with sleep,  
And they shall smite the levels of the deep  
Till thou thy home and all dear things regain,  
When thine eyes hail the land for which they weep ;  
Aye, though it be much harder to attain  
Than is Eubœia's isle, the farthest in the main,

" As those among us who have seen declare,  
Who once the gold-haired Rhadamanthus led  
Over the watery wold, to visit there  
Tityus the child of earth. Right well they sped ;  
Yea, without toil their course was finished,  
And on the self-same day their home-return.  
My excellence in ships is lightly read.  
Ere long thine own experience shall discern  
How well my oarsmen bold the foam-white deep can churn."

Thus he his lordly purpose did declare,  
And on much-toiled divine Odysseus came  
Sweet stirrings at the heart, who straight with prayer  
Answered, and spake a word, and named a name :  
" Zeus father ! O that he make good the same !



Grant that Alcinous by his promise stand !  
So by this deed his everlasting fame  
Shall walk the plenteous earth from land to land,  
And I shall sail in safety to my native strand."

But when their mutual converse now was o'er,  
The white-armed queen her maidens bade prepare  
A couch beneath the echoing corridor,  
And thereon spread the crimson carpets fair,  
Then the wide coverlets of richness rare,  
And to arrange the blankets warm and white,  
Wherein who sleepeth straight forgets his care.  
They then each holding in her hand a light,  
From the great hall pass forth and spread the robes aright.

Then standing near Odysseus thus they spake :  
"Now is thy couch well-furnished, stranger-guest ;  
Haste, to refreshful sleep thyself betake."  
Glad sounded in his ears their sweet request.  
There he, divine one, late so sore distrest,  
Slept all night long by griefs unvisited,  
Stretched loosely on the carven couch at rest.  
Alcinous to his far-off chamber sped,  
And there his lady wife made ready and shared his bed.

Well, our readers have had the opportunity to take one deep drink from the fountain of Homer through the conduit of Mr. Worsley's version. We hope they have enjoyed it. They have already seen how different the *Odyssey* is from the *Iliad*, in tone and spirit. For the difference which they cannot but have felt, is not the difference between Bryant and Worsley. It is the difference between Homer and Homer. Not that part of the contrast is not to be attributed to the different handlings of two different translators. But the *Odyssey* is really in itself very broadly contrasted with the *Iliad*. Some say that the *Odyssey* bears internal evidence of being written by an older man than he that wrote the *Iliad*. Of that we are by no means sure. Some say that the *Iliad* is a poem of war, while the *Odyssey* is a poem of rest. Rest is hardly the word that we should ourselves be willing to adopt as giving the key-note to the *Odyssey*. In truth it is a little puzzling to choose two single contrasted

words, for discriminating the two contrasted spirits. Achilles, the hero of the *Iliad*, is incarnate valor, revenge, and war; Ulysses, the hero of the *Odyssey*, is the impersonation of fortitude, craft, and adventure. Valor, on the one hand, fortitude on the other, are, perhaps, the two contrasted spirits, as nearly as two words can severally express them. In the *Iliad*, everything is dared; in the *Odyssey*, everything is endured. Tragedy overcasts the sky of the *Iliad*, and the sunset of its day is somber. In the *Odyssey*, there is betrayed more willingness, on the part of the author, to satisfy his audience with a happy catastrophe. There is surfeit, to be sure, of suffering in the *Odyssey*, but all's well that ends well, and on the whole the *Odyssey* ends well. Those extraordinary suitors of Penelope meet condign punishment, and Ulysses comes triumphantly by his own. This is, no doubt, a somewhat unsatisfactory account of the difference between the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. Let our readers provide for themselves a better. Meantime, address we ourselves to the task of further supplying them with the means of doing this.

Alcinous is a name that those of our readers will already have become familiar with, who are in the habit of reading poetry such as Milton's or Tennyson's, frequent with classical allusion. The rich Phæacian king has furnished theme of illustration to many a poet dealing in luxurious description. Those same Phæacians, by the way, were inhabitants of an island called by Homer Sche'ri-a [Ske'ri-a] identified with probability as Cor-cy'ra, now Corfu. The gardens of Alcinous are twice alluded to by Milton, in describing the garden of Eden—both times only as one among several examples of profuse luxuriance and beauty. Milton's genius was well served by his learning, and he could lavish freely from his store of far allusion, without any fear of impoverishing himself. In the fifth book of his "Paradise Lost," he says that once, to entertain an expected angel guest from

heaven, Eve sought and found about her there in the garden of Eden,

Whatever earth, all-bearing mother, yields  
In India East or West, or middle shore,  
In Pontus or the Punic coast, or where  
Alcinous reigned.

Again in book ninth :

Spot more delicious than those gardens feigned  
Or of revived Adonis, or renowned  
Alcinous, host of old Laertes' son ;  
Or that, not mystic, where the sapient king  
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse.

The imagination of poets has always delighted to linger in the dream of blessed islands where everything ever is good and fair. But Homer in this was beforehand with all the rest.

The courtly hospitality of the Phæacians, exercised toward Ulysses, puts that sage and hero on his very handsomest behavior. There is a signal exception, presently to be noted, but for the most part his characteristic craft appears only in well-turned compliments to his host, and to his host's friends, all of them.

A banquet was served in the palace halls next day, at which Ulysses listened to the Phæacian bard De-mod'o-cus, while that prototype of all the minstrels of all the poets since Homer, chanted some very moving lays of the siege of Troy. Ulysses was melted to tears, tears, however, which he managed to hide from all eyes save those of Alcinous the king. With a royal delicacy, worthy of Louis XIV. of France, Alcinous proposed that Demodocus cease singing, for athletic games to be celebrated. In the progress of these games, one graceless braggart, excited by victory over all competitors, chaffed Ulysses as sordidly unwilling and unskilled to try athletic sports. This young fellow made a capital mistake. Odysseus took fire, and bragged beyond the braggart. Moreover, he made good his boasts, covering himself with fresh glory in

the eyes of his entertainers by his feats of strength and skill. From such games as Odysseus easily beat them in, the good-natured Phæacians turned to choral dancing, performed to the music of Demodocus once more chanting his minstrel lays with accompaniment of lyre. We shall not dare follow this blind old bard in his chief matter of song chosen for the present occasion. Suffice it to say, that it concerned the gods and goddesses in some of their gallant misbehavior. The entertainment was of a mixed character, for while Demodocus was playing and chanting, the dance, we are to suppose, proceeded all the time. Alcinous, master as he was in the art of luxury, had provided a climax. He had two sons of his called out to exhibit their princely agility and grace in dancing. With the dancing proper was joined a pretty dexterity in the alternate tossing and catching of a ball. But let a stanza of Mr. Worsley tell us about it:

One leaning backward, to the shadowy sky  
 The ball up-hurled; the other with light bound  
 Easily caught it in his hand on high,  
 Or ever his quivering feet regained the ground.  
 This practice done, they weave the dance renowned  
 O'er the boon earth, with many a sinuous sweep  
 And glimmering interchange. The youths stand round  
 And chime and measure for the dancers keep  
 While still the great foot-pulse sounds regular and deep.

Was it not the poetry of motion? And has not Mr. Worsley rendered it fitly in his stanza? And shall we wonder that Odysseus hereon was ready with a compliment, so pleasing to his royal host, that it brought the "wary-wise" framer of it great prize of presents then and there bestowed?

The company adjourn to a feast, at which, as is specially noted, bard Demodocus is singled out for high honor. Odysseus takes the liberty of sending by the herald a choice bit of roast pork, which somehow seems a much finer dainty when it is described as "a choice portion from the chine of

white-toothed boar, with fat enfolded all"—Odysseus, we say, makes himself enough at home to send such a tidbit as this, by the herald, to Demodocus, accompanying the attention with an elaborate compliment delivered in his own proper voice to the minstrel on his minstrelsy. Demodocus thus flattered is fain to gratify Odysseus with a strain, suggested by that sage himself, about the famous Trojan Wooden Horse. As our readers are to hear something further about this wooden horse, when they come to study Virgil's *Æneid*, we will let Demodocus prepare them for that, by reciting his story in their hearing now:

Then did the god the minstrel's heart inspire,  
And he the strings swept, and took up the lay  
Where the Achaians to their camp set fire,  
And in the war-ships seem to sail away ;  
While in the Horse their chiefs in armed array  
Lurk with renowned Odysseus on the steep  
Of Ilion—by the Trojans drawn that day  
Clean past the bulwarks of their central keep.—  
These round the great bulk urge deliberation deep.

Three ways their counsel tended—to break through  
The hollow timber with the ruthless steel,  
Or down the rocks to hurl it out of view,  
Or leave it hallowed, wrath divine to heal ;  
Which thing by destiny their doom did seal—  
For, so the Fates enacted, they must fall  
When through their gates the wooden Horse they wheel,  
Whence, from dark lair should Argive heroes all  
Burst to wreak murderous bale on Trojans great and small.

Anon he sang how issuing from the lair  
With sword and fire the guardless town they smite,  
While each on several way the chieftains fare ;  
How to Deiphobus at dead of night  
Odysseus came, like Ares fierce in fight,  
With Menelaus, and did aye ensue  
Conquest not bloodless by Athene's might.  
All this he sang. Odysseus, melted through,  
Sat listening while the tears his pale-worn cheek bedew.

Whatever was the purpose of Odysseus in making demand of this particular theme from Demodocus, whether to hear

his own achievements chanted, or to enjoy once more the luxury of woe in melancholy remembrance, the effect, as has been seen, was to dissolve the soft-hearted hero in tears again. Alcinous marked his weeping and checked the bard's performance. This time the king thought it better courtesy to make open recognition of the tears of Odysseus. He does so, and begs to know who by name their stranger guest may be. He further desires from Odysseus an account of his adventures and experiences.

We shrewdly suspect that Alcinous could not have pleased Ulysses better. At any rate, Ulysses hereupon tells a long tale of what he has seen and suffered. From this narrative we purpose to furnish our readers with such extracts as we guess will interest them most.

First, here is a delicious bit of invention and description about the Lotus-eaters. Our readers will be glad to see it, not only for its own beauty, but for its association with one of Tennyson's very finest minor poems. The "Lotus-eaters," of that master of verse in many moods, is, of course, a reflection—to our own mind a reflection that, in charm to the imagination, gains upon its original—of the present luscious passage from the *Odyssey*. You do not need to locate this experience of Ulysses and his men anywhere, either in time or in space. Let it remain to you as vague as here it appears:

But, on the afternoon of the tenth day,  
We reached, borne downward with an easy helm,  
Land of the flowery food, the Lotus-eating realm.

Anon we step forth on the dear mainland,  
And draw fresh water from the springs, and there,  
Seated at ease along the silent strand,  
Not far from the swift ships, our meal prepare.  
Soon having tasted of the welcome fare,  
I with the herald brave companions twain  
Sent to explore what manner of men they were,  
Who, on the green earth, couched beside the main,  
Seemed ever with sweet food their lips to entertain.

Who, when they came on the delightful place  
Where those sat feeding by the barren wave,  
There mingled with the Lotus-eating race ;  
Who nought of ruin for our comrades brave  
Dreamed in their minds, but of the Lotus gave ;  
And whoso tasted of their flowery meat  
Cared not with tidings to return, but clave  
Fast to that tribe, for ever fain to eat,  
Reckless of home-return, the tender Lotus sweet.

These sorely weeping by main strength we bore  
Back to the hollow ships with all our speed,  
And thrust them bound with cords upon the floor,  
Under the benches ; then the rest I lead  
On board and bid them to the work give heed,  
Lest others, eating of the Lotus, yearn  
Always to linger in that land, and feed,  
Careless forever of the home-return :  
Then, bending to their oars, the foaming deep they spurn.

Did ever our readers read verse that seemed more instinct than is Mr. Worsley's with the spirit of spontaneous rhythm? And his translation, it is satisfactory to feel, is no less liberally true to Homer, than it is freely obedient to the laws of music in movement and meter. The whole work is a marvel of genius and scholarship. We wish the accomplished author were still within the reach of our praise. Mr. Worsley died in 1866—not, however, before he had put the *Iliad* the greater part of it also into similar verse.

We skip now some of the narratives of Ulysses, among them the episode of his adventure in the island of the Cyclops. This last, our readers will learn all they will wish to about—for it is a gross, disgusting story—when they come to study Virgil, who takes up the incident out of Homer, and treats it as fully as it deserves. The story of Circe has been moralized so much, both in prose and verse, that we must give that to our readers, in the form in which it first took its hold upon the imagination of mankind. Everybody has heard of Circe. Does everybody know that Circe is Homer's present to the world of fancy? Or, if Homer did not invent Circe, he at least first introduced that eminent lady so as to

give her the universal renown which she enjoys. Read Milton's "Comus" in connection with this extract. Our own American Hawthorne, in his *Tanglewood Tales*, has a charming version of the legend of Circe. Read that too. You will find the theme, in Hawthorne's treatment of it, invested with a new charm that could have been given it only by a great and truly original imagination.

The voyagers, Ulysses and his crew, have touched, without knowing where, on Circe's isle. A scouting party are sent out to explore :

Soon at her vestibule they pause, and hear  
 A voice of singing from a lovely place,  
 Where Circe weaves her great web year by year,  
 So shining, slender, and instinct with grace,  
 As weave the daughters of immortal race.  
 Then said Polites, nearest, first in worth  
 Of all my friends : ' Hark ! through the echoing space  
 Floats a sweet music, charming air and earth !  
 Call ! for some goddess bright or woman gave it birth.'

Thus spake he, and they lifted up their voice  
 And called her. She the brilliant doors anon  
 Unfolding, bade them in her halls rejoice ;  
 Who entered in not knowing, save alone  
 Eurylochus, misdoubting fraud. Full soon  
 Benches and chairs in fair array she set,  
 And mixing meal and honey, poured thereon  
 Strong Pramnian wine, and with the food they ate  
 Beat up her baleful drugs, to make them quite forget

Their country. They receiving drank, unwise.  
 Forthwith she smote them with her wand divine,  
 And drave them out, and shut them close in stys,  
 Where they the head, voice, form, and hair of swine  
 Took, but the heart stayed sane, as ere the wine  
 Confused them ; they thus to their lairs retreat ;  
 She food, whereon the brutish herd might dine,  
 Furnished, mast, acorns, their familiar meat,  
 Such as earth-groveling swine are ever wont to eat.

Eurylochus went back alone and forlorn to tell Ulysses and the rest the dismal story of what had befallen his comrades. Ulysses shall take up the tale again in his own words :



Forthwith my silver-hilted sword I take,  
Arrows and bow, and bid him go before ;  
But he with both hands clasped my knees, and spake  
Accents of wingèd words, bewailing sore :  
' Force me not, hero, to that hated door !  
Drag me not hence to perish ! for I know  
Thou and thy comrades will return no more.  
Rather with these right quickly let us go,  
And save our souls through flight, and shun the evil woe.'

But I : ' Eurylochus, abide thou here  
Fast by the hollow ship, and drink and eat ;  
But I will hence. Necessity severe  
Constrains me. Thus I passing turned my feet  
On through the glens for the divine retreat  
Of Circe ; and a youth in form and mold,  
Fair as when tender manhood seems most sweet,  
Beautiful Hermes, with the wand of gold,  
Met me alone, and there my hand in his did fold.

' Whither,' he said, ' wouldst thou thy steps incline,  
Ah ! hapless, all unweeting of thy way ?  
Thy friends lie huddling in their stys like swine ;  
And these wouldst thou deliver ? I tell thee nay—  
Except I help thee, thou with them shalt stay.  
Come, take this talisman to Circe's hall,  
For I will save thee from thine ills this day.  
Nor leave like ruin on thy life to fall,  
Since her pernicious wiles I now will tell thee all.

' Drink will she mix, and in thy food will charm  
Drugs, but in vain, because I give thee now  
This antidote beyond her power of harm.  
When she shall smite thee with her wand, do thou  
Draw thy sharp sword, and fierce design avow  
To slay her. She will bid thee to her bed,  
Fearing thy lifted arm and threatening brow.  
Nor those refuse, that so her heart be led  
To loose thy luckless friends, and on thee kindness shed.

' But by the grand oath of immortals blest  
First bind her, ere thou yield, that she no wrong  
Scheme for thy ruin in her secret breast,  
Lest, naked and unmanned, thou linger long  
Pent in vile durance with her swinish throng.  
Therewith the root he tore up from the ground,  
Black, with a milk-white flower, in heavenly tongue  
Called Moly, and its nature did expound—  
Hard to be dug by men ; in gods all power is found.

Then to the far Olympus Hermes went,  
 Sheer through the woodland isle ; but I repaired  
 Onward to Circe's halls magnificent,  
 And with a heaving heart the danger dared.  
 Soon to the shining vestibule I fared,  
 And lifted up my voice and loudly called.  
 Then came she forth, dread goddess, gleaming-haired,  
 And, bright gates of her mansion marbled-walled,  
 Unfolding, bade me in, heart-pained yet unappalled.

So to a silver-studded carven chair  
 My steps she led, and made me rest thereon ;  
 Under my feet there lay a foot-stool fair ;  
 And in a goblet of pure gold anon,  
 Mixing a philter, like that former one,  
 She the pernicious poison did instill,  
 Then gave me, and I drank—but change came none,  
 Lest with her mystic wand, intending ill,  
 She smote me, and thus spake, her dread charm to fulfill :

“ Now to the sty, and with thy comrades sleep !”  
 But my sharp steel unsheathing from my thigh,  
 On the enchantress, as in rage, I leap,  
 Armed, with the flash of murder in mine eye.  
 She, screaming, clasped my knees, in dread to die—  
 “ Who then art thou ?” she cried : “ Where is thy place,  
 Thy parents, who these philters canst defy ?  
 Never before did lips of mortal race  
 Drink of this cup, and still retain their former grace.”

The sequel is quickly told. Ulysses proved himself full match in craft for the enchantress. First getting her fast bound by the great oath, he secured himself against bestial transformation, and then, we grieve to say it, deliberately yielded to her seduction and became her paramour. He and his companions all stayed a whole year as guests of Circe. Home-sick at last, they got away—Ulysses, at Circe's suggestion, sailing first of all to visit Hades, for the purpose of consulting the shade of the seer *Ti-re'si-as* about the future. This episode we here omit, reserving it for presentation through Virgil's version and adaptation, in our next volume. The fine stanza first herein quoted from Mr. Worsley, as a specimen of his verse, described the prosperous voyage Circe gave her parting guests bound on this expedition. The

whole long story of the visit to Hades is very nobly conceived, and it is answerably well executed, by Homer. We are sorry not to present it here. But our just limits forbid. It is a mine of material for the popular mythology of pagan Greece and Rome, and a treasury of resource to orators and poets for telling allusion and illustration. Reading Homer's *Odyssey* is a better way of becoming familiar with Greek and Roman mythology, than is poring over a classical dictionary. The difference is like that between studying botany in a living flower-garden, and studying it from an herbarium.

The Sirens—as to Homer's account of these, we must do for ourselves what Ulysses did for his sailors, in guard against the sweet bewitching song of those evil creatures themselves, we must “cram our ears with wool and so pace by.” (So Tennyson puts it, but wax, instead of wool, was the true Homeric material.) In fact, make we now a long leap forward to near the end of the poem. The story has passed the rapids, taken the great plunge of the dreadful catastrophe, and is comparatively placid once more—that is to say, the insolent suitors have been slain in the palace-halls, and the way is clear for Ulysses to reveal himself in his true identity to his wife Penelope, and to his father La-er'tes.

“But the catastrophe itself, the bloodily multitudinous revenge wreaked by Ulysses and his son on the suitors of Penelope—this,” cry out our readers, “are we to hear nothing of this?” Well, we have insisted somewhat, we, the author, with our readers; it is but fair now to let our readers take their turn of insisting with us. Enough, dear friends; you shall even have your way this time, and sup your fill of the horrors of a scene which we fain had weakly suffered to lie veiled in darkness. And on the whole our readers are entitled to know what sort of plots in blood were demanded by the taste of hearers, and obediently supplied by the genius of minstrels, in the pagan world that was and that is not, “the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome.”

It is part of the peculiar method of Homer, that he feels sufficiently at leisure always, himself, and always sufficiently secure of finding his audience at leisure, to tell the same occurrence over a second, or, it may chance, even a third time, if the humor happens to take him. Thus we have our choice to present here the long, full, first detail of the death of the suitors furnished in the direct narrative; or to present the shorter, more condensed account, subsequently given in Hades, by the shades of the murdered men themselves, to the shade of Agamemnon there encountering and accosting them. We assume that our readers would prefer the former, and, all complaisance, as, turn and turn about, we here are bound to be, the former we will give them. But, remember, friends, that you will have to wait proportionally longer, for what is lovelier and sweeter far, the self-disclosure of Ulysses to his wife and his father. We agree, however, you will enjoy those idylls all the more, when you come to them, for the contrast and relief you will experience, having steeped your soul so long in the steam and reek of human slaughter—slaughter going on, not in the free air, and on the battle-field, but within household walls, and by the banquet-board.

Penelope, inspired by Pallas, contrived a test for her suitors. They were to try bending the great bow of Ulysses, and with it sending an arrow through the helve-holes of twelve axes arranged in a row. Not a suitor of them all could even bend the bow. Ulysses, in mean garb, has watched the trial, and when all have failed, obtains the privilege of seeing what he can do. It goes without saying that he accomplishes the proposed feat. He then recommends that the banquet be renewed. This is done, and it is in full mid-feast that the action begins which is described in the following stanzas, comprising the greater part of the twenty-second book. We ought to add that the suitors, now about to be horribly slain, have deserved their doom, otherwise than by unseasonably and unreasonably importunate suitorship, by various acts of

wickedness plotted, and of insolence perpetrated, against the house of Ulysses :

Stript of his rags then leapt the godlike king  
On the great threshold, in his hand the bow  
And quiver, filled with arrows of mortal sting.  
These with a rattle he rained down below,  
Loose at his feet, and spake among them so :  
“ See, at the last our matchless bout is o'er.  
Now for another mark, that I may know  
If I can hit what none hath hit before,  
And if Apollo hear me in the prayers I pour.”

Thus did he speak, and aimed a bitter dart  
Against Antinous. He the beauteous cup,  
Twin-eared and golden, carved with curious art,  
Was lifting in his hands and tilting up  
Close to his red lips, the sweet wine to sup,  
And in his mind of murder held no care.  
Who could believe, 'mid feast and flowing cup,  
One of a crowd, though he far mightier were,  
Would for a guest black fate and evil death prepare ?

Him with an arrow in his throat the king  
Shot. Through his delicate neck the barb made way.  
He, falling backward, made the pavement ring.  
Down clanged the cup, and where it clanged it lay.  
And, ere a man could wonder or gainsay,  
Blood from the nostrils the wide floor imbrued.  
He in a moment wildly kicked away  
The table with both feet, and spilt the food,  
And all the place with bread and broken flesh was strewed.

And now, behold, the suitors a dire clang  
Stirred in the palace, when they marked him fall.  
And from the benches and the chairs they sprang,  
Pale and aghast within the shadowy hall,  
Peering about in terror from wall to wall.  
Nor, as they looked, could they discern within  
Spear, sword, nor shield, nor any arms at all.  
Scared, as from sleep, and with a troublous din,  
They to divine Odysseus wrathful words begin :

“ Stranger, not well thou doest to aim at men.  
These are thy last lists ; thou shalt surely die.  
See, by thy hand the bravest of our men,  
Flower of all Ithaca, doth murdered lie.  
Thy bones the vultures shall pick by and by.”

But each held back, averring that he slew  
 By chance the man. How fatal and how nigh  
 Death's snares were set, they foolish never knew !  
 Whom the king sternly eyed, and to the godless crew :

“ Dogs, ye denied that I should e'er come back  
 From Troia's people to my native land.  
 Long in your pride my house ye rend and wrack,  
 Yea, and ye force the women with violent hand,  
 And my wife claim, while I on earth yet stand,  
 Nor fear the gods who rule in the wide sky,  
 Nor lest a mortal on the earth demand  
 Your price of guilt—and ye are like to die !  
 Round you Death's fatal toils inextricably lie.”

He ceased, and all were taken with pale fear,  
 Peering about in terror, if they might flee  
 Black doom and ruin and destruction sheer.  
 Then spake Eurymachus, and only he :  
 “ If thou the Ithacan Odysseus be,  
 Now home returning to thy native land,  
 Well hast thou spoken : for I know that we  
 Oft in thy town and fields with violent hand,  
 And here within thy mansion, have much evil planned.

“ But now behold he lieth dead, the cause  
 Of all our crime, Antinous. He alone  
 Urged us to drink and revel and break the laws—  
 He in his heart, it is a thing well known,  
 Caring far less to make thy wife his own  
 Than for a scheme, which Zeus doth bring to nought.  
 That here the king's line might be overthrown ;  
 Yea, for thy child a secret snare he wrought,  
 And for himself in Ithaca the kingdom sought.

“ Now hath he fallen by the doom of Fate.  
 But spare thy people, who in after day  
 Swear in this country on thy will to wait,  
 And in thy palace the whole price to pay  
 Of all things drunk and eaten, and to lay  
 Each one before thy feet fines worth a score  
 Of oxen, brass, and gold, whate'er we may,  
 Till thy heart warms to view the countless store.  
 Reason enough thou hast to feel enraged before.”

Him wise Odysseus sternly eyed, and spake :  
 “ Eurymachus, though ye the whole restore,  
 And all your own wealth and your fathers' take,  
 And the earth ransack till ye add much more,  
 Never these hands shall the dire work give o'er

Ere your floun pride is to the full repaid.  
Choose now to fight, or if ye list explore  
Some by-way, if escape may yet be made.  
But, as I think, Death's toils no longer ye evade."

Then quailed their knees and heart, and thus again  
Eurymachus spake forth: "O friends, the man  
Will not give over till we all are slain.  
Quick draw your knives, and pile up as ye can  
Tables to cover us. It were best we ran  
All in close volley against him, firm to try  
And thrust him by the strength of all our clan  
Down from the doors, and stir a public cry.  
Then quickly his last arrow will the man let fly."

Then he his knife drew, and with terrible cry  
Sprang toward the king; who, aiming at the breast,  
Hard by the nipple, let the arrow fly;  
And in his liver the keen barb found rest.  
Dropt from his hand the knife. He with prone chest  
Fell like a ruin, and threw down the meat  
And the rich wine-cup. His tall forehead's crest  
Knocked on the earth, he rattling with both feet  
The throne, and on his eyes the darkling death-rain beat.

Then rushed Amphinomus onward with drawn knife,  
To thrust Odysseus from the doors, but lo!  
First with the spear Telemachus reft his life,  
And 'twixt the shoulders made the iron go  
Clean through the lungs; and with a clang the foe  
Knocked with his forehead on the earth. Back pressed  
Telemachus, the long spear leaving so,  
Lest, from the wound when he the spear would wrest,  
One cut him down unwares, or stab him breast to breast.

Now therefore running to his sire came he,  
And in winged words: "O father, I will seek  
Helm, shield, and two spears both for thee and me  
And these our helpers, lest we prove too weak.  
Not without arms can we our vengeance wreak."  
And wary-wise Odysseus made reply:  
"Pause not a moment: if thou tarry and speak,  
Soon will the river of our darts run dry.  
Quick, lest the men dislodge me—all alone am I."

Thus spake he, and Telemachus obeyed,  
And to the chamber went where the arms lay.  
He from the armory four shields conveyed,  
Eight spears, four helms of brass in plumed array,  
And to his father quickly bent his way.

He first the armor round his flesh put on ;  
 Also the servants to his word obey,  
 And the spears lift, and shield and helmet don,  
 And by the brave Odysseus take their stand anon.

But the brave king, while yet his shafts availed,  
 This one and that kept piercing in the hall.  
 Still the men dropped. But when the arrows failed,  
 Then he the bow leaned on the shining wall,  
 And on his shoulders took the targe withal,  
 Four-hided, vast, and on his valiant head  
 Laced the firm helmet with its streamy fall  
 Of horsehair and the white plume dancing dread ;  
 And two strong spears he lifted, each with steely head.

Now in the wall a narrow postern lay,  
 Which from the corner of the threshold-floor  
 Gave, through fair valves, upon a secret way.  
 And the king bade the swineherd keep this door  
 Standing on watch : there was no pass-way more.  
 And thither Agelaus turned his eye,  
 And to his comrades a fierce counsel bore :  
 " Friends, why not pass the wicket, and stir a cry ?  
 Then quickly his last arrow shall the man let fly."

Melanthius, herdsman of the goats, replied :  
 " O Zeus-born Agelaus, it may not be.  
 Yon gates stand direly near, close at the side,  
 And the lane's mouth is narrow, and you may see  
 That one strong man might hold it easily.  
 But come now, quickly will I hence and bring  
 Arms to your service from the armory.  
 For, as I think, Telemachus and the king  
 Stowed not the arms elsewhere, but there laid every thing.

Thus having said, Melanthius quickly went,  
 Up the long staircase stealing, to the place.  
 Twelve shields, twelve helmets, and twelve spears he hent  
 And to the suitors brought them down apace.  
 Then was Odysseus in an evil ease,  
 And quailed in knees and heart, as they put on  
 Their armor, and long spears before his face  
 Waved : for he saw that a great work was done.  
 And quickly in winged words he spake unto his son :

" Not all, Telemachus, goes well with us.  
 Some one against us moveth evil war,  
 Either a woman or Melanthius."  
 But he : " The rest, O father, blameless are,  
 But that I left the chamber-door ajar



Mine is the fault ; they had the better scout.  
Haste, good Eumæus, and the chamber bar,  
And if a woman be at work find out,  
Or Dolius' son Melanthius, whom I shrewdly doubt."

Thus they conferred, and lo, Melanthius passed  
Back to the chamber, the fair arms to bring.  
And on the man quick glance the swine-herd cast,  
And, as he stood near, whispered to the king :  
" Son of Laertes, hearken ! for the thing  
Comes true—once more that dark thief prowls away.  
Say, shall I kill him if I can, or bring  
The varlet hither, for all crimes to pay  
Which he within thy house hath planned this many a day ?"

And wary-wise Odysseus answering said :  
" I and Telemachus will hold at bay  
All the proud foes, though burning to make head ;  
But ye twain to the chamber take your way ;  
There backward twist, as tightly as ye may,  
His hands and feet, then cast him on the floor  
Bound, a rope draw beneath his arms, and weigh  
And hoist him to the beam, and lock the door—  
There to feel bitter things long time ere life be o'er."

So spake he, and they heard him and obeyed.  
And all unseen they stole upon him there,  
While in the far recess deep search he made ;  
They twain on each side by the door-posts were.  
He carrying in one hand a helmet fair  
Came ; in the other a broad buckler lay,  
Which in his youth divine Laertes bare,  
Now battered and burnt up with long decay,  
And the old loops hung limp, their dry seams dropt away.

And lo, the twain rushed forward and him drew  
Back to the chamber by his hair, and cast  
Sore groaning to the ground, and backward threw  
His hands and feet, and linked them direly fast  
With knots of spirit-piercing cord, and passed  
Under his limbs a stout rope, as the king  
Commanded, and by main strength at the last  
Hoised him aloft, beneath the beam to swing—  
Whom, with sharp words, Eumæus, thou didst jeer and sting :

" Now, O Melanthius, if I err not quite,  
Where thou reclinest thou art like to be,  
Brisk and alert, through all the livelong night,  
Wrapt in a soft couch as is good for thee.  
Nor shall the morning, when from out the sea

She comes up charioted, with golden throne,  
 Escape thine eyes ere well awake are we,  
 While for the suitors thou art driving down  
 Choice fatlings from the herd, and prime goats not their own."

Thus bound they leave him, and then swiftly win  
 Back to Odysseus. Breathing might, they four  
 Stood by the threshold, and the rest within,  
 So many and brave. And near them at the door  
 Came one who Mentor's voice and likeness bore.  
 Glad spake Odysseus: "Shield us from the foe,  
 Brave Mentor! I was thy twin friend of yore."  
 Thus spake he, nor Athene failed to know.  
 And Agelaus then, Damastor's son, spake so:

"Mentor, be thou not fooled to take their part!  
 Else are we minded, when our foes we slay,  
 Thee to kill also for thine evil heart;  
 Yea, with thine own head thou the price shalt pay.  
 When with the sword we take your power away,  
 All that within doors and without is thine  
 We will make even as this man's, I say.  
 Nor son nor daughter nor thy wife divine  
 Shall linger in the land, nor any of thy line."

He ended, and Athene raged the more,  
 And in fierce accents to the king she spake:  
 "Not such thine arm, Odysseus, as of yore,  
 When for the nobly-born fair Helen's sake  
 Nine years by Troia thou didst war partake,  
 And in the dread siege many men subdue,  
 And by shrewd wit the towers of Priam break.  
 How with house, wealth, and all sweet things in view,  
 Turnest thou back from blood, nor can'st the work go through?"

"But come, beloved, and stand near me thus,  
 And 'mid the fierce throng shalt thou soon behold  
 In what way Mentor, child of Alkimus,  
 Pays back the kindness of his friends fourfold."  
 She spake, nor yet full tide of victory rolled  
 Before them, but Odysseus and his son  
 Proved yet a little, lest their blood were cold.  
 She, to the roof-beam taking flight anon,  
 There like a swallow sat, and from above looked on.

And Agelaus then, Damastor's son,  
 Urged on the rest, with bold Eurynomus  
 Hot for the battle, and Amphimedon,  
 And the brave strength of Demoptolemus,  
 Peisander, and the warlike Polybus.

These of the suitors who yet lived and fought  
Were far the bravest and most glorious ;  
But many others the fleet shafts had brought  
To bale. And Agelaus a fierce counsel taught :

“ Friends, soon that madman shall yield up the ghost.  
See, they are left beside the doors alone,  
And gone is Mentor with an empty boast.  
Now therefore, suitors, hurl not all in one  
Your spears against them, but let six come on  
And first in order at our foe take aim,  
If haply Zeus vouchsafe that we strike down  
Odysseus, and acquire a noble name,  
Since all the rest count nothing, if that man we tame.”

So they stood forth and hurled, but none the more  
Thrived, for Athene sent their javelins wide.  
One hit the pillar, and one hit the door,  
And one fell heavy on the wall aside.  
Then to his friends divine Odysseus cried :  
“ Come, let us also hurl our spears, nor miss  
Yon crowd of suitors, who, by Heaven ! have tried  
Now to their past crimes to add even this,  
And make the barb-tipt iron in our life-blood hiss.”

He spake, and all then, firming well their eye,  
Aimed the long spears ; and Demoptolemus  
Low by the javelin of the king did lie ;  
Euryades fell by Telemachus ;  
And by the swine-herd's steel died Elatus ;  
The herdsman of the kine Peisander slew.  
These with their teeth the bloody ground bit thus ;  
And, while the suitors far apart withdrew,  
Straight rushed the four, and tugged their weapons forth anew.

And lo, the suitors their sharp spears once more  
Hurled ; but Athene sent the most part wide.  
One hit the pillar, and one hit the door,  
And one fell heavy on the wall aside.  
Natheless Amphimedon with blood just dyed  
Skin of the wrist of brave Odysseus' son.  
Ctesippus, hurling o'er the tough bull's hide,  
Wrote on the swine-herd's shoulder—so passed on  
The dart, and flew beyond him, and to earth fell down.

Then did Odysseus and his friends renew  
Their hurling, and among the crowd shot thus—  
Stormer of towers, the brave Odysseus, slew  
Eurydamas ; and young Telemachus  
Amphimedon ; the swine-herd, Polybus.

The herdsman hit Ctesippus in the breast,  
 And cried : " No longer vaunt and flee at us,  
 But let the gods speak, who are far the best.  
 This for the foot thou gavest to the suppliant guest."

Also in close fight with his spear the king  
 Tore Agelaus; the young prince his spear  
 Drove through Leiocritus. He ruining  
 Clanged with his forehead. And Athene there  
 Waved her man-murdering aegis in the air.  
 Then, scared in spirit, through the hall they fled,  
 As when the gadfly, in the spring of the year,  
 When the days lengthen, 'mid the kine makes head,  
 And stings them into fury where at peace they fed.

And as when eagles, curven-beaked and strong,  
 Fly from the hills and the fleet birds assail ;  
 These in the low plain flit and cover along,  
 Pounced on with fury, nor can flight avail  
 Nor courage, while good sport the fowlers hail—  
 So 'mid the suitors hovering evermore,  
 Turning about they smite them, and deal bale.  
 Direly the heads crashed, and a hideous roar  
 Sounded for ever, and still the bubbling earth ran gore.

Then did Leiodes clasp Odysseus' knees  
 And in winged words his supplication make :  
 " Spare me, O king, nor let my suit displease !  
 Since never to the women I did nor spake  
 Evil, but strove the lawless ways to break  
 Of these proud men ; but they regarded not,  
 And for their folly a fit doom partake.  
 I, the mere altar-priest, now share their lot,  
 Though clean of guilt—so soon are benefits forgot."

Him wise Odysseus sternly eyed, and said :  
 " Priest of *their* altar if thou boast to be,  
 Then for my death thou must have often prayed,  
 And that my sweet return I might not see,  
 And that my dear wife should bear sons to thee—  
 Die !" Thus he answered, and the sword did take,  
 Dropt by Damastor's child when slain was he,  
 Shore through the mid neck, and the neck-bones brake ;  
 And the head rolled beneath him, while the mouth yet spake.

But yet the minstrel Phemius shunned black Fate,  
 Who by compulsion to the suitors sang.  
 Mute he stood, lingering by the postern gate,  
 And there the shrill lyre from his hands let hang.  
 And his soul mused if it were best he sprang

Forth from the house, and to the altar clave  
Of court-guard Zeus, to shun the dire death-pang,  
Where often from old time fat thighs they gave,  
Or to rush forth, and mercy at the king's knees crave.

And in his soul it seemed more gainful so—  
To pass forth from his place, and at the knees  
Fall, and wild hands of supplication throw,  
Crouching before the lord Laertiades.  
First he lays down the lyre, where space he sees  
Betwixt the bowl and silver-studded throne,  
Then rushes forth, and to Odysseus' knees  
Clings with a sore clasp, crouched on the cold stone.  
There sadly in winged words he maketh suppliant moan:

“Spare me, Odysseus, lest a time come when  
Fall on thine own heart sorrow, if thou kill  
Me, the self-taught, who sing to gods and men.  
Not man, but God, did my sweet voice instill,  
Thee too with songs can I divinely thrill.  
O let me live! Telemachus can say  
How not desiring, and with no good will,  
I came to sing amid their feasts; but they,  
Far mightier and far more, compelled me to obey.”

He ceased; and the divine Telemachus  
Heard the man's suppliant anguish, and came near,  
And in winged words addressed his father thus:  
“Hold, and the guiltless wound not, but revere.  
Also the herald Medon hold we clear,  
Who the good cause did never once forget,  
But loved me from a child this many a year—  
If nor Philcetus nor the swine-herd yet  
Have slain him, nor thee raging through the house he met.”

Him the wise Medon heard, where 'neath a throne,  
Wrapt in a raw bull's-hide, he crouching lay,  
Black Fate avoiding. Forth he leapt anon,  
Cast off the hide, and by his knees did pray  
Telemachus: “Behold me, friend, and stay  
Thine arm, and tell thy father to forbear,  
Lest me, exulting in his strength, he slay,  
And angered for these men, who naught did spare;  
Who for thyself, his child, had no regard nor care.”

On whom the wise Odysseus smiled and said:  
“Cheer up, and live, for thou hast heard his will,  
This to know ever, and thy friends persuade—  
How 'tis far better to do good than ill.  
But now go forth and in the court sit still,

Clear of the blood, beyond the doors, ye two,  
 And leave me in the house while I fulfill  
 The remnant of the work I have to do."  
 They to the altar went, and crouching quailed anew.

Meanwhile the king pried busily to and fro,  
 Lest one alive yet lurk, avoiding bale.  
 And all he found in bloody dust laid low,  
 Strewn, like dumb fishes on the sandy graile,  
 Whom from the hoary deep the fishes hale  
 In many-windowed net. They on dry land,  
 Sick for the sea, gasp dying; nor doth fail  
 Fierce noon to kill them on the burning sand—  
 Thus lay the slain men heaped by his victorious hand.

Surely no verse more spirited and more shocking, more picturesque and more hideous, than the foregoing, was ever composed. The translation is beyond praise. It is more than admirable, it is magnificent. Our readers need not feel that they lose anything in enjoyment of literary beauty and power by not knowing this passage of the *Odyssey* in Greek. Mr. Worsley's version is an adequate representation of his original. It is not only all that could be expected in a translation—it is all that can be desired. Indeed, it may be said to transcend desire, for it creates a standard higher than one's previous ideal.

But truly splendid as is the poetry, alike in Homer and in Worsley, what shall we think of the moral, or even of the æsthetic, state of a highly civilized people that could tolerate such perfectly crude savagery in their national epics? Let us not entertain the question, but hasten forward to the relief that follows.

Ulysses has still to make himself known to Penelope and to Laertes. These pleasing tasks the much-experienced warrior and sage addresses himself to accomplish in his own characteristic way. Homer, with consummate art, arranges a preliminary meeting between Ulysses and Penelope, in which the long-tried and suspicious-grown true wife refuses to recognize her husband, until she shall have had the

assurance of certain marks "readily discerned," she says, "betwixt us, secret signs, which no one else hath learned." Ulysses magnanimously indulges her incredulous caution, and meantime plans with Telemachus his son (who has already received him with full trust for father) a scheme to delay public discovery of the manifold murder that has been committed in the massacre of the suitors, and so of averting from themselves the vengeance likely to be visited from the suitors' kindred. He causes the palace first to be purified, and then to resound as with festival music. The result is what he anticipated. The people outside say among themselves, A wedding in the palace! Some suitor has won his widow-bride at last! The rest Homer shall tell us himself, with Mr. Worsley for clear-voiced herald and interpreter:

Thus spake they, knowing not the things that were.  
Meanwhile the staid housedame Eurynome  
Washed in his own house and anointed fair  
Divine Odysseus. From the bath came he,  
In tunic and rich robe clad beauteously,  
And on his form new grace Athene shed,  
And ampler made him, and more large to see.  
Curled like the hyacinth divinely spread  
The full locks, clustering dark, around his glorious head.

As when some artist, fired with plastic thought,  
Silver doth overlay with liquid gold,  
One by Hephaestus and Athene taught  
Fair-shining forms, instinct with love, to mold,  
She thus the king's head did with grace enfold  
And the fair shoulders. Like a god in mien  
He, clothed in beauty, glistening to behold,  
Came and reclined where he before had been,  
And, on the pillar leaning, thus addressed the queen:

"Lady, the gods that in Olympus dwell  
Have, beyond female women, given to thee  
Heart as of flint, which none can soften well.  
Lives not a wife who could endure, save thee,  
Her lord to slight, who roaming earth and sea  
Comes to his own land in the twentieth year.  
Haste, Eurycleia, and go spread for me  
Some couch, that I may sleep, but not with her—  
For, as it seems, her breast than steel is more severe."

But him the wise Penelope addressed :  
 " Friend, neither I exalt nor rate thee low,  
 Nor marvel overmuch ; but in my breast  
 Too well thy features and thy form I know,  
 Such as from Ithaca long years ago  
 Thee to a far land the fleet bark conveyed.  
 But go, nurse, and his own choice bed bestow  
 Outside the bridal chamber which he made,  
 And rugs and fleeces pile, that he be warmly laid."

Thus she spake, proving him. He, direly stirred,  
 Quick to his loyal wife made answer there :  
 " Wife, thou hast spoken a soul-piercing word,  
 Tell me what hand hath set my couch elsewhere.  
 Yea, for a skilled man very hard it were,  
 Save a god helped him, who can all things do.  
 Lives not a mortal, though life's flower he bear,  
 Could stir it. For with that bed's growth there grew  
 A wondrous sign, my work ; none else that secret knew.

" For in the court an olive stem there grew,  
 Stout as a column, and thick leaves it bore.  
 Round it a chamber, built with stones, I threw,  
 And with a tight roof firmly spanned it o'er,  
 And by the threshold hung the well-framed door ;  
 Then cut the olive hair, and smooth and round  
 Planed to a basement on the chamber floor  
 The wide trunk, like a bedpost in the ground,  
 And with a wimble pierced it, for the core was sound.

" So, thence beginning, I the bed did mold  
 Shapely and perfect, and the whole inlaid  
 With ivory and silver and rich gold ;  
 And, well stretched out, a leathern work I made,  
 Shining with purple. I have now displayed  
 This sign, this marvel ; nor at all I know  
 Whether my couch in the old place hath stayed,  
 Or some one could elsewhere my work bestow,  
 When first he had cut through the olive stump below.

He ended, and were loosed her knees and heart,  
 When she the tokens of her husband knew.  
 Then from her eyelids the quick tears did start,  
 And she ran to him from her place, and threw  
 Her arms about his neck, and a warm dew  
 Of kisses poured upon him, and thus spake :  
 " Frown not, Odysseus ; thou art wise and true !  
 But God gave sorrow, and hath grudged to make  
 Our path to old age sweet, nor willed us to partake



“ Youth’s joys together. Yet forgive me this,  
Nor hate me that when first I saw thy brow  
I fell not on thy neck, and gave no kiss,  
Nor wept in thy dear arms as I weep now.  
For in my breast a bitter fear did bow  
My soul, and I lived shuddering day by day,  
Lest a strange man come hither, and avow  
False things, and steal my spirit, and bewray  
My love ; such guile men scheme, to lead the pure astray.

“ For neither Argive Helen, seed divine,  
Had with a strange man mingled in love’s chain,  
If she had known that heroes of high line  
Should to Achaia lead her home again.  
But the god stamped her with a grievous stain,  
Stirring her soul to dare a shameful wrong ;  
Nor of set mind she pondered the dark skein  
Of sorrow, fated to befall ere long,  
When first came even to us our load of anguish strong.

“ But now, since clearly thou unfoldest this,  
The secret of our couch, which none hath read,  
Save only thee and me and Actoris,  
Whom my sire gave me, when I first was wed,  
To guard the chamber of our bridal-bed—  
Now I believe against mine own belief.”  
She ending a desire of weeping bred  
Within him, and in tears the noble chief  
Clasped his true wife, exulting in their glorious grief.

“ Sweet as to swimmers the dry land appears,  
Whose bark Poseidon in the angry sea  
Strikes with a tempest, and in pieces tears,  
And a few swimmers from the white deep flee,  
Crusted with salt foam, and with tremulous knee  
Spring to the shore exulting ; even so  
Sweet was her husband to Penelope,  
Nor from his neck could she at all let go  
Her white arms, nor forbid her thickening tears to flow.

And now the rosy-fingered Dawn had found  
Them weeping, but Athene a new scheme  
Planned, and the long night held within her bound,  
Nor from the rolling river of Ocean’s stream  
Suffered the golden-throned Dawn to beam,  
Or yoke the horses that bear light to men,  
Lampus and Phaethon, her fiery team,  
Who draw the chariot of the Dawn. And then  
Answered the wise Odysseus to his wife again :

“Wife, the end is not yet, but there abide  
 Hard labors and extreme which I must bear  
 For thus to me in Hades prophesied  
 Soul of Tiresias, the Theban seer,  
 In that day when I sought death’s kingdom drear,  
 My friend’s return inquiring and my own.  
 But come with me to bed, that we may cheer  
 With sleep and love our souls, ere night be flown.”  
 Whereto the wise Penelope replied anon :

“Spread shalt thy couch be, whensoever thou will.  
 Thine is the house ; for to thy native land  
 The gods have led thee through long years of ill,  
 And thy feet suffer on our hearth to stand.  
 But now the labor which thou hast in hand  
 Tell me, which God hath made thy lips avow ;  
 For the time comes when all that fate hath planned  
 Shall not be hidden—it were no worse now  
 To learn what yet must happen, though I know not how.”

And quickly to his dear wife answered he :  
 “Why urge me to unfold, to thine own pain,  
 This fortune ? it is sad even for me.  
 Take up an oar he bade me, and again  
 Roam through the countries, hill and valley and plain,  
 Till at the last I light upon a race  
 Which eat not salt, nor know the rolling main,  
 Nor vermeil ships, whose sails from place to place  
 Waft them like wings, nor oars that sweep the marble face

“Of ocean. And this notable clear sign  
 He told, not easy to escape my care :  
 When that a man shall meet me in my line  
 Of travel, and accost me, and declare  
 On my illustrious shoulder that I bear  
 A winnowing-van, he bade me plant mine oar  
 In that same spot, and sacrifices fair,  
 A ram, a bull, and a swine-mounting boar,  
 Slay to Poseiden, monarch of the waters hoar :

“Then return home, and sacred hecatombs  
 To the immortal gods in order due,  
 To all and each that dwell beneath the domes  
 Of heaven, present ; and lastly shall ensue  
 My calm death, wafted from the billows blue,  
 And I shall fall in a serene old age,  
 Painless and ripe, with nothing left to do,  
 While a blest people at the gates engage  
 My sovereign care. Such future his true lips presage.”

And answer made the wise Penelope :  
" If for old age the gods annul thy curse,  
Hope is, though late, that thou shalt yet be free  
From all thy sorrows." Thus did they converse.  
Meantime, above, Eurynome and the nurse  
Make up the bed with raiment soft and fair,  
Under the blazing torchlight ; and the nurse,  
When they had spread the couch with studious care,  
Back to the house, for sleep, right quickly made repair.

There she, divine of women, told him all  
Her suffering that she bore from day to day,  
While the fell suitors slew within the hall  
Beeves and fat sheep, and drained the wine away.  
Also Odysseus to his wife did say  
All the dread strife which on his foes he won,  
And the sad labor on himself that lay ;  
She ever with enjoyment listening on ;  
Nor to her eyes came sleep, until the tale was done.

First told he of the Cicons tamed, and then  
How through the main to the rich land they drew  
Where dreams the tribe of Lotus-eating men ;  
And how no pity the dire Cyclops knew,  
But his guests ate, and paid for whom he slew ;  
And how to Æolus he came, who well  
Dismissed him ; but not yet was he to view  
His country ; for from heaven the tempest fell,  
And whirled him back, deep groaning o'er the sea's dark swell.

Of the wide-gated Læstrygonian town  
He spake, where they destroyed his friends and fleet,  
Whence in the black ship he escaped alone ;  
Of Circe's wondrous wiles, and how his feet  
Trode the dark realm of Hades, to entreat  
Soul of Tiresias the Theban seer,  
What time he sailed in well-manned bark complete  
Past the divine sea river, and saw there  
His dead friends, and the mother who him nursed and bare.

And how he heard, what none but he might tell,  
Strain of the Sirens o'er the marbly mere,  
And reached the Wandering Rocks, Charybdis fell,  
And the dread Scylla, of whose doom ran clear  
No sailors yet that born of women were ;  
And how his comrades the Sun's kine had slain,  
And thunderer Zeus with flaming bolt clave sheer  
The swift bark, and cut off in the wild main  
All, all alike ; he only his own soul did gain.

How, tossed by waves, he reached Ogygia's isle,  
 On the tenth day delivered from the deep,  
 And found the nymph Calypso, who long while  
 Nursed him in hollow caves, his love to reap,  
 Who for his dear wife could but mourn and weep ;  
 And how she promised with her lips that he  
 There should remain within her island-keep  
 Blest with an ageless immortality,  
 But in his breast the soul would not persuaded be.

And how sore labored at the last he won  
 The land of the divine Phæacian race,  
 Who like a god him honored, and sent on  
 Rich with all gifts of much exceeding grace,  
 Brass, gold, and raiment, to his native place,  
 On shipboard. This was the last word he spoke,  
 Ere the sweet slumber, rushing down apace,  
 Loosened his limbs, and the tired senses took,  
 And from his mind each care and sad remembrance shook.

Now if one has not, in the preceding passage, what fully entitles Homer to be considered the deep master, that he always has been held to be, in the lore of the human heart, we should not know where, within the wide bounds of his verse, to seek the justification of this great poet's universal and traditional fame for such wisdom. If any thing that we have heretofore said or suggested, might seem to imply too faint appreciation, on our part, of the Greek poet's merit, witness, we now subscribe our loyal recantation, in the presence of the exquisite, the noble poetry above given—wherewith take we reluctant leave of the *Odyssey* and of Homer. Or will our readers yet have the scene between Ulysses and his father? As they please. It is not long, it is fine, if perhaps less fine than the scene between the husband and the wife; and here it is; but first let it be noted as we pass, that the ancient taste was less exacting than is the modern, of regular culmination in power and effect growing quite on to the very end of oration or poem. And it is perhaps truer art not to close your work with a note struck at the extreme high pitch of your compass. At all events, Homer in the *Odyssey* holds us a little after the supreme crisis of interest is passed, he

evidently being under no apprehension of committing a capital offense in anti-climax against the pampered literary appetite of readers. But here, as we said, is the scene between son Ulysses and sire Laertes :

Thus he his aged father, all alone,  
Found in the well-placed garden, with sad mien  
Weeding around a plant, and stooping down,  
Patched rags unseemly on his form were seen ;  
And greaves upon his legs, now wasted lean,  
Lest the thorns tear him ; on each hand a glove  
Working he wore, against the brambles keen.  
And on his locks a goat-skin helm above,  
Feeding the long deep sorrow of a father's love.

Whom, when divine Odysseus heeded there,  
Worn with old age, with many griefs oppressed,  
Standing unseen behind a well-grown pear,  
He shed tears, and debated which were best,  
Whether to fall upon his father's breast  
And the whole story of his fate make clear,  
How from affliction, toil, and wide unrest,  
Safe he returned home in the twentieth year,  
Or first with words inquire, till all the truth appear.

And in his mind it seemed more gainful so,  
First with soul-piercing words to prove him there.  
The old man in his orchard, stooping low,  
Round the plant weeded ; and his son came near  
And spake : " Old man, thou art not slack to rear  
Thy fruit-trees, nor a fool in husbandry.  
Lives not a plant, fig, olive, vine, or pear,  
But thou with art hast trained it tenderly.  
Nor in thy garden-beds a drooping flower I see.

" But now another thing will I declare,  
Nor thou, I pray, feel anger in thy breast.  
Thyself art husbanded with no good care,  
But marred with mean old age, and foully drest.  
'Tis not for sloth thy master leaves thee prest  
With leanness and contempt ; nor, as I ween,  
Aught slavish, and unworthy of the best,  
Or in thy form or stature, may be seen,  
But like a king thou seemest in thy face and mein.

" Like one thou seemest who should bathe and eat  
And lie down softly—'tis an old man's due.  
But now this tidings would I fain entreat,  
Who owns thy service, and this garden who ?

And tell me also this, and tell me true ;  
 Is the land Ithaca, as one now said  
 That met me ? who methinks scant manners knew,  
 Nor stayed to hear me, nor my question read,  
 Nor of my guest-friend told me, if alive or dead.

“For I will tell thee what I have to say ;  
 Therefore observe, and to my tale give ear.  
 At home, in my dear country, on a day  
 A guest I entertained ; and none more dear  
 Of strangers ever to my house came near.  
 That man from Ithaca did claim his race,  
 Sprung from a line whose rumor all men hear,  
 And to Laertes his own birth did trace,  
 Even the glorious son of lord Arkeisias.

“Whom with fond heart I cherished as I could,  
 And for a token of my courtesy  
 Gave talents seven of gold, well-wrought and good,  
 A bowl of silver, flowered, and fair to see,  
 Twelve single cloaks, twelve robes of tapestry,  
 Twelve costly tunics, and twelve mantles fair ;  
 And women, beautiful exceedingly,  
 Whom he himself chose, in his train to bear,  
 I gave him, four in all, who skilled in house-craft were.”

And to his son with tears the old man spake :  
 “Friend, 'tis the land thou seekest ; but abide  
 Fierce men therein, who dire confusion make.  
 And for the gifts which thou didst then provide,  
 Vain were they all, and like himself have died.  
 Were he in Ithaca alive this day,  
 Large in requital were the gifts supplied,  
 And much sweet kindness would he haste to pay.  
 Such was the custom still, whoever came this way.

“But come now, tell me this, and show me plain,  
 How many seasons have now passed and gone  
 Since thou thy hapless friend didst entertain,  
 Whose life so miserably the Fates have spun,  
 Thy friend, and, if I dream not, once my son ?  
 Who from his own hath perished far away,  
 Reft of his country, and no grave hath won ;  
 But torn by fishes in the deep he lay,  
 Or to wild beasts and birds on land became a prey.

“Nor were his mother and his sire decreed  
 To shroud him for the burning, nor lament  
 Their own dear child, the offspring of our seed ;  
 No, nor the wife so goodly eminent

In reason, riches, and a pure intent,  
Penelope herself, the dirge did cry  
Over her dear lord on the couch, nor bent  
To press the cold lip and the lightless eye.  
And the last rite fulfil, the meed of those that die.

“But tell me truly, for I fain would know,  
Whence be thy parents, and thy country where,  
And where the bark, that o'er the wide sea-flow  
Thee with thy comrades to our island bare?  
Or to some trader didst thou pay thy fare,  
Who set thee on our shore, and went his way?”  
And answering spake the wise Odysseus there:  
“Now the whole story thou dost bid me say,  
I will to thee set forth in order, as I may.

“From Alybas I come, there lies my home,  
Child of Apheidas, Polypemon's son,  
And I am named Eperitus. I roam  
By the god's blast unwillingly sent on  
From Sicily; my bark hath moorings won  
Beyond the city. Since he left our strand,  
Even Odysseus, four full years are gone.  
Good birds of omen flocked on his right hand,  
When, with a glad farewell, he gladly left the land.

“And still within our heart expected we  
To mix in friendship, and fair gifts bestow,  
Vain promise, each on other.” Thus spake he;  
And on his father the black cloud of woe  
Came, and with both hands he began to throw  
Foul dust adown his white locks, groaning deep.  
And his son trembled, and fierce breath did blow,  
And, as the pulsing nostrils quiver and leap,  
Sprang to his sire, and spake, and kissed him, fain to weep.

“I only am that man, my father dear,  
I only whom thou seekest: I at last  
Come to mine own land in the twentieth year.  
But cease thy groaning, and let tears be cast  
Far from thine eyes, for the old grief hath passed.  
No word of sorrow from thy lips let fall.  
For I will speak (and there is need of haste:)  
Now have I slain those suitors in the hall;  
God made their own fierce deeds recoil upon them all.”

Then said Laertes, “If thou art indeed  
Odysseus, my own child, returned from far,  
Show me a sign which I may clearly read.”  
He answered: “First consider well this scar,

Dug, where the deep glens of Parnassus are,  
 By the boar's tusk, when I had gone to see  
 Autolykus my grandsire, ere the war,  
 Thence to bring back what he had vowed to me,  
 When to our house he came, fair largess and rich fee.

“ Here the trees also, which with kindly speech  
 Thou gav'st me, when a child I followed thee  
 All through the orchard, and made suit for each.  
 Thou, 'mid the long rows passing, tree by tree,  
 Their name and nature didst explain to me.  
 Ten apples, forty fig-trees, pears thirteen  
 Thou gavest, adding, when fit time should be,  
 Fifty fair rows of vines, with corn between,  
 Where, by the ripe hours laden, the full grapes are seen.”

Then were the old man's heart and knees unstrung,  
 When he the tokens of his dear son knew ;  
 And round his neck with feeble arms he clung ;  
 Whom to his breast divine Odysseus drew  
 Fainting and pale. But when the wonted hue  
 Came to his lips, and he revived again,  
 He answering spake : “ O Zeus, if it be true  
 That the proud suitors their full guerdon gain,  
 Surely in far Olympus ye, the gods, yet reign ! ”

There is a threatening sequel to this satisfactory meeting of father with son. But Athene intervenes to avert further bloodshed. She stays the hand of Ulysses raised in fell self-defense against the avenging kindred of the suitors, and enjoins a solid peace between the two parties at feud. In this appearance the goddess assumes the familiar form of Mentor, ancient friend of Ulysses—in which form it was, as every body well knows who has read Fénelon's charmingly invented and charmingly written *Télémaque*, that this celestial patroness of the house of Ulysses had previously accompanied young Telemachus on his round of wanderings in search of his father. Thus the *Odyssey* ends not only in justice vindicated, but in amity restored.



## X.

## A GLANCE BACKWARD AND FORWARD.

WE have thus, as we were able, accomplished with our readers what we voluntarily put ourselves under engagement with them to do. We have completed the course of Greek literature usually presumed to have been gone over by the student that has prepared himself for matriculation at college; that is, what, in its relation to the college curriculum, has come to be, in a sort technically, termed the "preparatory" Greek course. We have, indeed, done something more than barely this; for we have advanced, in the various Greek authors represented, a little beyond the limits within which class instruction at school is ordinarily confined. We have further sought to supply to our readers something like an equivalent for the body of collateral information, which, during the hours of "recitation," so called, is imparted by the living teacher, either in response to questions from his class, or at the spontaneous suggestion of what occurs in the "lessons" from day to day. This incidental purpose of ours will, we hope, sufficiently account to our readers for the freedom with which, at intervals, we have permitted ourselves to be drawn aside into diversions from the main highway and thoroughfare of progress to our goal. We have tried to be entertaining, as well as instructive, but we have acted all the time on the belief that to be instructive was our best way to be entertaining. How well we have succeeded, our readers will, of course, judge for themselves—and our readers must judge, too, for us. Perhaps in the second book of our series we may reasonably trust to do better than we have done in this first. The effort, at least, shall not be wanting.

The intrinsic interest of the literature in Latin to be presented in the next volume, will not be greater, it may even

be less, than that which belongs to what has been presented in this. But then there will be, in the next volume, the added interest of relation between the two literatures, a relation of comparison and of contrast, a relation likewise of derivation and influence. Plutarch conceived the idea of pairing off a Greek name with a Roman, and treating the two together in a kind of parallel biography. These collated lives written by Plutarch, constitute one of the most suggestive and interesting features of his fascinating volumes. Of course, such parallels may easily be made very misleading. That Plutarch has not pushed his device at points too far, we would by no means maintain. But the love of comparison and contrast is one of the deepest instincts of the human mind; and always we arrive best at clear definition when we have present in thought some contrast to our ideas, to indicate the limits at which we must look for their outline or boundary.

It will thus be highly instructive and stimulating to study Cæsar, in a kind of comparison and contrast with Xenophon—to study Virgil in parallel with Homer, his master and original. As we go on in our later, our latest, stages of progress in this road, we shall set Cicero off against Demosthenes—though we shall need to bring Plato too, perhaps even Aristotle besides, into relation, in order to find a full counterpart to the versatile, the voluminous, the all-accomplished Roman. And there will constantly, on to the end, continue to be such occasion of extrinsic interest derived for our study of Latin literature, through the parallels and antitheses suggested between the authors belonging respectively to the earlier and the later, to the original and the derivative. The genius and history of the two peoples, great and peculiar in ways so strikingly different, on the one side and on the other, will naturally be estimated with more advantage, and therefore with more zest, when, having got a tolerably intelligent comprehension of the first, we make the

transition to form our comparative conception of the second. It will be suitable, in our second volume, to lay before our readers, not certainly an exhaustive, but at least a suggestive, assemblage of celebrated, or otherwise noteworthy, expressions of opinion on the several peculiarities and relative merits of the two literatures, Latin and Greek, as wholes, and then also, from time to time, in the second volume, and in the others to follow that, like expressions of opinion concerning those various individual writers on the two sides, who have naturally, in all ages since they flourished, been brought into mutual comparison.

Although, therefore, from the nature of the case, one cannot with reason anticipate any augmentation in the proper and inherent interest of the subject, in taking leave of Greek literature, to make acquaintance with Latin—for the Greek mind found for itself in letters and art that supreme satisfaction of its energy, which the Roman mind more naturally sought for itself in conquest and government—still, when we consider the separate interest to be derived, as one passes on to study the second, from mutual juxtaposition of the two in stimulating comparison, we feel warranted in promising to our readers that they will, on the whole, be not less entertained and instructed in the next following stage of their course, than they have been in this. Through all the successive stages of the course, to the ultimate goal, we shall, as we advance, in the instance of some of the authors represented, be able to make use of translations, that may be regarded as rising themselves to the rank of a really high literature in English. This will be notably the case as to Virgil, as to Horace, and as to Plato, hardly less so perhaps than it has been here as to Homer. The prospect altogether is decidedly bright and inviting.

With such assurances, animating to us at least, as we hope they will be likewise to them, we herewith bid our readers good-bye, and, if they kindly please, let it be in the senti-

ment of that hearty German phrase of farewell, Auf wiedersehen, Till we meet again.

Those, however, who have thus far liked their entertainment the best, will, we may trust, have a mind to linger a little, still holding their friend, writer or compiler, by the hand, as they pass out at their leisure through the halls and corridors beyond, consisting of various matters germane to our purpose, in pages following adjoined and appended.

# APPENDIX.

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## THE STUDENT'S MEMORANDA.

The reader of this volume may profitably fill the blanks on the following pages.

The labor required in this is very slight, but well performed will be of value, as it incites to the exercise of judgment, the discipline of memory, and the training in the art of concise and comprehensive statement. Every effort to recall and to express one's knowledge, gives a firmer hold upon that knowledge and renders it of greater practical value. He who does a little work well, will know how to undertake something larger, and from this experience will come continued and cumulative success. The reader may become the student, and the student, after a while, the scholar.

The exercises here provided are for beginners—whether they be old or young. They are not tasks assigned, but opportunities offered. The work may be done at any time, and in any place, and after any method. Only let the work be done.

The student having mastered the several subjects with sufficient fullness to be able to write out his answers, should do so with care and neatness, that he may never have reason to be ashamed of the portion of the book which he has himself written.

*Record.*—Began reading this book . . . . ., 188 .  
 Finished it . . . . . 188..

Name . . . . .

Residence . . . . .

*A Statement.*—The object of this book :

*An Outline.*—The contents of the book stated in few words :

*A Selection.*—In what incidents and passages contained in the book have I been most interested? (Indicate here by pages. On the pages mark the selections.)

*Biographical.*—State briefly the chief points in the life and character\* of the following persons, named in the foregoing pages :

---

\* Name . . . Family . . . Birthplace . . . Date of Birth . . . Prin. Deeds . . . Prin. Writings . . . Characteristics . . . Where and When die . . . Estimate of Influence . . .

HOMER:

XENOPHON:

ÆSOP:

LUCIAN:

CYRUS·

ACHILLES:

AGAMEMNON:

ULYSSES:

Æneas:

Ænone:

Æschylus:

Ajax:



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Alcinous :

Alexander the Great :

Antenor :

Apollo :

Aristotle :

Arnold, Matthew :

Artaxerxes :

Beattie :

Bentley :

Browning, Mrs. :

Bryant :

Buttmann :

Calypso :

Castor :

Chapman :

Chaucer :

Chirisophus :

Chrysostom :

Cicero :

Circe :

Clearchus :

Cowper :

Cræsus :

Crosby :

Cyrus the Great :

Demodocus :

Demosthenes :

Derby :

Diodorus Siculus :

Diogenes :

Diogenes Laertius :

Diomed :

Dione :

Dryden :

Epaminondas :

Erasmus :

Euripides :

Fénelon :

Foster :

Ganymede :

Gladstone :

Glaucus ;

Goodwin :

Grote :

Hadley :

Harkness :

Hector :

Helen :

Helvétius :

Herodotus :

Hesiod :

Hippolochus :

---

Ino :

Isaiah :

Ⓟ

Isocrates :

Juno :

Jupiter :

Keats :

Kendrick :

Kühner :

Laertes :

Lamb :

Landor, Walter Savage :

Livy :

Longfellow :

Longinus :

Louis XIV. :

Lyttleton :

Macaulay :

Malachi :

Mars :

Menelaus :

Menon :

Mercury :

Milton :

Minerva :

Nausicaä :

Neptune :

Nestor :

Orontes :

Pandarus :

Paris :

Patroclus :

Pelopidas :

Penelope :

Pericles :

Philip of Macedon :

Pindar :

Plato :

Pollux :

Polyphemus :

Pope :

Priam :

Proxenus :

Sappho :

Schliemann :

Scott, Sir Walter :

Smith, Dr. William :

Socrates :

Solon :

Spenser :

Swinburne :

Syennesis :

Tacitus :



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Telemachus :

Tennyson :

Theocritus :

Thersites :

Thetis :

Thomson :

Thucydides :

Tiresias :

Venus :

Vincent :

Virgil :

Voltaire :

Vulcan :

Webster :

Whitman, Wait :

Wilde, Oscar :

Wordsworth :

Worsley :

Sophocles :

Xanthippe :

Zeno :

*National and Geographical :\**

Troy :

Mycenæ :

Dorians :

Ionians :

---

\* Location . . . . Size . . . . Characteristics . . . . Influence . . . .

Æolians :

Sparta :

Argos :

Ithaca :

Phæacians :

Ogygia :

Pylos :

Persians :

Trapezus :

Sardis :

Tarsus :

Babylon :

Cunaxa :

Colossæ .

Armenia :

Colchis :

Olympus

Bœotia :

### I. OUTLINE OF GREEK HISTORY.

1. The HEROIC Period—about 1,000 years.
2. The HOMERIC Period—224 years.
3. The HISTORICO-TRADITIONAL Period—286 years.
4. The HISTORIC Period—2,370 years.

### II. SUBDIVISIONS OF THE HISTORIC PERIOD.

1. The Persian Wars—beginning 490 B.C.
2. The Athenian Period—beginning 479 B.C.
3. The Spartan Period—beginning 404 B.C.
4. The Theban Period—beginning 371 B.C.
5. The Macedonian Period—beginning 361 B.C.
6. The Roman Period—beginning 146 B.C.
7. The Byzantine Period—beginning 395 A.D.
8. The Modern Period—beginning 1453 A.D.

### III. GREAT MEN OF ANCIENT GREECE.

1. Great LAWGIVERS: Minos, Lycurgus, Solon.
2. Great STATESMEN: Clisthenes, Aristides, Pericles.
3. Great GENERALS: Miltiades, Epaminondas, Alexander.

4. Great ORATORS: Pericles, Demosthenes, Æschines.
5. Great DRAMATISTS: Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides.
6. Great PHILOSOPHERS: Socrates, Plato, Aristotle.
7. Great HISTORIANS: Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon.
8. Great ARTISTS: Phidias, Praxiteles, Apelles.

GREECE.

	B. C.
Lycurgus Flourishes } .....	776
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<i>Legislation of Draco</i> .....	624
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Minor .....	500
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XERXES' INVASION. BATTLES OF THERMOPYLÆ AND	
SALAMIS .....	480
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Earthquake at Sparta and Revolt of Helots and	
Messenians .....	464
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Death of Socrates .....	399
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The Ætolian League.....	220
DESTRUCTION OF CORINTH BY MUMMIUS. GREECE BECOMES A ROMAN PROVINCE.....	146

### THE KINGDOMS OF GREECE.

Name.	Founder.	Length of Dynasty. B. C.
1. Argos.....	Inachus.....	1803-1446
	Damos.....	1446-1283
	Pelops.....	1283-1103
2. Sicyon.....	Ægialeus.....	1813-1764
3. Ogygia.....	Ogyges.....	1780-1764
4. Athens.....	Cecrops.....	1556-1065
5. Sparta.....	Lelex.....	1483-1108
6. Thebes.....	Cadmus.....	1315-1200

### WISE MEN OF GREECE.

Chilon of Sparta,	Solon of Salamis,
Periander of Corinth,	Pittacus of Mitylene,
Bias of Priené,	Cleobulus of Lindos,
Thales of Miletus.	

### GREEK WARS.

	B. C.
Siege of Troy.....	1192-1183
First Messenian War.....	743-723
Second Messenian War.....	679-662
Third Messenian War.....	464-455
PERSIAN WAR.....	490-466
Battle of Marathon.....	490
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Battle of Plataea.....	479
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PELOPONNESIAN WAR.....	431-404
Siege of Plataea.....	429-427
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Peace of Nicias.....	421
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	B. C.
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Tyrtæus (Elegiac).....	634-600
Archilochus (Iambic).....	710-690
Simonides (Iambic).....	566-520
Hipponas (Iambic).....	566-520
Terpander (Æolian or Lesbian) .....	700-650
Alcæus (Æolian or Lesbian) .....	624-570
Arion (Æolian or Lesbian).....	640-600
Sappho (Æolian or Lesbian).....	620-570
Alcman (Lyric-Doric).....	660-600
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Pindar of Thebes (Lyric-Doric).....	522-442
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Simonides of Ceos (Lyric-Ionian).....	556-467
Thesbis of Attica (Dramatic) .....	523-483
Phrynichus of Athens (Dramatic).....	
Æschylus (Dramatic).....	525-456
Sophocles (Dramatic) .....	495-406

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Euripides (Dramatic).....	480-406
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Moschus of Syracuse (Pastoral).....	289-200
Nicander (Ionian).....	200-120
Meleager of Gadara (Ionian).....	135-60

*Critical Estimates : \**

HOMER :

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\* The student may here insert condensed criticisms upon the leading Greek authors included in our course of reading.



XENOPHON :

Lucian :

Æsop :

*Questions suggested as clues to guide the further independent investigation of students in Greek literature :*

1. Was Greek literature a creation of the Greek mind, or was it a derivation from some foreign original?
  
2. What form did Greek literature first assume : that of prose, or that of poetry?
  
3. What is the very earliest work in Greek literature of which we have any remains?
  
4. Was this earliest extant Greek writing probably also the earliest Greek writing produced?
  
5. What existing recognized species of poetical and prose composition were originated by the Greeks?
  
6. Was the Iliad the production of a single mind?
  
7. Was the Odyssey produced by the author or authors of the Iliad?

---

8. Is the Iliad a single poem having a true organic unity, or is it an aggregation of separate poems?

9. Was the Iliad at first committed to writing, or was it composed mentally, and then orally passed on from memory to memory?

10. Was it Greece proper, or was it Greek Asia Minor, that gave us the Iliad?

11. To what enlightened Greek city do we owe the preservation of the Homeric poems, in what may be called their authorized form?

12. What influence did the Homeric poems exert on the intellectual, the moral, the religious, the social, and the political life of Greece?

13. What differences do you discern between the style and matter of the Odyssey and those of the Iliad?

14. If you should characterize Homer as either predominantly subjective, or predominantly objective, which would it be?

15. What lines of literary influence can you distinctly trace descending from Homer through the Latin to the languages of modern civilization?

16. What space of time probably separated Xenophon from Homer?

17. What differences in type of civilization represented, do you find between Homer and Xenophon?

18. Judging from the works of Homer and Xenophon for instance, how far would you say that the culture of the individual mind is dependent on the general atmosphere of intellectual development surrounding?

19. Judging in the same way, how far would you say that moral and intellectual culture for the individual man, depends on conditions of material progress, on the part of society at large, that is, advance in the arts and sciences that give mastery over the powers of nature?

20. What points of resemblance or of contrast do you perceive between the method and style of Xenophon's *Anabasis* and those of say Cæsar's *Commentaries*, Kinglake's *Crimea*?

---

21. What state of public mind as toward the religion of Olympian polytheism is indicated by the appearance and popular currency of a writer like Lucian?

22. What periods in the history of Greek literature may justly and conveniently be reckoned?

23. What relation may be observed between the literatures of the different periods, and the political condition of Greece during those periods?

24. What famous philosopher of Greece illustrates the influence that a master mind, without itself producing literature, may exert upon literary production?

25. What are the chief distinctive traits of the national mind of Greece, as exhibited in Greek literature?

26. To what extent is it best that the study of Greek should, in our schemes of higher education, give way to the study of the physical sciences?

27. Which is more valuable, the discipline of mind obtained through studying Greek, or the addition so secured to our material of knowledge?

28. In what structural respects does the Greek language differ from our own?

29. What fundamental differences do you recognize between Latin literature and Greek?

30. What influence have Greek literary models exerted upon style in English composition?

31. How came Greek to be the language of the New Testament?

32. What personal influence was most powerful in bringing about the wide diffusion of the Greek language that subsisted at the time of Christ's advent?

## HOW TO PRONOUNCE GREEK.

[The publishers of the present volume acknowledge, with thanks, the liberality of Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., in permitting to be reproduced here several pages of matter from their copyright publication, Harkness's "First Greek Book."]

### GREEK ALPHABET.

Form.	Sound.	Name.
A α	a	Alpha
B β	b	Beta
Γ γ	g hard	Gamma
Δ δ	d	Delta
E ε	ě short	Epsilon
Z ζ	z	Zeta
H η	ē long	Eta
Θ θ	th	Theta
I ι	i	Iōta
K κ	k	Kappa
Λ λ	l	Lambda
M μ	m	Mu
N ν	n	Nu
Ξ ξ	x	Xi
O ο	ō short	Omīcron
Π π	p	Pi
Ρ ρ	r	Rho
Σ σ ( <i>s final</i> )	s	Sigma
T τ	t	Tau
Υ υ	u	Upsilon
Φ φ	ph	Phi
Χ χ	ch	Chi
Ψ ψ	ps	Psi
Ω ω	ō long	Omēga.

What we avail ourselves of the privilege of transferring to our work from Professor Harkness's excellent manual, will be found, within very brief compass, to contain, lucidly conveyed, all the information that is necessary to our readers on the subject of Greek pronunciation.

We need only premise the important remark that every separate vowel or diphthong in a word, whether of Latin or of Greek, creates a syllable. There are no *silent* vowels in either of these languages. With the various accent and breathing marks on Greek words, our readers do not need to concern themselves.

Of Greek pronunciation, then, Professor Harkness says:

There are no less than three distinct methods recognized by classical scholars in the pronunciation of Greek, generally known as the *English*, the *Modern Greek*, and the *Erasmian*; the first prevailing in England and in this country, the second in Greece, and the third in other parts of the continent of Europe. We subjoin a brief outline of each, leaving the instructor to make his own selection.

#### I.—THE ENGLISH METHOD.

##### 1. *Sounds of the Vowels.*

The vowels,  $\eta$ ,  $\omega$ , and  $\upsilon$ , always have the long English sounds of *e*, *o*, and *u*, as heard in *mete*, *tube*, *note*, e. g.  $\mu\acute{\eta}\nu$ ,  $\nu\acute{\upsilon}\nu$ ,  $\tau\acute{\omega}\nu$ .

The vowels,  $\epsilon$  and  $o$ , have the short English



sounds of *e* and *o* in *met*, *not*; e. g. ἐκ, τόν; except when they stand before another vowel or at the end of a word, in which positions they are lengthened.

The vowels, *a* and *i*, are pronounced like *a* and *i* in Latin, sometimes with the long English sounds, as in *made*, *pine*, and sometimes with the short sounds, as in *mad*, *pin*. In words of more than one syllable, however, final *a* has the sound of final *a* in America.

### 2. Sounds of the Diphthongs.

αι	like	ai	in	aisle	; e. g.	αἶρω.
ει		ei		height	; e. g.	εἶς.
οι		oi		coin	; e. g.	τοῖν.
αυ		au		author	; e. g.	ναῦς.
ευ and ηυ		eu		neuter	; e. g.	πλεύσω.
ου		ou		noun	; e. g.	νοῦν.
υι		ui		quire	; e. g.	μῦα.

The improper diphthongs, *a*, *η*, and *φ*, are pronounced precisely like *a*, *η*, and *ω*.

### 3. Sounds of the Consonants.

The consonants are pronounced nearly as in English; *γ*, however, is always hard, like *g* in *go*, except before *κ*, *γ*, *χ*, and *ξ*, where it has the sound of *ng* in *sing*, as ἄγγελος, pronounced *angelos*; *θ* has the sound of *th* in *thin*; *σ* and *τ* never have the sound of *sh* like *s* and *t* in Latin and English: thus Ἀσία is not pronounced *Ashia*, but with the ordinary sound of *s*; Κριτίας is not pronounced *Krishias*, but with the ordinary sound of *t*.

## II.—THE ERASMIAN METHOD.

1. *Sounds of the Vowels.*

The vowels  $\epsilon$ ,  $\sigma$ ,  $\nu$ , and  $\omega$ , have nearly the same sounds as in the English Method: the other vowels are pronounced as follows:

$\alpha$	like <i>a</i> in <i>father</i> ; e. g. πατήρ.
$\eta$	<i>a</i> in <i>made</i> ; e. g. πατήρ.
$\iota$	<i>e</i> in <i>me</i> ; e. g. ἴστημι.

2. *Sounds of the Diphthongs.*

The diphthongs have nearly the same sounds as in the English Method, with the following exceptions:

$\alpha\nu$	like <i>ou</i> in <i>house</i> ; e. g. ναῦς.
$\sigma\nu$	<i>oo</i> in <i>noon</i> ; e. g. νοῦν.
$\nu\iota$	<i>we</i> in pronoun <i>we</i> ; e. g. μῦια.

3. *Sounds of the Consonants.*

The pronunciation of the consonants is nearly the same as in the English Method.

## III.—THE MODERN GREEK METHOD.\*

1. *Sounds of the Vowels.*

$\alpha$	like <i>a</i> in <i>father</i> ; e. g. πατήρ.
$\epsilon$	<i>e</i> <i>there</i> ; e. g. φέρε.
$\eta, \iota, \nu$	$\bar{e}$ <i>me</i> ; e. g. πῆγνυμι.
$\sigma, \omega$	<i>o</i> <i>note</i> ; e. g. νῶτος.

\* For the Modern Greek Pronunciation the author is indebted to the kindness of Rev. R. F. Buel, late missionary to Greece and long resident in Athens.

## 2. Sounds of the Diphthongs.

αι	like <i>e</i> in <i>there</i> ; e. g. φέρεται.
ει, οι, υι	$\bar{e}$ <i>me</i> ; e. g. μειοῖ, μυῖα.
ου	<i>oo noon</i> ; e. g. νοῦν.

α, η, ω precisely like the single vowels α, η, ω.

The diphthongs αυ, ευ, ηυ, before a vowel, diphthong, liquid, or β, γ, δ, ζ, have the sounds of αυ, ευ, ηυ in *average, every, even* : e. g. αὐλός, εὔδον, ἠῦδον. In other situations they have the sounds of *af, ef, eef* in *after, effort, reef* : e. g. αὔξω, ἠῦξησα.

## 3. Sounds of the Consonants.

β has the sound of the English *v* : e. g. βάσις.

γ has no exact representative in English ; it has a sound intermediate between that of *g hard* and *y*, and is approximately expressed by *g* in *again* : e. g. γόνος, γέρας. Before κ, γ, χ, and ξ, it has the sound of *ng* in *sing* : e. g. ἄγγελος, pronounced *anggelos*.

δ has the sound of *th* in *them*.

θ has the sound of *th* in *think*.

ν has generally the sound of *n* in English ; in the article, however, it has before κ the sound of *ng* : as τὴν κεφαλὴν ; and before π that of *m*, as τὴν πόλιν.

π has generally the sound of *p*, but after ν of the article and μ it has that of *b* : e. g. ἄμπελος, τὴν πόλιν.

τ has generally the sound of *t*, but after ν in the middle of a word and after ν of the article it is pronounced like *d* : e. g. πάντα, τὴν τιμὴν.

χ has no equivalent in English, but is like the German *ch*. It may be approximately described as intermediate between the sounds of *h* and *k* in *he* and *key* ; e. g. χεῖρ.

The other consonants are pronounced nearly as in the English Method.

In pronunciation quantity is disregarded, the rough breathing is not heard, and the written mark determines the spoken accent.

#### MARKS OF PUNCTUATION.

Comma	-	-	-	-	-	,
Colon	-	-	-	-	-	:
Period	-	-	-	-	-	.
Interrogation-mark	-	-	-	-	-	;

## INTERLINEAR READINGS IN THE ANABASIS.

## BOOK I.—CHAPTER I.

Δαρείου καὶ Παρυσάτιδος γίνονται δύο παῖδες, πρεσβύτερος  
OF DARIUS and Parysatis are-born two sons, (the) elder

μὲν Ἄρταξέρξης, δὲ νεώτερος Κῦρος. Ἐπεὶ δὲ Δαρεῖος  
(indeed) Artaxerxes, (but) (the) younger Cyrus. After — Darius

ἦσθένοι καὶ ὑπόπτυνε τελευτῆν τοῦ βίου, ἐβούλετο τῷ  
was-sick, and suspected (the) end (of-the) (his) life, he-desired (the)

ἀμφοτέρω παῖδε παρεῖναι. Ὁ πρεσβύτερος μὲν  
both (his) sons to-be-present (with him.) The elder indeed

οὖν ἐτύγχανε παρῶν δὲ μεταπέμπεται.  
(therefore) happened | (being-present) (to be present;) but he-sends-for

Κῦρον ἀπὸ τῆς ἀρχῆς, ἧς ἐποίησε αὐτὸν σατράπην  
Cyrus from the government, of-which <sup>1</sup>he (had) <sup>1</sup>made him satrap

καὶ ἀπέδειξε αὐτὸν δὲ στρατηγὸν πάντων.  
and <sup>1</sup>he (had) <sup>1</sup>appointed him also commander of-all (the) forces,

ὅσοι ἀδροίζονται εἰς πεδίον Καστωλοῦ. Ὁ Κῦρος  
as-many-as muster in (the) plain of-Castolus. — Cyrus

οὖν ἀναβαίνει λαβὼν Τισσαφέρην ὡς  
therefore goes-up (to his father) having-taken (with him) Tissaphernes as (a)

φίλον, καὶ ἀνέβη ἔχων δὲ τριακοσίους ὀπλίτας  
friend, and he-went-up having also (with him) three-hundred heavy-armed-men

τῶν Ἑλλήνων, ἄρχοντα δὲ αὐτῶν Ξενίαν Παρρῆσιον.  
of-the Greeks, (and) (the) commander also of-them Xenias (the) Parrhusian.

- Ἐπεὶ δὲ Δαρεῖος ἐτελεύτησε, καὶ Ἀρταξέρξης κατέστη εἰς  
 After — Darius died, and Artaxerxes was-established in  
 τὴν βασιλείαν, Τισσαφέρνης διαβάλλει τὸν Κῦρον πρὸς τὸν  
 the kingdom, Tissaphernes calumniates — Cyrus to (the) (his)  
 ἀδελφόν, ὡς ἐπιβουλεύει αὐτῷ. Ὁ  
 brother, as-how-that he-might-be-plotting against-him. — (Artaxerxes)  
 δὲ πεῖθεται τε καὶ συλλαμβάνει Κῦρον ὡς ἀποκτείνων·  
 indeed believes (this) and also he-arrests Cyrus | as-if about-killing ;  
 [with the intention of putting him to death ;] but <sup>δέ ἡ</sup> (the) (his) <sup>μήτηρ</sup> mother  
 ἐξαιτησαμένη αὐτὸν, ἀποπέμπει  
 having-entreated-for-her-own-sake (pardon for) him sends (him)  
 πάλιν ἐπὶ τὴν ἀρχήν. Ὁ δ' ὡς ἀπῆλθε,  
 back to — (his) government. — But when he-departed, (after)  
 κινδυνεύσας καὶ ἀτιμασθεὶς, βουλευέται ὅπως μήποτε  
 having-been-in-danger and disgraced, he-deliberates how 'he-shall' never  
 ἔσται ἔτι ἐπὶ τῷ ἀδελφῷ, ἀλλ' ἤν δύνηται  
 'be hereafter (dependent) on — (his) brother, but if he-could  
 βασιλεύσει ἀντ' ἐκείνου. Παρύσατις μὲν δὴ ἡ μήτηρ ὑπῆρχη  
 he-would-reign instead of-him. Parysatis indeed — the mother went-for  
 τῷ Κύρῳ, φιλοῦσα αὐτὸν μᾶλλον ἢ τὸν βασιλεύοντα Ἀρταξέρξην.  
 — Cyrus, loving him more than the reigning Artaxerxes.

## GREEK IN ENGLISH.

LIST of words in Greek from which English words have been derived :

GREEK.	ENGLISH.	COPY.
μέτρον, <i>measure</i>	metre.	
θερμός, <i>heat</i>	thermo-meter.	
βαρύς, <i>heavy</i>	baro-meter.	
ἄνεμος, (Lat., animus, anima) <i>wind</i>	anemo-meter.	
γῆ, <i>earth</i>	ge-o-metry.	
λόγος, <i>speech</i>	logic.	
θεός, <i>God</i>	theo-logy.	
	ge-o-logy.	
τύπος, <i>stamp</i>	type.	
ἥλιος, <i>sun</i>	helio-type.	
φῶς, φῶτος, <i>light</i>	photo-type.	
φέρω, (Lat., fero) <i>bear</i>	ferry.	
	phos-phorus.	
γράφω, <i>write</i>	graphic.	
	ge-o-graphy.	
	photo-graph.	
ἄριθμος, <i>number</i>	arithmetic.	
μουσα, <i>muse</i>	music.	
πόλις, <i>city, state</i>	polite, politics.	
τόνος, <i>tone</i>		
μόνος, <i>alone</i>	mono-tone.	
ἄγγελος, <i>messenger</i>	angel.	
εὐ-αγγέλιον, <i>good message</i>	ev-angelic.	
κύκλος, <i>circle</i>	cycle.	

## PRACTICE.

COPY THE FOLLOWING GREEK SENTENCES:

Ἐγὼ εἶμι ὁ ἄρτος τῆς ζωῆς· ὁ ἐρχόμενος πρὸς με,  
 I am the bread of [the] life; the-one coming to me,  
 οὐ μὴ πεινάσῃ.—*John* 6. 35.  
 not not shall-hunger.

I am the bread of life; he that cometh to me shall never hunger.

Χρὴ ξεῖνον παρεόντα φιλεῖν, ἐθέλοντα δὲ  
 It-is-meet a-guest staying to love, wishing [to be sped] on-the-other-hand  
 πέμπειν.—*Odyssey*, xv, 70.  
 to-speed.

Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.—*Pope*.

Love well the tarrying guest, and speed him fain to go.—*Worsley*.

Μία γὰρ χελιδὼν ἕαρ οὐ ποιεῖ.—*Aristotle*.

One for swallow a-spring not makes.

For one swallow does not make a spring.

Ὅ γὰρ βούλεται, τοῦθ' ἕκαστος καὶ οἶεται.—*Demosthenes*.

What for he-wishes, this each also believes.

For what he wishes, this each one also believes.

Δειναὶ γὰρ αἱ γυναῖκες εὐρίσκειν τέχνας.—*Euripides*.

Clever for [the] women to-find devices.

For women are clever in finding devices.

Ὅν οἱ θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν, ἀποθνήσκει νέος.—*Menander*.

Whom the gods love, dies young.

He whom the gods love, dies young.

Ἀδύνατον οὖν πολλά τεχνώμενον ἄνθρωπον πάντα

Impossible therefore many-things practicing-arts a-man all  
 καλῶς ποιεῖν.—*Xenophon*.  
 well to-do.

It is impossible for a man who practices many arts to do them all well.

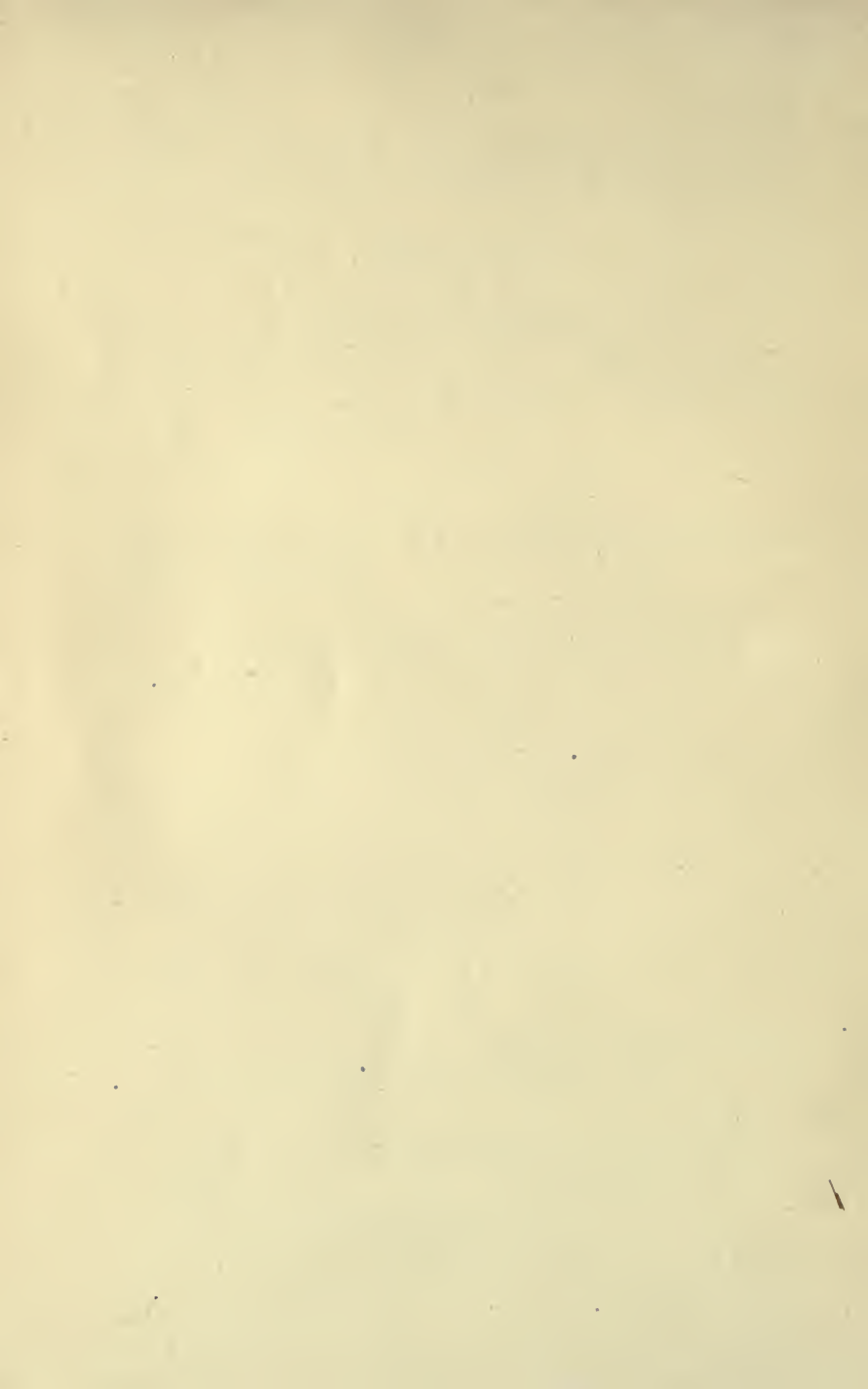
Βραχὺς ὁ βίος, ἡ δὲ τέχνη μακρά.

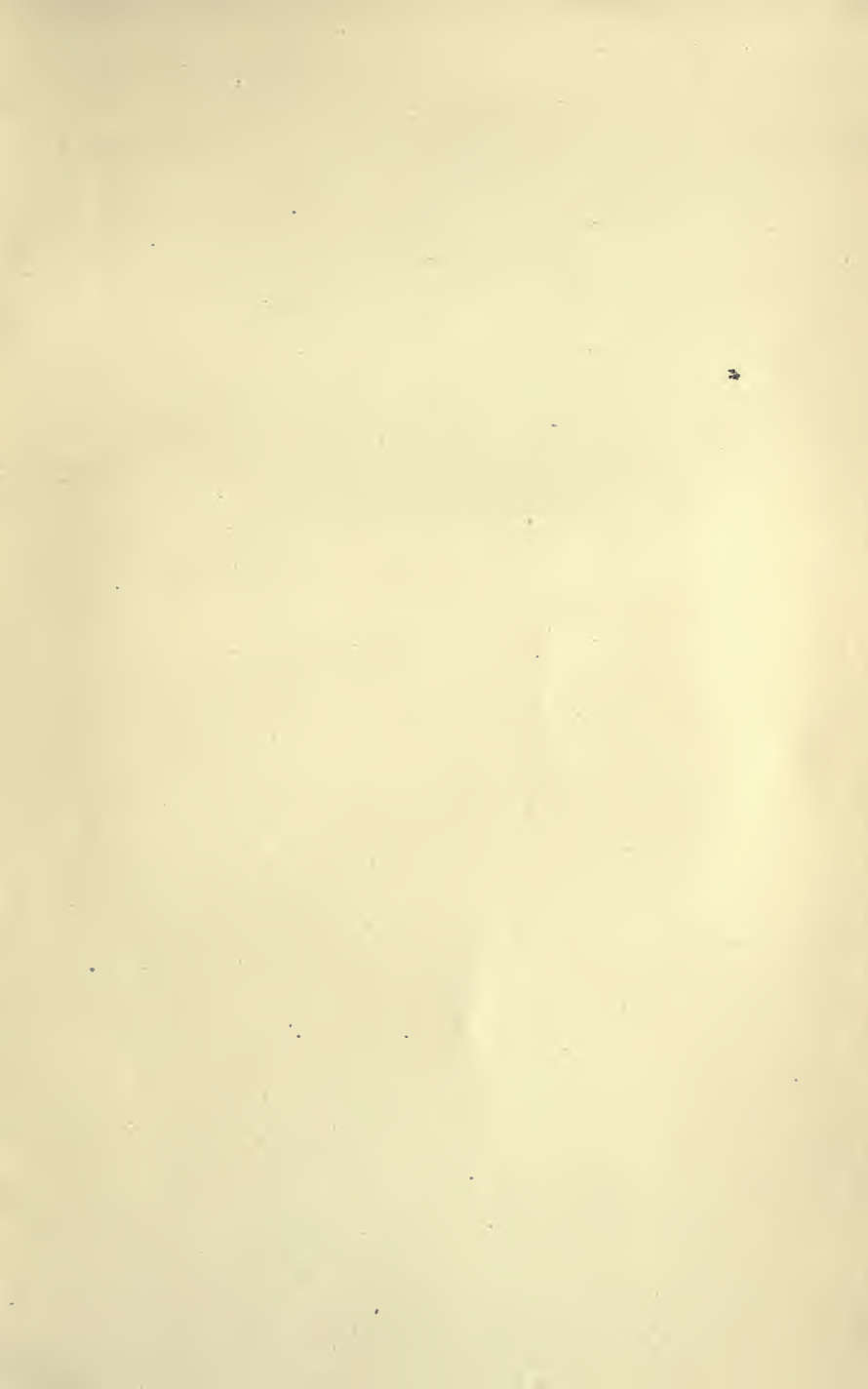
Short [the] life, [the] on-the-other-hand art long.

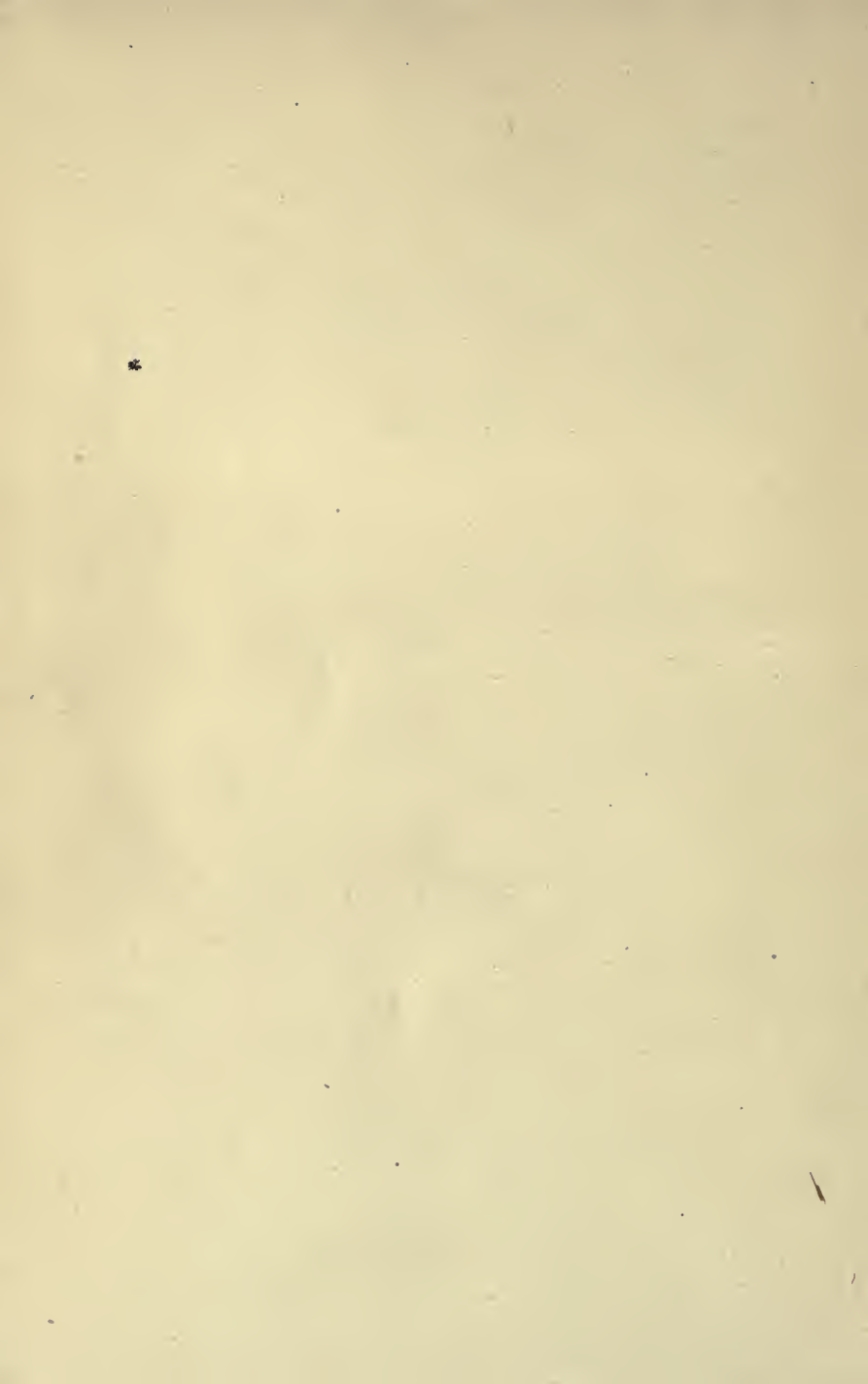
Art is long, and Time is fleeting.—*Longfellow*.















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